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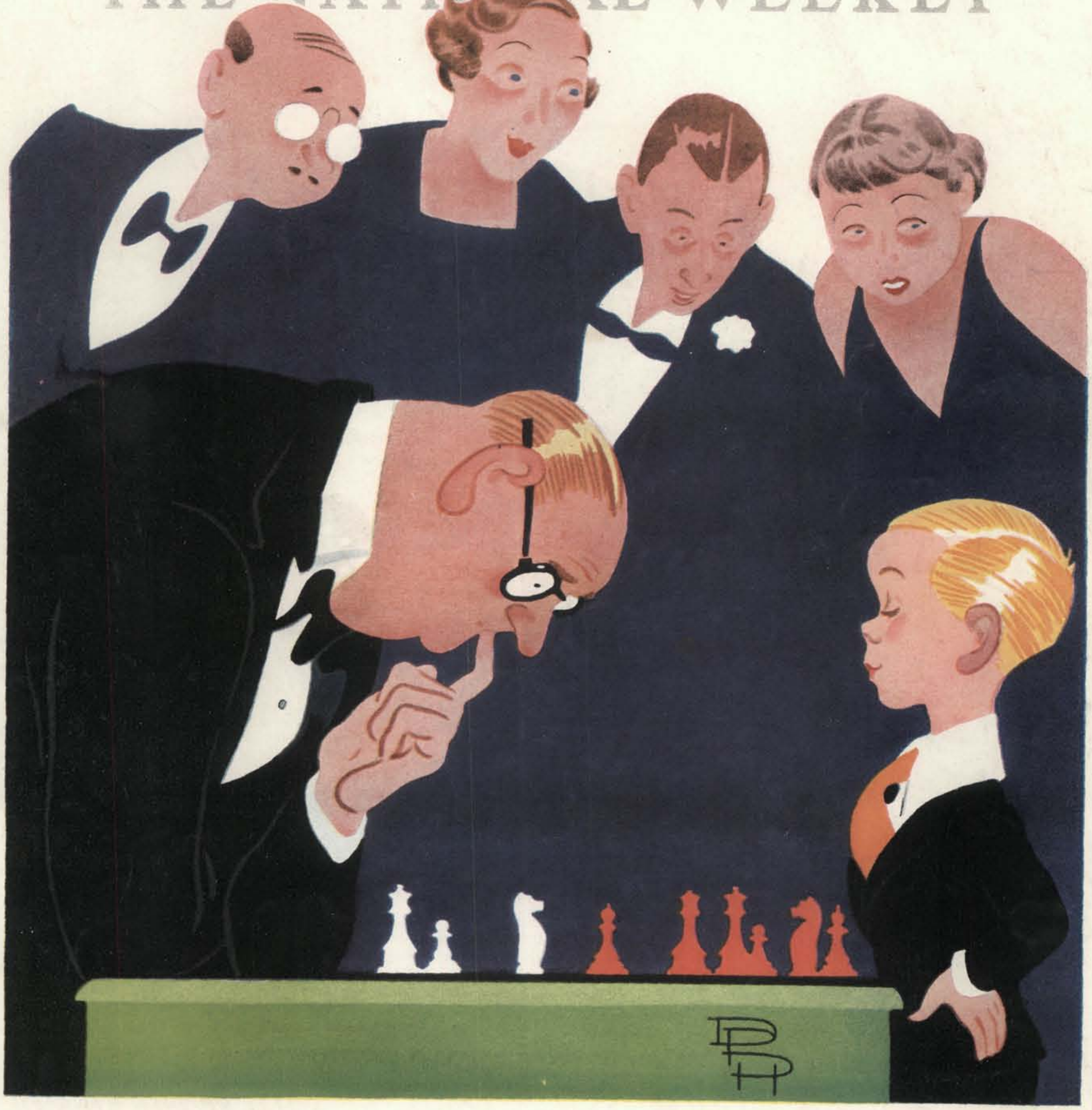

The Passing Show By Frank Thomas Alabama's Football Coach

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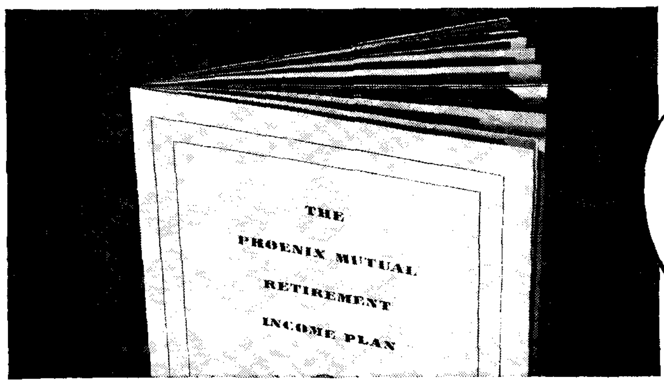

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Next Week

MARGARET BAILEY was a New Deal girl, young, rich and possessed of a social conscience. As a freshman at Atlantic University she started in by studying politics and economics. Presently she discovered that she was studying football. Football in this instance was Clark Jenkins.

Clark was a coal miner who had been sent to college by Tony Scotti. Not until he became the mainstay of the team did Clark discover that Tony wanted more from him than victory on the gridiron; he wanted dope for the sure-money boys. Francis Wallace shows you his struggle with "The Odds Against Honor," in the brilliant new serial which begins next week.

FOR years the tides that thunder in and out of the Bay of Fundy have been a tempting problem to the engineer. Here was almost unlimited power, if it could only be harnessed. And it could be—the engineer proved that. The only remaining problem was: once you had converted the power into electricity, what could you do with the electricity? But Maine was not to be discouraged. Now she is going to get her power plant (at a cost of $36,000,000), and the resultant "High-Tension Jitters" are described by Walter Davenport.

IF YOU inquire about "The Big Shotgun Wedding" in Bushwhacker you will be met with cold looks and no information. And yet it was a most respectable affair, with great innocence on both sides. To be sure, it was the girl who had the shotgun pulled on her—that *was* a mite unusual. Frederick Hazlitt Brennan gives you the particulars.

FROM time to time Winston Churchill, the distinguished British statesman, has devoted his eloquence in the pages of Collier's to a discussion of important national or international affairs. Next week he devotes it to an international institution, Charlie Chaplin, and pantomime, "Everybody's Language."

NO ONE knows that the transcontinental express that carried Johnnie Romar and the pretty ashen blonde carried with it the shadow of death. Not even the presence of twelve thousand dollars in the girl's handbag would suggest that. But, luckily, William MacHarg saw the danger. He tells you about it in a brilliant short story, "Shadowed."

MATT TAYLOR, T. R. Ybarra, Jacland Marmur, Shepard Barclay, R. G. Kirk, Alan LeMay, Ruth Seinfel and others make this another memorable issue. Come and get it!

This Week

●

October 19, 1935

Cover by D. B. Holcomb

FRANK THOMAS
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JIM MARSHALL
The White Peril. **Rising sons — and daughters.** Page 9

FRANK CONDON
The Policeman's Hat. **A team of golfers gets into romance.** Page 10

THOMAS McMORROW
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ALAN LeMAY
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W. B. COURTNEY
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QUENTIN REYNOLDS
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KYLE CRICHTON
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ERNEST HAYCOX
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H. L. DAVIS
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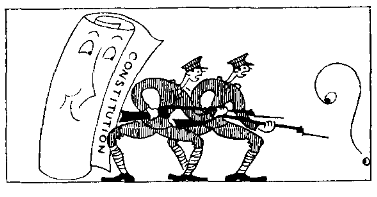
EDITORIAL
Tackle the Future! Page 78

●

Any Week

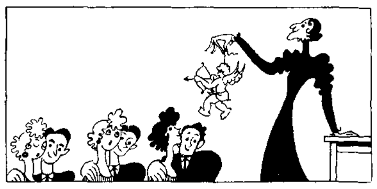
MRS. REGINALD KNIGHT LOERING lives in Paris, France. She has just returned from Nice and other pleasant places and is in no mood for trifling. "Everywhere I go," says Mrs. Loering, with what we'd call asperity, "I find the American influence breaking down all that is fine in tradition and the natural processes of society. In France, England, Germany and beautiful Austria, yes, even in Switzerland, the peasantry is demanding that the bounties granted the American wage-earner and farmer by the current national Administration be given to them. The results mean unhappiness to all classes and a growing threat to a social and economic order which has stood the test of time. It is perhaps all right with me if America wishes to commit national suicide, but it is little enough to ask that the American political influence be kept from ruining the culture of Europe."

OF COURSE we, the United States, might obligingly disintegrate and obliterate ourself as a nation. Something tells us, however, that we won't, although here's one from Mr. H. K. McLendon of South Bend, Indiana, saying that "the United States of America as a Democracy founded upon the principles of those noble patriots who appealed to Heaven and not to the rabble has already ceased to exist. Like the Huns of 1914, the Huns of 1935 have reduced our Constitution to a scrap of paper and I, for one, demand that we fight it out here and now. *I have two sons I am ready* to give to the cause."



WE'RE the nasty sort who'd like to hear Mr. McLendon's sons on the subject before enlisting ourselves. Besides, we have a hunch that the Constitution is going to be with us for quite a few years. Besides, according to Mr. John Hackleman of Waycross, Georgia, "Just saving the Constitution isn't going to solve our present problems. Lots of us," says Mr. Hackleman, "were busted ten years ago when nobody was saying anything about the Constitution. I have no kick on the Constitution and there are some things the AAA is doing that wouldn't make sense in a joke book, but they got to dig up something besides the Constitution to get me mad enough to turn Republican."

MR. LOUIS G. JONES of Pueblo, Colorado, sees evil "to the boys and girls of America in this latest idea from Washington called the National Youth Administration. It is bad enough," cries Mr. Jones, "to spend billions of our money to teach parents to depend on the government for a living and turn up their noses at honest work, but now they are going to show the boys and girls how to get along without using their own brains and gumption. I'm *against it.* When I was fourteen years old my father told me he was sick of looking at me hanging around and gave me a kick in the pants. And I've been getting along fine ever since."



BUT Miss Mae D. Murdock of Birmingham, Alabama, is sure that everything is going to be perfectly dandy. "The nicest lady you ever saw," reports Miss Murdock, "got down here from Washington the other day. She is bent upon showing us girls how to become true American wives and mothers and unless I'm mistaken in my character reading she's going to do it if it breaks the credit of the United States. The classes start next week and all of us girls are going, provided they'll let us take our boy friends along. We think the gov*ernment's discovered the facts of* life and is going to let us in on them."

HOWEVER, it is always better to be prepared for the unexpected. Mr. LeRoy Wells of Scranton, Pennsylvania, learned that when young. Years ago Mr. Wells worked in a mine. The owners plastered the place with signs warning Mr. Wells and his co-workers against certain follies which were likely to have uncomfortable if not lethal aftermaths. Mr. Wells remembers one in particular. It listed a series of Don'ts and then went on to say: "Remember in every crowd there are several damned fools. Even you may be one and not suspect it."

EVERY week we hear from readers who are so mad at us that they forget to tell us what we've done to get them that way. This week Captain Edward F. Fennelly of Los Angeles, California, forgets to name our crime but asks "how do you feel since selling out to Mammon?"

FINE, but still busted.

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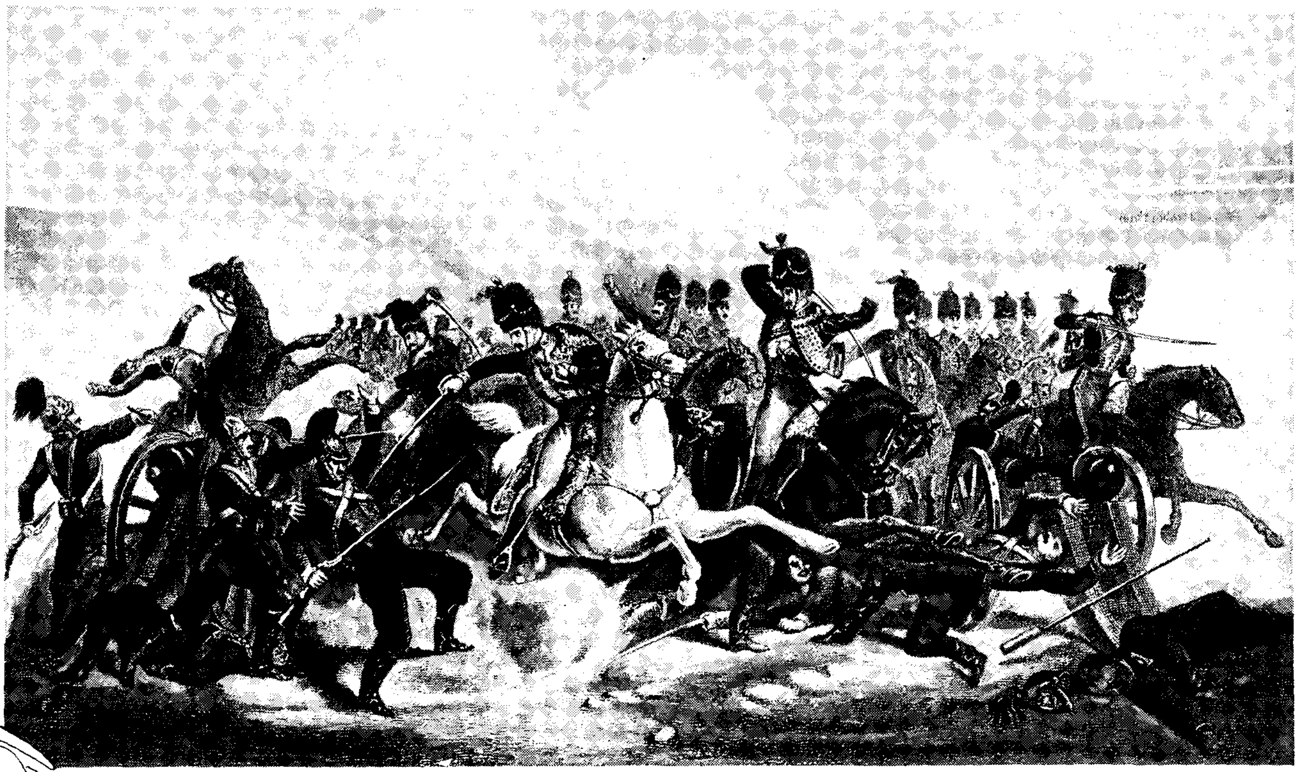
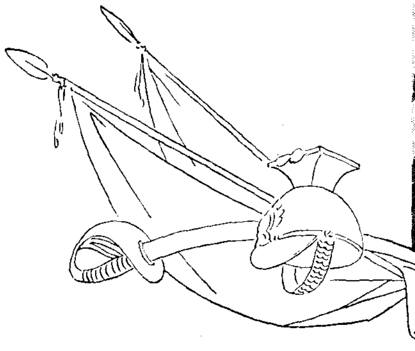
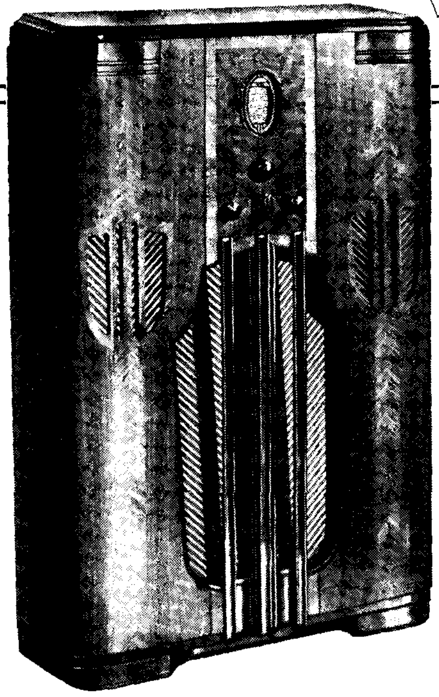




Oct. 25, 1854. The Charge of the Light Brigade, immortalized by Tennyson's stirring poem, was the result of a misunderstood order. Had there been field radio communication the hopeless maneuver resulting in the loss of 247 men and 497 mounts out of a cavalry force of 673, might have been averted.



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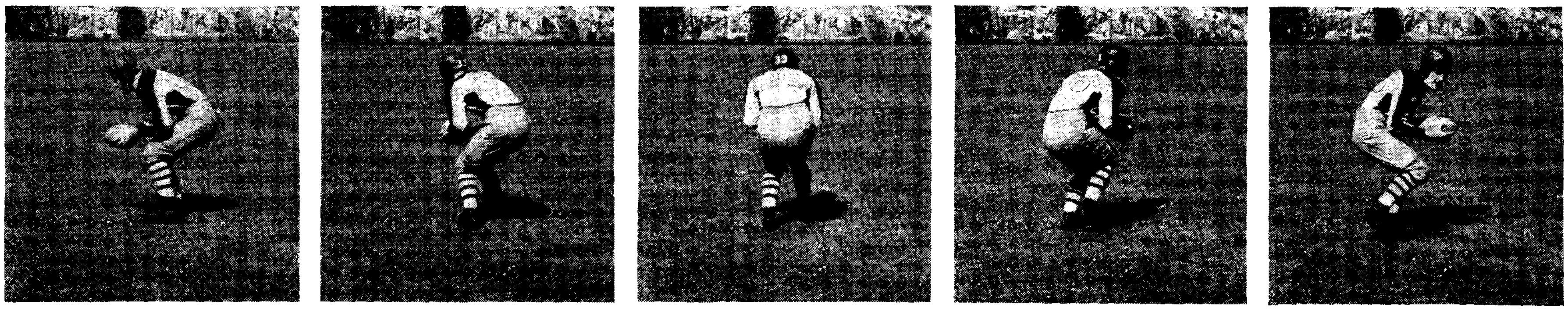
Frank Thomas, coach of the University of Alabama 1934 Rose Bowl Team, lecturing to a group of coaches attending a summer meeting at the Northeastern University Coaching School



The deceptive spinner pass, as recorded by a movie camera. The ball is snapped, the receiver makes a full spin and passes the ball to an incoming player, who completes the play

OWEN REED PHOTOS

The Passing Show

By Frank Thomas

Football is a wide-open game this year, and the coaches have scratched their heads practically bald trying to figure out new passing plays. Coach Thomas, who developed the famous Howell-to-Hutson play for Alabama, tells you how it is done

THEY tell me that about thirty years ago Theodore Roosevelt, then President, who loved football greatly, called together some of the big shots of the game and informed them in no uncertain terms that something had to be done about it. It seems the game was getting too rough. President Roosevelt himself was never a chap to object sternly to roughness. But he had the idea that if the roster of fractured legs and arms, interspersed with an occasional neck, was permitted to continue stretching out as it then was stretching out, the game might be abolished altogether. So they made some new rules and changed some old ones, tending to open up the play. And among the new ideas they included the forward pass.

For this I am personally much obliged to President Roosevelt and the rule makers of that era. The forward pass has been good to me—in spots. At times it has seemed somewhat calamitous. But more lately, in the football season of 1934—and some might say especially in the Rose Bowl affair of last January 1st—I have come to feel very kindly toward the forward pass, and I should like to keep it as a pet, and care for it tenderly, and intend to do so, as long as I can find on the squad a boy who can throw it and another—preferably two or three others—who can catch it.

Of course, all football teams now employ the passing game, and have long employed it. Equally, of course, football is not going to develop into something like basketball with an oblate spheroid, as some casuists pretend to argue. I think the first time the pass really emerged into prominence affords a good example of what it was intended to do, and what, in varied form, it has been doing ever since.

That was a good while before I came under Knute Rockne's coaching. Indeed, it was while Rockne was playing football himself at Notre Dame, and he and the Notre Dame captain of 1913, Gus Dorais, put in a long summer at Cedar Point, Ohio, waiting on table in a summer-resort restaurant for their livelihood and putting in their spare daylight hours on the beach, clad in bathing suits, rehearsing forward passes, from Dorais to Rockne.

The Notre Dame-Army game that year, 1913, is the example in question. Accounts of the combat show the heavier and more powerful Army outfit shoving the Notre Dame team all over the place for quite a time. Then Dorais began flinging passes to Rockne, over and across a suddenly bewildered Army defense; two touchdowns ensued; the Army defense spread out in all directions to stop the passing; and Ray Eichenlaub, the line-plunging fullback of Notre Dame, began plunging.

Well, you see how it was. When the Cadets closed in to check the raging Eichenlaub, Dorais began chucking passes again; and when they spread out to break up the passes, Eichenlaub started raging once more. It must have been most annoying. Even the Secretary of War couldn't do anything about it. The final score was 35-13, and Magna Charta had been signed.

I mean, dating approximately from that afternoon, it steadily became the problem of devising at one and the same time an adequate attack and defense for both running and aerial plays, and if there is a finer prescription for a composite coaching headache, I do not know what it is.

I suppose my affection for the pass originated in my observation of, and some little contact with, one of the great

passing combinations of football history—George Gipp and Roger Kiley. I was on the freshman team at Notre Dame in 1919, and in 1920 I was on the varsity squad. That was the Gipper's last season; indeed, he died December 14th of that year. That season, with the preceding year, enclosed a string of eighteen consecutive football victories in two seasons.

Certainly it was in George Gipp I saw for the first time what a passer could be, and I should like very much to say that away back in 1919 I had visions of myself as coach of a squad which had on it a boy who could chuck that ball as Gipp could—that drifting poise that could never be hurried, and the light, floating, easily handled ball dispatched with cold precision to the predetermined point at which it would intersect the clasp of a racing receiver. I repeat, I should like very much to say that. But it would not be the truth.

If I had any visions in those embattled days, they were of making a place for a certain chunky and rather dumb little quarterback on a squad that included Gipp and Kiley, and later, in my senior year, four backfielders named Stuhldreher, Miller, Layden and Crowley, who still later became famous as the Four Horsemen. This was their own sophomore year and they were not yet playing as a quartet. The first-string setup was Stuhldreher at quarter; Crowley at left half; Don Miller at right half; and Paul Castner at full. The second string included Elmer Layden at left half; Red Meher at right half; Bill Cerney at full—and lucky little Frank at quarter.

Anyway, I got to see the Gipper at work, and Kiley. And whether I dreamed any dreams or had any visions of being a coach with a combination like that one, it turned out that way, a matter of fifteen years after, as the elder Dumas might have put it.

A Passing Attack Needs Two Things

Speaking untechnically, there are two things needed for a good passing attack: (1) a man who can chuck passes, and (2) a man who can catch them. Other details, such as decoys, passer protection, and the like, can be arranged. On the blackboard any coach can show you diagrams of at least three good, sound pass defenses, and an unconscionable number of assumably good pass attacks, the trouble with these latter being mainly that the enemy in the field is extraordinarily unlikely to conduct himself as charted. This disorderly behavior of actual foemen is at once a source of poignant grief and of hope and crafty calculation among the coaching coterie. Of which double-barreled phase, more anon.

Still speaking in a most general way, the pass may be thrown from almost any formation, the more desirable being the one used mainly for your running attacks—the reason is obvious. In our system, the passer will take a direct pass from center, fake a run to the right, and then drop back and pass, as the secondary is drawn in (you hope) to stop a run. Generally speaking, a right-handed passer runs or fades to the right—a matter of footwork. Occasionally you find a man who can run either way and pass equally well. Bobby Dodd of Tennessee was one of these, and so was Stuhldreher. Normally a right-handed passer plays left half, and vice versa.

The receiver is supposed to have two or three decoys, all eligible to receive passes, of course, and if possible capable of snagging them in emergencies. The passer has a small measure of protection, while waiting for the receiver to get clear, arranged as much as possible to resemble at least the beginning of blocking in a running attack. But pretty much he has to look out for himself. And that goes double for the receiver.

The Role of Decoys

Back in those old days at Notre Dame Roger Kiley had a couple of good decoys in Captain Eddie Anderson, right end, and Johnny Mohardt, right half. They were good receivers themselves—though the combination was Gipp to Kiley. And they were great actors, those boys, when the big scene of Gipp to Kiley was on. All three would get away from there, digging earnestly for divergent points of the compass—and all three had to be covered. I used to think that Anderson and Mohardt ran with an even greater eagerness and conviction when Kiley was to get the ball. They had the histrionic instinct; they were doing an act. In any event, the actual receiver used his own judgment as to how he would approach the man covering him and which way he would then break or shift. And at that precise instant the Gipper would cut loose with that smooth, light, floating ball, to the spot at which the receiver would be when the ball arrived.

At that time, the short "spot" pass had not come much into use; today it is a favored variant of the longer flips and also of the running attack—especially of the running attack. We will go into that later. It's a choice collection of headaches on its own account.

For the longer flips, sometimes called touchdown passes, Roger Kiley and Don Hutson, last season's left end at Alabama, more than any other receivers I have ever observed, had the faculty of getting clear—getting into the open. My experience is that a man has it, or he hasn't.

Speed is a great thing but not everything; I've seen many a good sprinter continually encumbered with pass-defenders practically draped about his neck when he should have been heading for the great open spaces. I coached a chap once, at Chattanooga, and he was a marvelous athlete and a great football player, and he could do everything well, with one exception. When the moment came to pick a football out of the air, he never seemed able to be all alone.

In this Howell and Hutson combination, I consider myself qualified as the luckiest coach in the United States last season and, to make it more conclusive, there was Paul Bryant at the other end, darned near as good a receiver as Hutson, and Jimmy Angelich in the backfield, who was darned near as good as Bryant. Additionally, Joe Riley could pass awfully well, himself. You see, in almost any situation and with almost any setup, our side was a distinctly poisonous problem in the air.

We worked hard on that passing game all season, and used it a lot, and even planned out a couple of somewhat special effects for use in emergencies. Much has been said and written about our passing game against Stanford in the Rose Bowl game; and some have said we showed more stuff against Georgia Tech; but this latter game was with a team which was set to stop our running attack—and did stop it, cold—at the expense of seven or eight men in the line, which leaves a rather obvious opening for passing.

Anyway, to get on with Millard Howell, known down our way as Dixie Howell.

Here I had a natural. A natural athlete—a natural football player; a back who could do anything. He was a great kicker. He could run with the ball. He could hit the line. And he could pass—well, he was as good as the Gipper, and I cannot say anything beyond that. They were amazingly alike in their characteristics, both physical and mental, though Howell, weighing 161, was much smaller than Gipp, who scaled 183. But they had the same inherent sense of timing, that vital factor in all games of action; the same clear coldness under fire; the same ability of the born competitor to do their best—and a bit more—in the clutch.

So I started building a pass attack around Millard Howell, figuring I could work out a pass from every combination—I mean, from a run, or a plunge, or a spin, or a punt.

The Fake Punt into Pass

Howell from the beginning was a special adept at the fake punt-into-pass play, starting as if to punt as convincingly as possible and switching to a quick flip. He could start a run either off tackle or around end, fade back like a ghost, and let fly. Or he could take the ball, half-spin as if to hand it to Demyanovich, and then, apparently without straightening up, and certainly with no delay, shoot the ball. And always, in the longer passes, he threw that smooth, floating, soft ball that is so easy to catch, when the catching is close and hard. As suggested, his judgment of pace and distance—that is, timing—was incredible.

Howell had all this stuff in his sophomore and junior years, but he wasn't working as hard at it as he should. The game was very easy for him, you see. And once I began to think he never would reach the greatness his talent deserved. He just didn't bear down. And in the early fall practice of 1934 I tried a bit of the old psychology. He hadn't been able to work at all in the spring practice, by reason of a knee injury. And when he started fall practice, Howell found himself at right half, with Joe Riley, 155-pound sophomore, at left half—the passing position in our system. I didn't say a word to Howell, and the set wasn't at all out of line, as Riley was a good passer and Howell a swell receiver. But the kid evidently figured he had been demoted.

Well, that boy buckled down to work as he never had worked before. He began luring four or five others of the squad out on the field an hour before he really had to get out for practice, and throwing passes—throwing passes by the hundred. And his attitude changed, in scrimmaging as in playing the game. In his junior year, playing left half, he would drop back and pass beautifully—and casually. If the pass wasn't completed, it was just another play. Too bad, but no milk spilt. Now all was different. I moved him over to left half again, and he was really working. He was fastened at last to the Main Chance—the successful play; the completed pass.

In our game, you know, the work of a Benvenuto Cellini is a brass casting, if the play doesn't come off. So I told Howell he would be left half—probably. He was left half. And he did practically all the passing.

On the Receiving End

Now for Don Hutson, complement, you might say, to Dixie Howell:

Don came out as a freshman for the team; a tall, scrawny, spindly-legged boy weighing 165. He showed only two symptoms of being a football player. He could run fast, and he could catch a ball. His running stride was an oddity. He did not pick up his feet like a sprinter, and appear to pull the turf back under him. He sort of shuffled along. You know, I think the Stanford team never did quite realize that Don Hutson could outrun any man on the field that day in the Rose Bowl. He had got bigger by then. He weighed better than 190. And he still shuffled along. He shuffled along in a hundred-yard dash twice last spring in 9.8. That may help to explain a couple of those touchdowns in the Rose Bowl.

We were talking a while back about the receiver being on his own, getting in the clear. Don Hutson had a method well suited to his considerable height and size and his curious stride. He would run apparently at full speed directly toward the man detailed to cover him on an expected pass. Then, just as the defense man felt he had him covered, Don would break to one side or the other and step on the gas and go away from there. And he would take that floating pass from Dixie Howell easily, with both hands, the way old Tris Speaker used always to take a long fly, going away. Then it was merely a question of other secondary covering and speed, and Don had the speed.

In the Rose Bowl game, Howell slung seven passes to Hutson, and Riley one. Seven of the eight were completed. Two were for touchdowns.

The hour is growing late, but I'd like to talk a bit about that pass from Riley to Hutson for the last touchdown in the first half, which grew out of a sort of build-up in passing. This may sound a bit screwy, but here's the way it was:

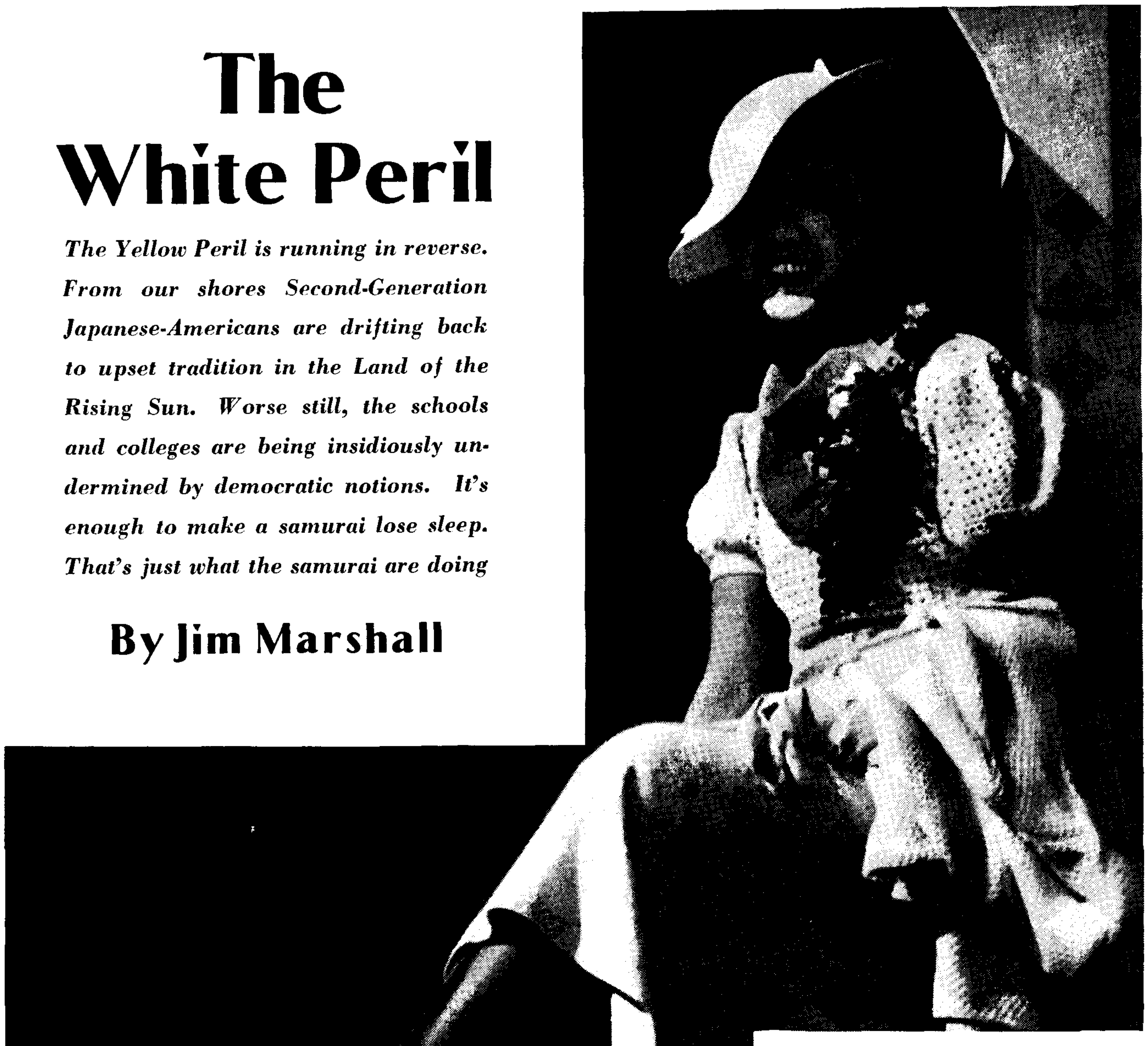
Of course we never had officially scouted Stanford, but equally, of course,

(*Continued on page* 47)

The White Peril

The Yellow Peril is running in reverse. From our shores Second-Generation Japanese-Americans are drifting back to upset tradition in the Land of the Rising Sun. Worse still, the schools and colleges are being insidiously undermined by democratic notions. It's enough to make a samurai lose sleep. That's just what the samurai are doing

By Jim Marshall



The modern Japanese girl has been thoroughly Americanized

WIDE WORLD

Second-Generation Japanese-Americans

BILL HOSOKAWA, a native American newspaper reporter, who looked like a Japanese, sat in a Seattle hotel room interviewing a slim, pretty girl who, from her pert hat to her smart kid shoes, was typically American. Her black hair was bobbed and waved, her eyebrows perfectly arched and her lipstick subtly applied. Her piquant face was a sort of Oriental background for a make-up patterned after that of Miss Janet Gaynor, who was Miss Marika Miyazaki's favorite star.

Miss Miyazaki—Japanese to her pink finger tips—had been in America just twenty minutes. She was right off the boat, a unit in a party of Japanese student good-willers—and already asking people to call her Mary.

The reporter, a Second-Generation Japanese-American, posed his questions in what he thought was the McCoy Nipponese. Miss Miyazaki wrinkled her retroussé nose, smiled and broke in: "Won't you please speak American? It is so much easier for both of us."

Then she chatted away about international good will and friendship between Japan and America. An American newspaperman, also getting an interview, lit a cigarette and grinned sardonically. The old stuff! He'd reported the same familiar phrases time and again at Japanese-American banquets in which sake and whisky, suki-yaki and steak-and-mushrooms were all mixed up with hands across the Pacific, and visiting Japanese admirals and Chamber of Commerce moguls darn' near broken down with international emotions.

Only, when Miss Miyazaki said it, she meant it.

Miss Miyazaki and a couple of million other Japanese students between fifteen and twenty-five form the Japanese government's most poignant pain in the neck.

They all speak American, read and write American, laugh at Yankee jokes, love American movies, dote on cafeteria food, imitate Hollywood fashions, dance to American jazz and trifle with Manhattan cocktails. But, worst of all, they think American. That's what gives the military and naval clique that runs the empire the aforementioned pain in the neck.

There isn't any such thing as free speech or a free press in Japan—but this summer an American newspaperman sat feeding the deer in the park at Nara. Toward him walked two uniformed schoolboys. They introduced themselves, bowing politely from the waist, and asked permission to practice their American. The newspaperman questioned them: Did they think Manchukuo was a free state—as their government so blandly insisted? No, they did not. Did they think it ever would be free, like America? No, certainly not—and they didn't think it was right, either, to deny freedom. They had debates about it in their school. So? Didn't the government object; didn't it clothe their minds with right thoughts, as it clothed their bodies with neat uniforms? Yes, the government did that—but they debated among themselves, anyway.

"We believe in American democracy," said one schoolboy.

"We hope to have a democracy in Japan soon," said the other.

That second boy may be right, at that. There is great agitation in the empire for a lowering to 21 of the age limit for voting, and for giving women the vote. If this agitation wins—and it probably will—it means the end of the present rule by military dictators; it means the end of newspaper and speech censorship.

It will probably mean the end, too, of what America, and especially the Pacific Coast, used to shudder at: The Yellow Peril.

If Miss Marika Miyazaki, with her bobbed hair and lipstick—and radical ideas—and the two boys in the park at Nara and a couple of million like them, ever gain the balance of power, the old Japan will fade and something very like an American democracy will take its place.

A Threat to Old Japan

People used to believe that the future of the West was vitally concerned with the 100,000 Japanese living there. There were prophecies of an Orientalization of coast states. The Yellow Tide would flow over the mountains and valleys to obliterate the white race.

But today, the Japanese on the west coast hold the key, not to the future of the West, but to the future of Japan.

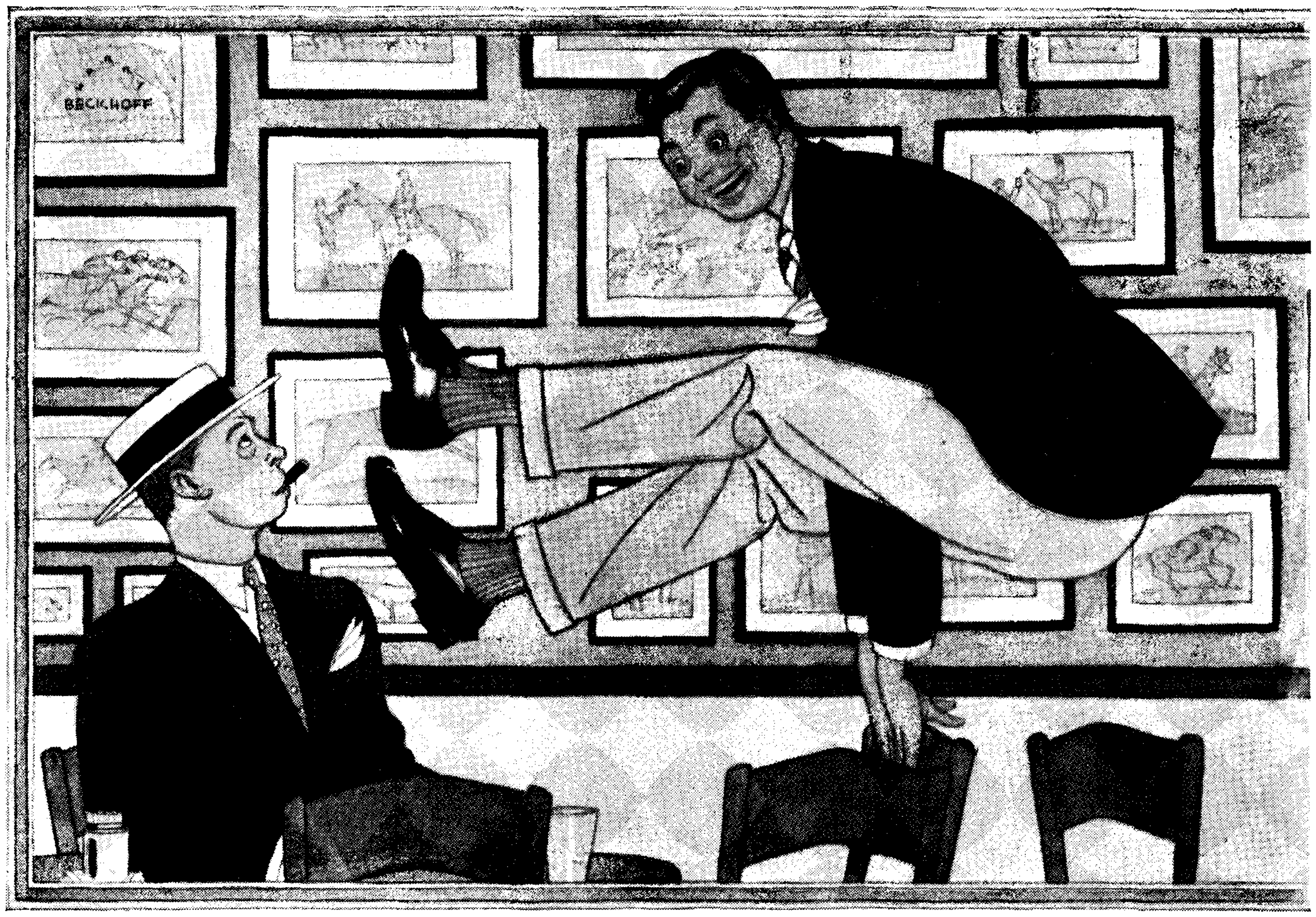
There are only about 140,000 Japanese and Japanese-Americans in the United States today. Of these, only 60,000 are Japanese, and their numbers grow less as the months pass. The rest are Americans—by birth, by education and by desire. They call themselves the Second Generation and their average age is 14 years. There is a Third Generation, small at present. The records show only one Fourth-Generation baby—offspring of a Japanese and a Third-Generation mother in California.

Officially, the Second Generation, and those to follow, are supposed—and urged by Japanese officialdom—to stay American. They should, their spokesmen tell them, merge into American life, accept its hardships and bounties. But, unofficially, a large percentage of the Second Generation sees, in the Land of the Rising Sun, its own Promised Land. The depression hit the Second Generation hard; tales of huge industrial and imperial expansion drift across the Pacific. Somewhere inside there is a dim nostalgia for the land of their forefathers.

The urge to go west, young man, is not the private property of the white race. For centuries, the tide of civilization has been westward. Occasionally, as in the migration of Japanese to the American west coast from the 90's until the exclusion act was passed, there have been minor movements eastward. But these movements have usually reversed themselves—as the Japanese migration is starting to reverse itself today.

(Continued on page 66)

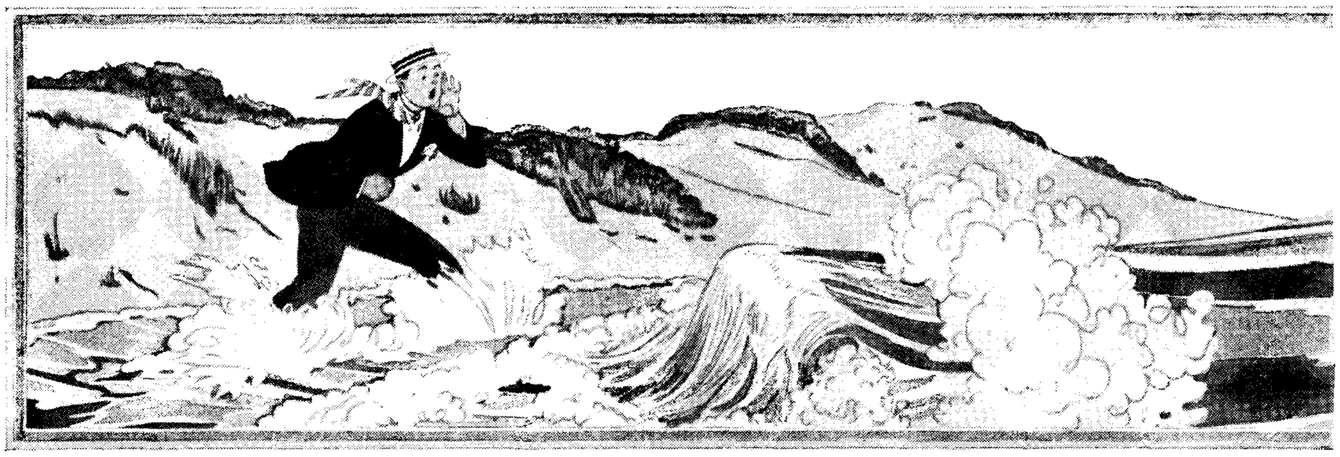
The remarkable decline and fall of Jerry Broderick, whose golf went to pieces because he met a girl. The reaction of Mr. Broderick's partner makes it the season's most distinguished romance



ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

The Policeman's Hat

By Frank Condon



I STOOD it as long as human nature can bear up under such nonsense and finally I let him have it.

"Wally," I said harshly—I was speaking to Wallace Snell Joyner of Greenbrook—"Wally, you'll have to cut it out. I'm as patient as anyone, but this can go no further."

We had lost one hundred and seventy dollars each in two days, and Wally was smugly drying himself with a crash towel.

"What's the matter?" he asked, blinking out from beneath the towel and assuming the innocent mien of a cherub.

"You know perfectly well. You were out again all last night and probably spiffed. I suspected as much when you appeared. You simply cannot go on these parties and stay out all night—not if you and I are to be partners and comrades as we have been these many years."

He grunted at me, continued drying his offensive pelt with the towel and tried to look hurt. Wally is a buoyant and genial soul and it is almost impossible to be angry with him.

"Jerry," he said, "you are needlessly worked up. True, I did not feel any too rugged this morning, but I was not out all night. I dined with friends, we went somewhere later—in a yacht, I believe, or possibly a ferryboat—and I did start home at a reasonable hour in a taxicab. At some later point, I must have dismissed the taxi man and resumed my journey on a coal truck driven by one Joe Cordel, a pleasant-looking Lithuanian truckman. Joe and I sat around drinking Scotch, he rolled away on his coal wagon and I retired, and I do not see how you can find fault with a quiet evening."

What can you do with a man like that? Imagine lolling about for two hours in the dawn, heaving in drinks with a strange truckman; and what could a truckman have to chat about? Even a Lithuanian truckman.

"You realize you are destroying our game, don't you?" I asked him quietly.

"Jerry," he said, hitting me a vigorous thump, "be a good fellow and forget it. I shall not attend any parties. From now on I am as the driven snow."

The circumstances made Wally's dereliction serious in our affairs. Wally Joyner and I reside in the pleasant suburb of Greenbrook, belong to the Greenbrook Club and three others, and are known as two of the steadiest golfers in the community. I mean to say we are really first-rate players—not just fairly good.

We operate as a team of two and have built up a fine reputation and a name. We travel from club to club, playing this two and that two, and because we are so uniformly steady, we have no trouble defeating even the best. When Wally and I are clicking, it would take Hagen and Sarazen to stop us, and this happy partnership has gone along earning us considerable monies, on which we pay no income tax whatever, as Uncle Sam overlooks golf winnings.

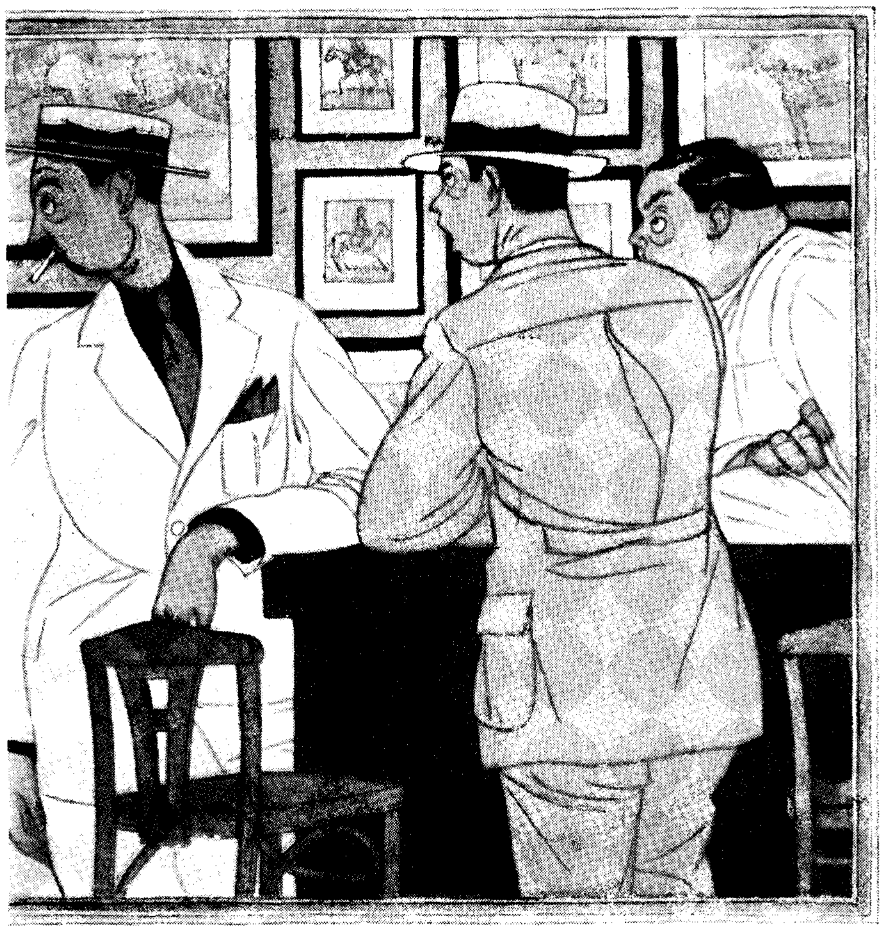
There are dozens of smart, hustling golf clubs in the Greenbrook district, filled with ambitious, affluent and confident golfers who believe they can take Wally and me, and often our weekly loot would pass three hundred dollars, a tidy sum in these untidy days. Wherefore, it saddened me to see Wally go a-partying and later appear for some important match, looking like the burned remains of an air crash, his hands shaking, his face pale and his sterling golf game shot to smithereens. Such days we were wont to take a bad lacing, frequently costing a hundred each, as a golfer cannot abruptly cancel wagers on the ground that his partner has the morning jitters from sloe gin.

I WILL have to admit that I worried greatly over my partner and his growing fondness for the life jocund. If he limited himself to one party a month, all would be well; but the soirees seemed increasing steadily, and as they multiplied, our golfing losses swelled, for, good as I am, I cannot carry Wally around on my back and defeat two stout players.

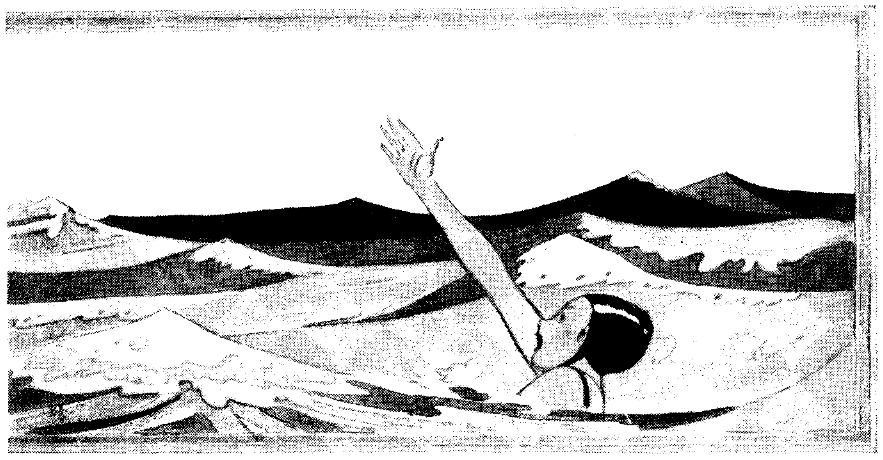
I pleaded with him, the tears in my eyes. I threatened to knock his head off with a putter, and some mornings he wished I would. I begged him, as a gentleman and a friend, to stay home nights, read a book and eschew the flowing bowl, and the good-natured fellow promised faithfully—and then fell again and again. The situation was becoming rapidly unbearable, when I bumped, by chance, into one of Nature's loveliest manifestations.

Seeking the solace of an afternoon of quiet and meditation, I was basking on the beach, watching the rolling combers, and suddenly I was aware of a girl yelling.

At first, I thought she was joking, but soon it was obvious she was drowning, so without a moment's hesitation, never even removing my wrist watch, I rushed into the sea, there being no life-



I felt suddenly like a monster airplane that has been running on one motor and all three motors pop on full blast



It was obvious she was drowning, so without a moment's hesitation I rushed into the sea, there being no lifeguard anywhere

guard anywhere. I cut through the waves like a porpoise and in five minutes I had her on the sands and was pulmotoring her arms, as I have seen them do in the movies. She opened her eyes and looked up at me, pallid and helpless—that lovely feminine helplessness which you often read about and so seldom encounter.

"Thanks," she said. "I suppose I was drowning."

"You unquestionably were. I have saved your life and also ruined my blue suit. If you will tell me where you live, I shall be happy to take you home, and then go dry myself." I forced a laugh and added, "Drying myself after a swim happens to be a habit with me."

SHE looked about for her friends, but they were missing. I helped her into the car, wrapped her in a robe and drove to her domicile, which proved to be a large, rambling house behind a stone wall. There was a broad, green lawn and flowers everywhere. On the ride home she recovered rapidly and, as the color surged into her face, I observed she was exceedingly attractive and rather young.

Her name was Joan Fielding, her father being Judge Fielding of the Appellate Court, and upon my helping her up the steps she thanked me in a low, pleasant voice and invited me to call next evening and meet her family. This I was happy to do, and on the following evening I shook hands with the parents and explained I had done nothing heroic in saving their daughter, as I am a capable swimmer. We later sat on the veranda, Joan and I, and that was the beginning of a fine friendship.

"In the story books," I remarked humorously, "they would have it that you should marry me, as the lovely girl always marries the hero who saves her from drowning."

"Yes," she agreed smilingly, "it is rarely otherwise in books."

"But, of course, in this case that would be absurd, as I am too old to marry a young girl like you. You are only about twenty-four, aren't you?"

"Twenty-three."

"And I'm thirty-four, going into thirty-five."

"It's rather old," she said soberly, and thereupon we dropped the subject and spoke of serious matters—she, too, being equipped with a fine mind.

THE first evening, I discovered what sort she was, and in our subsequent meetings everything strengthened my belief that here was a most unusual and high-minded young woman. In no way did she resemble the ordinary, flighty, flippant girls I knew and escorted to dances.

She cared nothing for frivolous things and seemed to spend her life doing good. For example, she had a boys' class, and taught the young ruffians how to grow up and become a credit to their country. In spare moments she attended lectures. She went to symphony concerts and read improving books—not these nonsensical romances and tales of adventure.

I found myself admiring her tremendously—not in any sentimental way, for that was obviously ridiculous—but as any intelligent man would be bound to admire a sweet and lofty character. I felt, when I sat on the porch with Joan, listening to her musical voice, as I might feel if I were close to Abraham Lincoln.

She seemed to radiate an aura of goodness, and yet there was nothing namby-pamby or reformer-like about Joan Fielding. She was a jolly companion and would never think of giving a person a lecture or a word of good advice. She merely went through life helping those about her to be better, and always unobtrusively.

She smiled often—matter of fact, her usual manner was a smiling one, and it certainly did me good to know her. Like anyone, I had two or three bad habits but soon after I knew Joan I dropped them.

For example, I formerly threw cigarette butts out the window, any window, rather than hunt an ash tray; and I used to bite my fingernails when in thought. It was my custom to hurl my trousers on a chair when retiring, and permit Wally—good soul—to pay the check, when it was my turn. . . . Well, I don't do any of those things any longer—because I know Joan. It was much like standing in a beautiful and fragrant orange grove, where some of the perfume would be bound to attach itself and linger long after you went away. Discovering Joan Fielding in the hurly-burly of modern life was, in a way, comparable to coming upon some beautiful and peace-giving shrine in a wilderness. She was good and beautiful and intelligent, a trinity I have never since found so harmoniously joined in one woman.

IN THE weeks that followed, we became fast friends and I escorted her to a couple of lectures on the mind, and Uttara philosophy. We likewise attended the movies and looked at the three little swine with great enjoyment, and one evening, after I had left her, I was slowly driving home, thinking of what a remarkable creature she was, when a notion suddenly entered my mind.

I had been worrying again over Wally, and with good reason. We lost two hundred dollars in a match against Jo Dennis and Harry Ferris of Brookmount, and we had no occasion to lose, as we can easily defeat those two and frequently have done so. I, for instance, shot a smart 74 on their course and that was low ball, but Wally—Wally blundered around with an 88, a disgrace for a man of his ability. He hits an enormous drive, and plays his irons like Tommy Armour, but against Jo and Harry he performed like a palsied derelict from the home for old wrecks. Why?

Because the night before he had attended a dinner of the Men's Club, which started in the Blue Hills dining-room at nine in the evening and wound up in the lake on the tenth hole, where the jolly members went fishing for a dolphin toward dawn. Knowing he had a match against Brookmount, Wally fell in and was almost drowned. He appeared at noon, the mere shell of a man. He could scarcely bend over to stick his tee in the earth. The sight infuriated me, as I do not touch alcohol in any form and have never done so. That is what gives me my clear skin, my steady hands, my bright eye and my rugged constitution, all so necessary to consistently good golf.

Thoughts of the weak fellow were in my mind as I drove home, and then, as I say, I suddenly was aware of this notion, which seemed to pop into my consciousness without warning; and once in my head, I wondered, as it was so obvious, why it had never occurred to me before. Instead of going on, I turned off at Way Lane and hastened along to Wally's house, where he resides with his aunt. He is supposed to be a lawyer, though I never see him at it.

By a miracle he was at home, the hour being ten, strolling about his front yard with the dog, a Scotch highball not far away. I leaped out and approached him.

"Hello," I said, making my tone casual. "How are you tonight?"

"How do you suppose I'd be?" he retorted, looking at me suspiciously. "To what am I indebted for this magnificent solicitude?"

"Thought I'd drop in. We're playing Hicks and Rennie tomorrow. I hoped I would find you preparing for a good night's slumber."

THIS tossed him off his guard and enabled me to proceed.

"After the match," I continued innocently, "we shall have dinner at the Foxborough Club and I happen to bring you a pleasant invitation."

"To do what?"

"There is a young lady—a friend of mine—rather unusual girl. I'd like to have you meet her. She has often said she would like to know you."

"Who is she?" he asked, still suspicious.

"Joan Fielding."

"Why should I be interested?"

"She's a friend of mine—one reason."

"Oh, a sweetie?"

"Nothing of the sort, but an agreeable and remarkable girl."

"Pretty?"

"As an angel."

"Good company?"

"The very best."

"All right," he said, "I'll be there."

"And heed this," I said severely. "Kindly do not drink three cocktails, two highballs, some beer, wine and gin tomorrow night, before, during and after dinner, as I would like to have you meet this lady in the full possession of your senses."

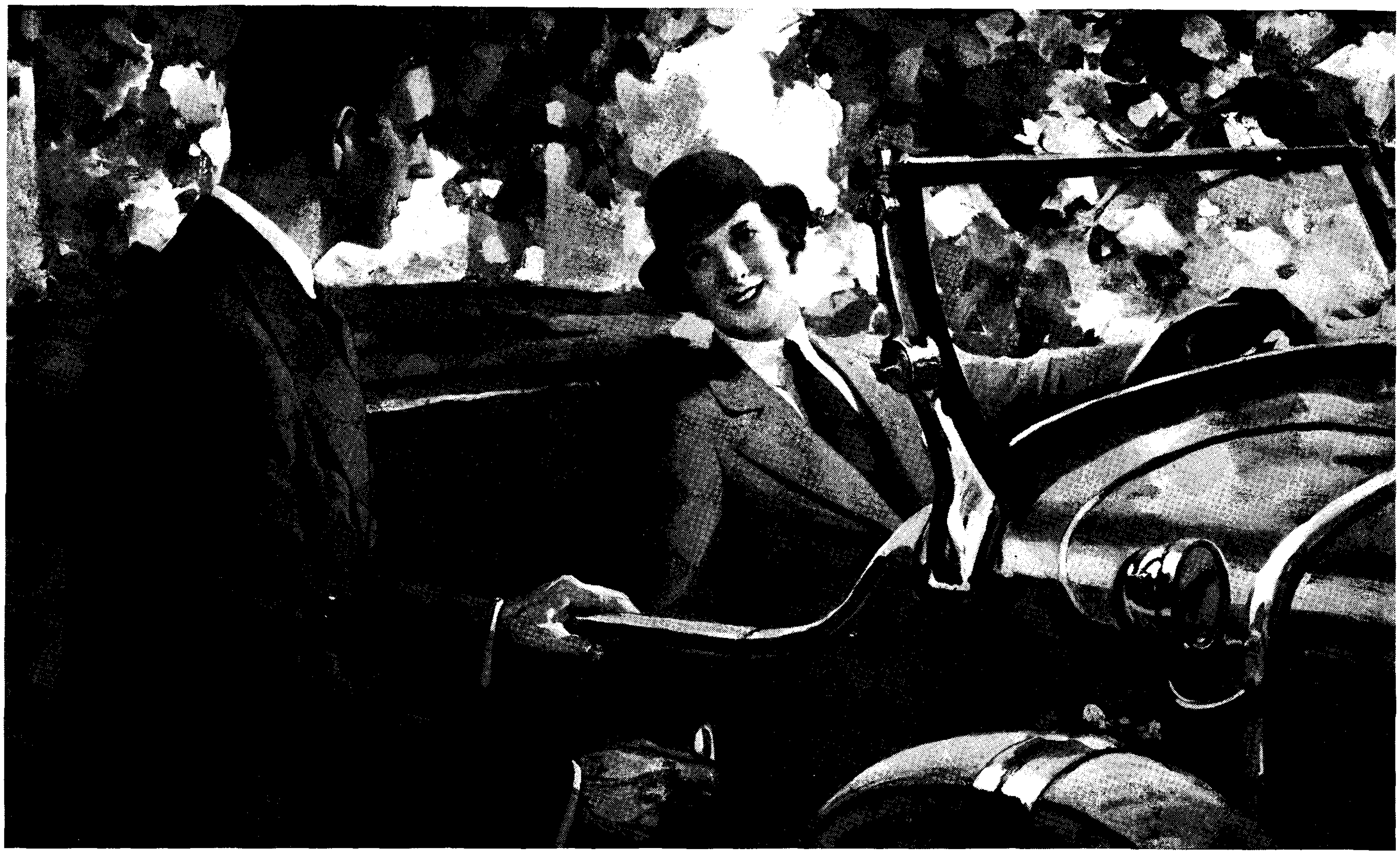
"Buttermilk," he promised, and that was that.

As is my custom, I had a quite definite purpose in bringing the two together. Wally is really the salt of the earth, but has certain rough mannerisms. It was my earnest belief that knowing Joan would make him a better man, smooth out the rough spots, gentle him a trifle and perhaps lead to his reformation in a quiet way.

True, there was an element of selfishness in my scheme, as I do not relish losing money on our golf matches. I love to win, and always we did win, until Wally became a black sheep.

The next day we battled Hicks and Rennie at Foxborough, beat them handily, collected about ninety each, and

(Continued on page 63)



They chatted formally for a moment before Don handed her from her roadster

The Sign of the Twins

Murder had been done, and a robbery committed—who was the criminal? Tarat the Astrologer plays the role of detective again

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH M. CLEMENT

LATE in the afternoon of Thursday, March 2, 1933, Mr. Lyman Varick, who was to be dead in a matter of hours, was providing against the hereafter, laying up treasures. That, literally, is what he said he was doing, though he could hardly have intended the full import of his words.

Sitting in his coupé beside his secretary, Don Quarls, who was driving north on Broadway, he hugged a small satchel with his knees and cuddled it with his hands. In the satchel was one hundred and twenty thousand dollars in thousand-dollar bills, just drawn by Mr. Varick from his bank.

"I'll tell you what it is, Quarls," he said, nervously talkative. "The way things are going, it is the end of the world and everything, and in that case a man needs cash. Good will? Credit? Not worth a dime. Cash! I saw '93, and I know. I feel like a fool, but what was I to do?"

His short gray beard bristled over his shoulder as he scrutinized the cars behind, conjuring up phantom pursuers.

"If I left it there, the bank would fail. If I shoved it in a safe-deposit box, some creditor would tie it up. No, sir! With everything going to pot, a man wants to be able to pay as he goes. Why don't Hoover and Roosevelt get together and—why, it's an outrage. Compelling a businessman to—

"Turn into this street, Quarls. Stop here. No—look—a car is stopping behind us; go farther down. Are they watching us? Here, you hold the bag while I—no, I'll carry the bag and you wait here. Wait right here, Quarls!"

Nursing his precious bag, Mr. Varick alighted, and, trying to look like a man carrying something he'd as lief drop as not, entered the great York State Building.

"Tarat the astrologer," he called, approaching a rank of elevators.

"Forty-ninth floor," said the starter.

Don Quarls, tall and slender and of military set-up, waited at the wheel in the street. A pensive smile was in his blue eyes and on his thin and handsome face; what of his employer's nervousness he had caught, he translated into agreeable excitement. A world that was going to smash—as everybody said—was not a bad world for a young and moneyless chap who might hope to pick up some pieces. Of his seniors who were to be shaken loose he thought with a comfortable sympathy.

Mr. Varick, bag in hand, returned to the car, which ran up Fifth Avenue and to the 138th Street bridge over the Harlem, and so to the Grand Concourse and the Boston Post Road. Mr. Varick lived in Greenchester, a wealthy commuting town twenty-eight miles out of the Grand Central on the Connecticut line.

He held the bag between his bony knees and caressed it with tender palms, but the nervous pressure was off him; his posture was easy and he had little to say.

He said, "This thing might keep up for weeks or months. Every bank in the country will fail, after the insiders get out. Well, Quarls, I'm out; and I'm not burying my money under the old barn either!"

He chuckled and was silent, watching the road ahead.

CASS MACRINK, a young bachelor and country club associate who had come to dinner, was in the house when they arrived. He was lounging familiarly about the spacious living-room, which was lighted from shaded lamps with conventional inadequacy.

He came into the foyer to greet them. He was a tall and heavy fellow, already going to flesh, though his light and quick step was suggestive of the professional athlete, and physical training of some rigorous sort was suggested by his bright and quick but expressionless brown eyes. His large face was misty in the gloom of the foyer as he shook hands; he tilted the head on his bull neck, smiled earnestly, and patted Mr. Varick's shoulder. His massiveness and will to please were an appealing combination.

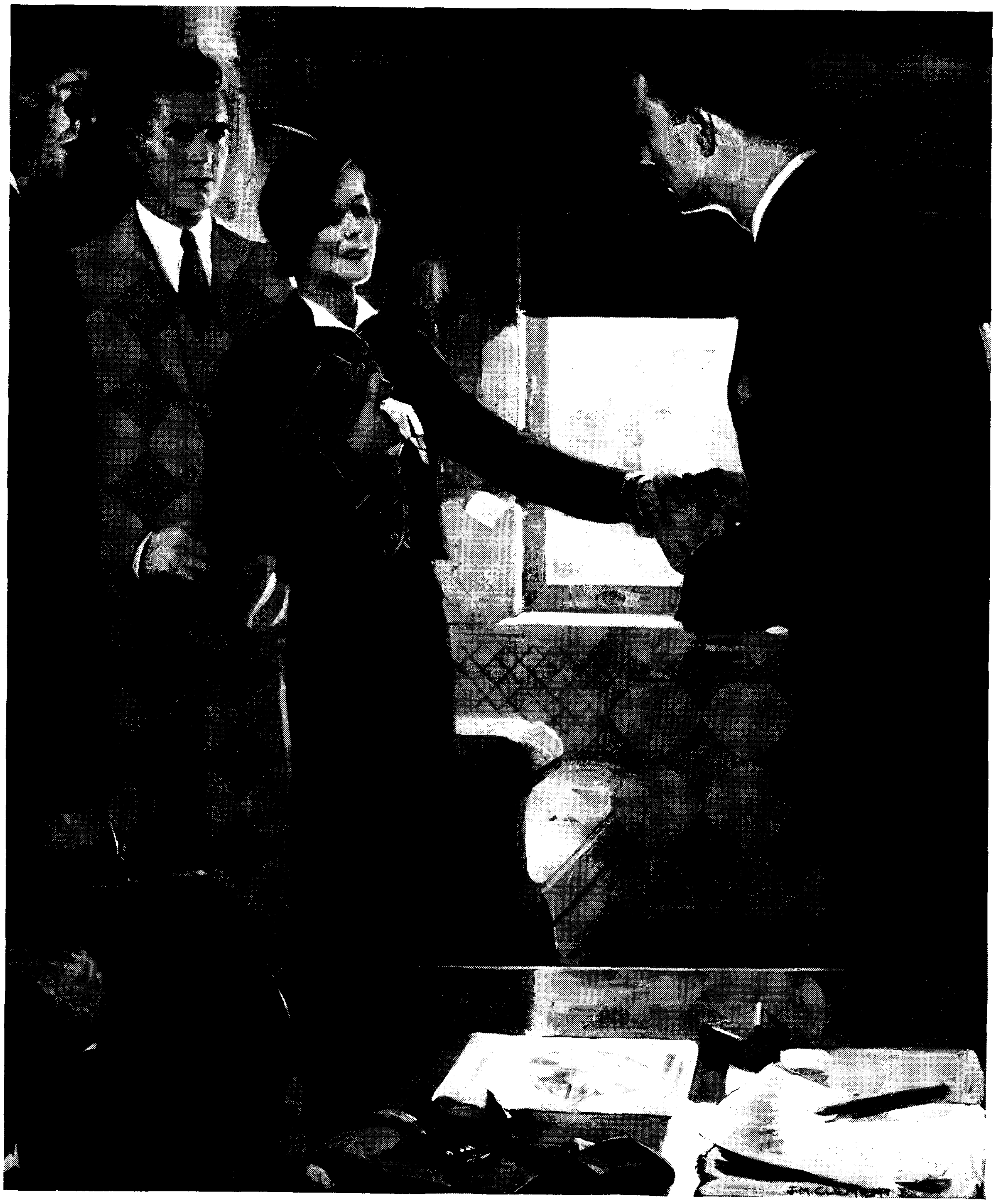
To the secretary he was casual but cordial.

"I got it, Cass," said Mr. Varick creakily. "Here it is! Yes, sir, I drew out every dollar of it as I told you I would."

"And very wise, Mr. Varick," said Macrink. He added humorously, "Don't want me to take that bag home and keep it for you, do you?"

"I shouldn't be a whit afraid, my boy. You wouldn't spend a red of it, I'll gamble. Pardon me a moment."

He moved a painting aside, exposing



"An unexpected pleasure," Tarat said. "You are going to Quebec?"

a wall safe. He put the bag into the safe, pushed the door to, gave the knob a twirl, and let the painting slide back into place.

Macrink was staring at a window. "That you, Quarls?" he called loudly. Getting no answer, he swung up from his chair, went swiftly to the house door and opened it. Don Quarls was standing below him, under the porte-cochère.

"Been there long, Quarls?"

"Since I stepped out a minute ago."

"Odd, that," said Macrink with a perplexed air, turning back into the foyer. "While you were at the safe, Mr. Varick, I saw someone looking in from the porch, through that window. And it wasn't Quarls."

"Nerves, Cass," said Mr. Varick. "Nobody could be on that porch without Quarls seeing him. Let me prescribe for you—a Manhattan? They tell me I don't make the worst."

THEY entered the bar behind the living-room, where Mr. Varick, with a staid businessman's naïve pride in the accomplishment, put together a cocktail.

Jane Varick, Lyman Varick's only and motherless child, arrived home after a few minutes. She had been riding and was still in costume. They chatted formally for a moment before Don handed her from her roadster.

"Thank you, Mr. Quarls," said Jane, mounting the stairs to change.

"Miss Varick," bowed Don.

Smiling, still somewhat drooping, he watched her go. She halted on the first landing, leaned over the banister, and pursed her lips, her eyes shining. He laughed silently, kissed his finger tips with ardor, and turned away.

Cass Macrink, who had the faculty of being unexpected and the art of seeming unobservant, was standing back of him inside the living-room. "Mr. Varick asks you to join us, Quarls."

"Glad to," said Don, going for the houseman. Macrink, he thought, could hardly have seen Jane at the significant moment; he was free to believe that Don was suffering from undeclared love and was throwing arid kisses to an empty stairs.

Macrink, Don suspected, had a plan of his own for Jane, though he was campaigning with mature deliberation, winning the father first. Macrink—

"Oh, damn Macrink," shrugged Don. "I say, John—put Miss Varick's car in the garage."

Macrink was to have taken Jane after dinner to a neighbor's cellar party, but Jane excused herself on the score of having to study; she was a student at Barnard in New York. Macrink left shortly thereafter, going to the party.

He was at the party throughout its progress from drink to drunk, from lively to morose. With warm heart or cold head, he courted ladies of forty whose husbands had grown listless. He drank like a hole and stood like a tower, and, his eyes still as bright as buttons, was of the thin, red-nosed line of heroes who pawed one another at five in the morning, insisted on telling stories that they couldn't tell, leaned on what wasn't there, and babbled family secrets to protect which they'd have had their tongues cut out.

The tipsy host gave first word of the murder, yelling from the telephone:

"Hey, fellows! Did you hear what Pete Neville just said to me on the telephone? You couldn't? Well, Lyman Varick has been shot by a burglar!"

Cass Macrink set down his glass. He caught his host strongly by the arms, shook him and stared into his eyes, reaching for the weaving mind in back. "Where did Pete Neville call from?"

"He just got home," said the host, steadied. "And they heard."

Macrink went to the telephone.

"Hello, Pete. What's this about—"

"That's right! Sally got it over the wire. A burglar shot Jane Varick's father and killed him. About an hour ago."

"Have they the man who did it?"

"No, but they know it was a burglar. The safe was cleaned out. And they got the pistol. It was his own pistol. The fellow must ha' grabbed the pistol. Listen, Sally says come over for a drink."

"Who found Varick?"

"Don Quarls. He was asleep, and he heard something go off and came down, and there was Mr. Varick and the safe cleaned. So he called the police."

Refusing a tendered glass, Macrink went for hat and coat. He alone of the company was appreciative of the grave nature of the news; his companions, normally, were decent people, but their centers of gravity were displaced. He was frowning, collected, meditative.

As indicated by the telephone call, the circumstances of the Varick murder were not of great interest to students of crime. The death was incidental to a commonplace burglary; as accidental, in its way, as if Varick had been left behind by a hit-and-run driver on the headlong Boston Post. The old man had had the ill luck to intrude; Don Quarls, awakened by the shot, had found him on the living-room floor, unconscious and dying. The handbag and its large sum in paper were gone.

NO DOOR had been forced. The safe had been opened by its combination, if the same was set at the time; Cass Macrink, the only possible witness, said that he didn't remember whether Mr. Varick had locked the safe that night. There were no fingerprints on safe or

(Continued on page 55)

Deepwater Island

By Alan LeMay

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

The Story Thus Far:

WITH a fortune in her grasp, Karen Waterson, a San Francisco girl, goes to Honolulu. There, acting on the advice of John Colt, a capable businessman, she files suit against old James Wayne, claiming that the valuable island of Alakoa, to which he holds title, is rightfully hers, inasmuch as her grandfather had sold it when he was mentally incompetent.

But Karen needs further data pertaining to the island. To obtain them, she picks up one of Wayne's nephews—Richard Wayne, known wherever his cruiser, the Holokai, touches as "Tonga Dick"—and inveigles him into taking her to Alakoa! She does not reveal her identity: but before they sail Dick knows who she is—and makes his plans accordingly.

Arrived at the island, Dick insists that Karen go ashore and spend the night. And presently they are ensconced comfortably in James Wayne's lovely home. There Dick has a long, serious talk with his uncle. They agree that they must, inevitably, lose the suit. That point settled, Wayne leans forward. "Dick," he whispers, "you know and I know that there's a way to break this case. It begins to look as though there isn't any other way."

Dick does not commit himself. Leaving his uncle, he joins Karen: They, too, discuss the case. "Karen," Dick says, "that case is never going to come to trial." Karen smiles. "It's already on the calendar," she replies. "Nobody can stop it now." Dick turns and stares at her. "I can," he says slowly.

That night, while the household is asleep, James Wayne dies, the victim of a heart attack. The following day, Karen and Dick board the Holokai, ~~and~~ set sail for Honolulu. Again they discuss the suit. Dick insists that a compromise be worked out. "Karen," he says, "you may win, but you'll be an old lady before your victory pays you." "We don't intend to give in," says Karen.

"What you mean," Dick retorts, "is that John Colt won't give in." Karen shrugs. "It's the same thing." For a few moments Dick is silent; then—"Is it, Karen? Are you in love with Colt? Are you going to marry him?"

V

KAREN looked at him steadily a moment.

"There isn't any reason why I should answer that," she said at last. "But I will. I have no intention of marrying John Colt. What I mean is that I believe I have a sound claim, and I am perfectly willing that the court should decide it. If your uncle had lived—"

She stopped, and a silence fell between them, so that they noticed again the voice of the ship, and the rush and slap of the sea. For Karen, at least, the sound of the vast tonnage of water rushing past the port must have been inseparable from a vision of that monster shark which the natives called a god, perhaps dogging them still. Presently Tonga Dick began talking to her again, trying to tell her what his uncle had been, as Dick saw him.

He was trying to make her see a man who had lived not for personal conquest, but for a dream. He was trying to make her understand that James Wayne had been a man who did not know how to use anything, for himself, beyond the bare necessities; one who took less from life than the salary of Charles Wong commanded. He showed her his uncle breakfasting at 3:30 in the morning, so that he could be at work by a quarter of four. He was trying to make her see twenty years of labor, in which James Wayne had given every hour of his time, every resource of his mind, to making Alakoa what it had become. Tonga Dick, never fully articulate, made a stumbling and inept job of it, and knew that he did—but he was doing the best he could.

He talked—it was, perhaps, the longest speech he had ever made in his life; or, for that matter, would ever make—and the girl's steadfast eyes never left his face, earnest and determined with the man's heartfelt sincerity.

She interrupted him, after a while: "Why do you tell me all this?"

"I'm trying to make you see that there is something there that cannot be measured in dollars and cents; and that even though James Wayne is dead, the fight for the things he stood for will have to go on."

Karen's next words were faintly contemptuous, her eyes, scornful. "If you think that your brothers are capable of standing against such a man as John Colt—"

He shrugged impatiently. "I know my brothers better than you ever can," he told her. It must have been a temptation to him then to put forward the fact that Ernest and Willard Wayne were, after all, only half brothers to him; but he did not. "Karen," he said, "I am the one that you are against now. Don't you know that?"

KAREN faltered and her eyes dropped. But she said, "Yes; yes, of course. I suppose it always did have to come to that, in the end, didn't it?"

Suddenly Dick reached across the table and caught both her hands. "I don't want to go to war with you," he said. "I don't think you want to go to war with me. Do you?"

Karen flicked her eyes to his, but instantly dropped them again. She turned her face away, biting her lips. Up through her arms, through all of her body, the strange electricity that this man held for her was flowing from the hands he gripped. She felt a tremor growing within her, and fought it back with all the strength of her being. Her quickened breath she held cruelly so that he could not know of the strange turmoil that stirred her so strongly.

"It doesn't have to be war," Dick said. His voice had neither pride nor distance. "It can be anything you want to make it."

Suddenly he came to his feet, stepped around the little table; and though she sprang up he caught her in his arms. Her face pressed hard against his blue jacket, so that she smelled tobacco smoke and salt spray. He spoke to her almost inaudibly through the sudden tumble of her hair.

"I don't want your island. I don't want anything on the face of the sea, except one thing. You know what that is. I want you."

HER arms went around him then, and she clung to him, hard and close, with the full length of her body. "I don't want the island either, Dick . . ."

"If it brought you into the Pacific, I guess Alakoa served its turn."

A moment more passed while they stood locked together in the sound of the sea. In his arms, endowed with his balance to the lift and fall of the sea, the reeling of the Holokai became friendly, so that she could drift with its rhythm.

"You—you'll have to see John Colt," Karen said. "Somehow you have to fix it all with him."

She felt the breath go out of him. "Colt?" he repeated. "In God's name, why Colt?"

"Everything he has left has gone into backing me. He's the only reason I'm here."

His arms loosened, then, so that she swayed away from him; and he held her shoulders between his two hands.

"You feel so definitely tied to John Colt as that?"

"I have to stand by him, now—even now," Karen said. "I couldn't possibly do anything else."

SHE saw his eyes harden, and disengaged herself from his hands. As she did that the roll of the sea caught her again, so that all in an instant the deck became unsteady, and the sea hostile, once more.

"You hate John Colt so much?"

"My uncle would never have yielded one inch of Alakoa to John Colt," Tonga Dick said. He spoke slowly, but to Karen it must have seemed that his words carried an implacable finality. "Neither will I; and neither will my—brothers, while I live."

"I'm sorry," Karen said.

"You mean . . . ?"

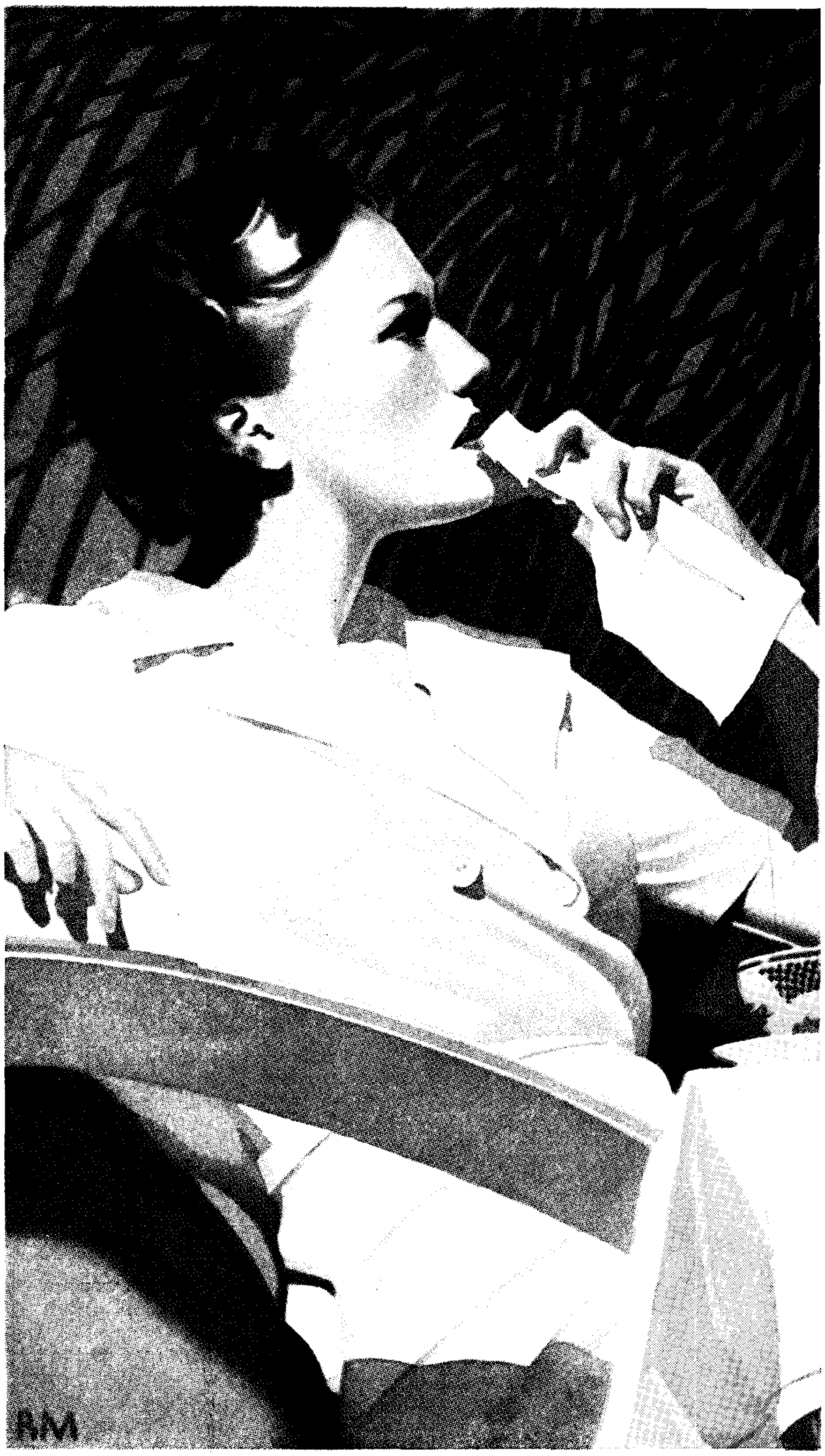
"There's nothing more to be said."

"It's war, then?"

"There—there doesn't seem to be any other way."

"Karen—if there's anything I can say—"

She was in possession of herself again, now that he wasn't touching her any more. "You might say," Karen told him, "you might say to the Chinese boy that I would like a cup of black coffee."



John Colt started his pacing again, then whirled. "Did you talk to James Wayne before he died?" he demanded

He turned away from her, shouting to the mess boy in a furious bellow that shook the lamps in their gimbals.

As he did so a great lift of the sea swung a porthole of the Holokai high above the water; and through the thick streaming glass Karen saw distant lights.

Honolulu was rising, coming to them across the black water.

Karen Waterson, deeply fatigued, did not talk to John Colt that night; and the brilliant but peculiarly soft sunlight of the Islands was flooding the lanai of her suite when she next awoke.

Her lanai—it amounted to a brightly furnished private porch—was open across all of one side to the mild air from the sea; the feathery tops of date palms partly hid the terraces below, but far out beyond the tops of the palms the sun blazed white on the foam of mile-long lazy rollers, and surf riders were streaking in over the many-colored shallows.

LOOKING at the sunlight on the clean rainbow water, it was hard to remember a lightless and uneasy sea, its long miles whispering under a black rain, and an incredible vast shape that the natives believed to be a god, slicing the surface with a monstrous fin twice as tall as a man. In the gay brightness of her lanai those things seemed more dim and far away than shadows of a dream. Her memory of Tonga Dick Wayne, though, remained distinct, as sharply detailed as if he had been with her in the sunlight. She could almost see him standing there, tall and balanced, his sea cap slapped jauntily any old place on his head—grinning, of course, but with a glint of blue steel in eyes narrowed against the brightness of the sea.

She pulled on corduroy lounging pajamas the color of the sunlight and had breakfast on her own lanai; and she was only half finished when John Colt tapped at the door, and was let in.

Colt paced morosely back and forth along the railing of the lanai while Karen sat down to finish her breakfast. "You look as if the sailing did you good," he complained.

But apparently the forty-eight hours of her absence had not done John Colt any good. He was square-standing and alert of movement, as he always was; but his eyes were humorless, and a certain grayness under his skin added fifteen or twenty years to the thirty-odd of his age.

"You've worried me half to death," he told her now. Unimpressed, Karen buttered a roll; and at this John Colt looked annoyed. "I should think," he said, "that you'd have enough consideration—"

"John," Karen said, "James Wayne is dead."

"Well—I know it. It's in the papers. And this is going to—"

"I," Karen said, "was on Alakoa when he died."

JOHN COLT stopped his pacing as abruptly as if he had been hit between the eyes. Everything that had been in his mind went out of it, instantly and completely, so that his voice stopped in mid-sentence; he stood staring at her rigidly, his gaze hard and blank. Karen thought he looked a little silly.

"In God's name, why didn't you say so?" He might as well have shouted at her, so great was his sudden, repressed intensity. "You mean you actually were on the island itself—"

"In the same house."

"Whatever on earth you thought you were doing there—"

"It seems that Dick Wayne had a message by radio from Alakoa. I don't know what it was—probably that his uncle was ill. So he insisted on proceeding to Alakoa, and I couldn't do anything with him."

"So you found yourself the house guest of our favorite enemies," Colt said with ironic appreciation. "Did it occur to you what your position would have been if they had identified you?"

"Dick and his uncle were the only Waynes there. It seems that Dick knew who I was all the time."

"You must have had a very lovely time."

"Interesting," Karen put in.

John Colt started his pacing again, then whirled to open a new angle.

"Did you talk to James Wayne before he died?" he demanded.

For a fraction of a moment Karen Waterson hesitated.

"No," she answered.

She had not known, until then, the intense nervous strain that was exerting itself upon John Colt—the strain that puts itself upon a man who is gambling everything he has for fortune, and perhaps more. But she found out now.

"Karen," John Colt said, "why should you lie to me?"

"Lie?"

Their eyes met and locked; and the cool, level eyes of Karen Waterson must have won, for after a moment John Colt swung his shoulders so that once more he was looking at the sea. "I'm sorry."

There was a long silence then, and Karen lighted a cigarette. She had a curious sense that time was rushing over them in long swells, as the green seas sweep over the coral rocks.

"John," she said, "have you thought of compromise with the Waynes?"

"You talked with them?" he asked sharply.

"No one but Tonga Dick. And it's impossible to learn anything from him until he's ready to have you know."

"Then—"

"I'm speaking from impressions—vague impressions," Karen admitted. "I don't pretend to call it intuition—but you can call it what you want to. I think we ought to consider, very carefully, some sort of compromise with the Waynes."

IF JOHN COLT had ever feared Tonga Dick, he forgot it now. "Your case is sound and justifiable in every way—Island law being what it is, and the Island precedents what they are. I wouldn't be here now, and you wouldn't be here, if I thought there was any loophole in your case."

"You don't want to think of compromise? Not any compromise at all?"

"The best possible thing for us is that the case be tried as it stands. The death of James Wayne, and the probate it implies, is a magnificent break—such a break as we could not have accomplished by our own efforts, nor hoped for. If ever anyone in the world had reason to play the cards as they lie, we have it now."

"I'm not so sure," Karen said.

"The whole estate will be tied up," Colt exulted. "Any attempt by the Waynes to conceal assets will be blown to hell, now! Everything will go into probate, and we'll get the whole works, intact. And with James Wayne dead, those helpless nephews of his will drive their attorneys crazy. What a picture! They'll run in circles like sheep."

"One of them won't," Karen said.

"James Wayne was the only hard edge in the lot. *He* would have fought till he died; but he was the only one."

"There's one other," Karen said.

"Who?"

"Tonga Dick."

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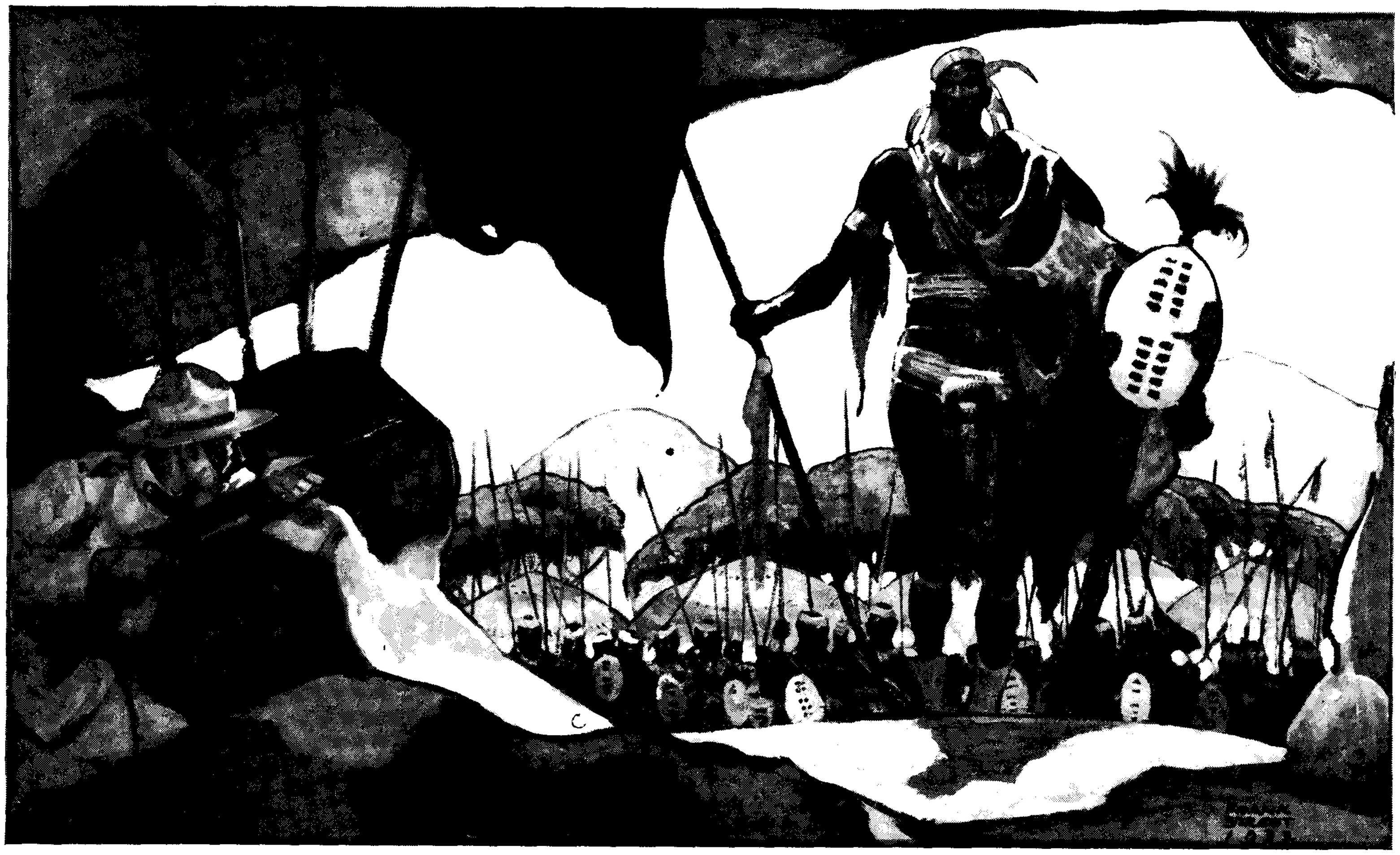


The M'Limo approached the mouth of the cave, and Burnham took aim

Great Scout

The parched sands of Arizona served as his classroom, and his teachers were the best in their profession—the alert and crafty Apaches. From that background Fred Burnham emerged to be rated as one of the best scouts on two continents

By W. B. Courtney

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET

THERE was blood on the African moon that flickered briefly above the mountains during an ominous lull in the storm and then fled for the night behind a renewed onrush of thunderclouds. Some there were who would never see that moon again; fifteen white men, trapped in a steaming jungle in Mashonaland, and most of them deep in their last sleep on earth.

One was wide awake: a young American who had snaked through the bush on his belly—had you been within a yard of him in the darkness, you could not have heard him—until he was clear of the breathing of his sleeping comrades and their horses. His ear, trained in the Apache country of his native land, was pressed hard into the matted underbrush, and told him that hundreds—thousands—of fierce Matabele warriors were deploying through the forest on all sides.

The blacks knew that the young American was hidden somewhere in the bush listening to their slightest movements, and they trod the more cautiously therefore. In their war-fire councils, he was known and respected as "He-Who-Sees-in-the-Dark." Even among the young and the old, the women and the infirm, who waited at home in the kraals of the most powerful tribe in Africa, there was much awed talk of the warrior who came from a strange place far beyond the homeland of the English, and was the white induna's eye.

Heavy of heart, the young American wormed back through the bush and reported to his induna, or commander, Major Allan Wilson, second in command of the column under Forbes, which was attempting to capture Lobengula, the king of the Matabele, who were warring upon the British colonists in Mashonaland in South Central Africa.

The fatigue of the whole column precluded a final dash in force; therefore Wilson had set out on the previous afternoon with a few volunteers and the young American scout, all mounted on the best horses in the command, to make a reckless dash through the heart of the Matabele impis, or regiments, after the king. Its audacity had carried the little band past the spears and rifles of the sullen blacks to the very palings of the king's camp headquarters. They had called upon him to surrender. The only answer was the cocking of rifles and the drawing-in of a ring of spearmen. Whereupon the handful of whites had turned and vanished into the forest, led by the American, who held a white handkerchief over his head as a beacon to his comrades in the dusk. Hidden by the night and the bush the detachment had bedded down, while three of its number galloped backtrail to urge Forbes and his column to hurry up for an attack in force.

Wilson's idea had been to keep the blacks under observation while awaiting the column. He had succeeded too well. The Matabele, confident and contemptuous with their swarming thousands as opposed to the two hundred or so troopers who made up the entire English force, had decided to force the issue themselves, and had stealthily backtracked to close around their pursuers. This was the news the keen ears of the young American scout had read in the sounds of the jungle night—and he had promptly and with great unconcern gone to sleep after relating it. He had been sixteen hours in the saddle the day and night before. Yet when Major Wilson touched his shoulder he was instantly awake and alert again. There was one last faint chance which must be nourished and guarded. The scout must try to find his way to meet the expected column, then lead it to the beleaguered handful so that there would be no costly delay.

Outguessing the Enemy

The American walked a short distance apart, then dropped to his knees and began to feel around in the mud. The English column had been following a trail left by the royal wagons of Lobengula. Along this trail the reinforcements would come, and the scout must backtrack it in order to meet them. In the inky blackness of the storm-bound jungle it was impossible to see the tip of one's nose. He would have to "see" with his hands. He started off in a crouching, noiseless run, while his sensitive finger tips followed the rut left by a wheel rim as a hound's nose would follow a scent.

(*Continued on page* 59)

Peanut Vender

A poorly printed baseball score-card gave Harry Stevens his first business idea. And that was the daddy of other ideas—he invented the hot dog and discovered the soda straw, and parlayed the lowly peanut into a million-dollar business

By Quentin Reynolds

HARRY STEVENS stood there in the back of the grandstand and looked very, very unhappy. Usually a crowd of fifty thousand fans at a ball game was reason enough to make Harry beam, but today the crowd brought no smile to the Stevens face, because of the weather. It was so cold that the Giant infielders going through their pre-game practice were trying vainly to get the numbness out of their hands and the crowd sat huddled miserably with coat collars turned up.

The game really should have been called off, but baseball magnates hate to disappoint a crowd of fifty thousand—especially when those fifty thousand have already laid their dough on the line and bought tickets. At that time Harry Stevens was a purveyor of score-cards, ice cream and soda pop. The crowd had bought the score-cards all right, but who would buy ice cream and ice-cold soda on a day like this? Harry had stocked up heavily with ice cream, anticipating a warm day, and ice cream doesn't keep forever.

Harry Stevens stood there for a moment thinking very, very fast and when he got down to thinking fast he could think very fast indeed. He was a salesman. Here was a crowd. Somehow the two had to get together. Then . . .

"Hey, you," Stevens called to one of his men. "Get the boys up here. Hurry up. I've got an idea."

He had an idea that was going to make him five million dollars within the next few years—though he didn't know it at the time. His son Frank had bobbed up with it only a few days before, but then he hadn't thought much of it. Now was a good time to try it out.

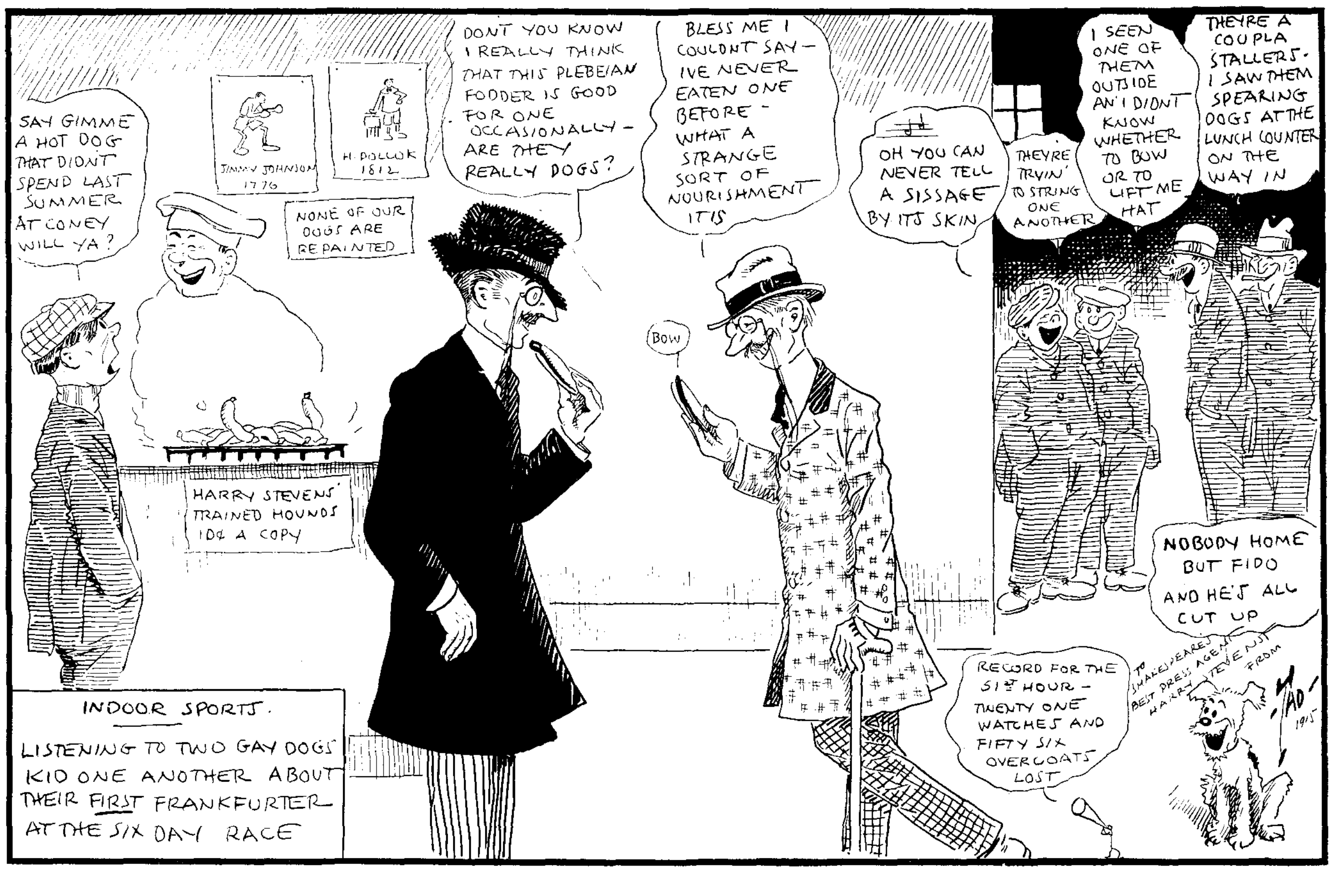
The Birth of the Hot Dog

"Send around to all the butchers in the neighborhood," Stevens barked at his assistant. "Buy up all of those German sausages you can, those long dachshund sausages—what do they call 'em, frankfurters? Then hustle around to the bakers in the neighborhood and buy up all the rolls you can find. These people want something hot. We'll give them something hot. And get some mustard. Yes, mustard—and hurry up."

"The boss has gone nuts," his men grumbled, but they hustled out to the butchers and they came back with yards of the "dachshund" sausages Stevens had ordered.

They had a small kitchen under the stands and under Harry's direction they heated the frankfurters and then Harry himself smeared them with mustard (later the mustard became optional) and stuck them between the sliced halves of the rolls.

"Take 'em out and sell 'em," Harry barked to his astonished men. "Call out that they're 'red-hot.' Remember that, 'red-hot'. Those people are freezing. They'll want something hot."


SAY GIMME A HOT DOG THAT DIDNT SPEND LAST SUMMER AT CONEY WILL YA?
JIMMY JOHNSON 1776
H. POLLOK 1812
NONE OF OUR DOGS ARE REPAINTED
DONT YOU KNOW I REALLY THINK THAT THIS PLEBEIAN FODDER IS GOOD FOR ONE OCCASIONALLY - ARE THEY REALLY DOGS?
BLESS ME I COULDNT SAY - IVE NEVER EATEN ONE BEFORE - WHAT A STRANGE SORT OF NOURISHMENT IT IS
OH YOU CAN NEVER TELL A SISSAGE BY ITS SKIN
BOW
HARRY STEVENS' TRAINED HOUNDS 10¢ A COPY
THEYRE TRYIN' TO STRING ONE ANOTHER
I SEEN ONE OF THEM OUTSIDE AN' I DIDNT KNOW WHETHER TO BOW OR TO LIFT ME HAT
THEYRE A COUPLA STALLERS. I SAW THEM SPEARING DOGS AT THE LUNCH COUNTER ON THE WAY IN
NOBODY HOME BUT FIDO AND HE'S ALL CUT UP
RECORD FOR THE 51ST HOUR - TWENTY ONE WATCHES AND FIFTY SIX OVERCOATS LOST
INDOOR SPORTS. LISTENING TO TWO GAY DOGS KID ONE ANOTHER ABOUT THEIR FIRST FRANKFURTER AT THE SIX DAY RACE
TO SHAKESPEARE'S BEST PRESS AGENT HARRY STEVENS FROM TAD 1915

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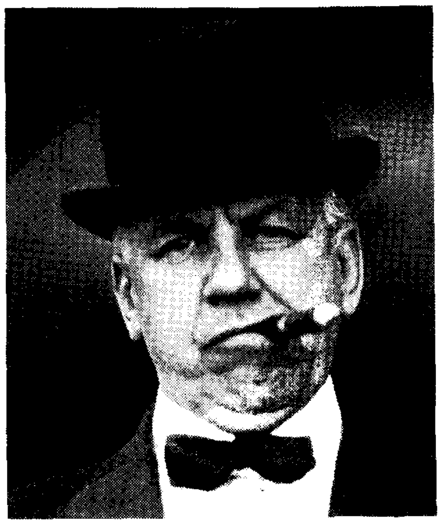


Top, early days at New York's Polo Grounds. Harry Stevens, center, with his first staff

Center, this Tad cartoon, published in 1915, celebrated the advent of the hot dog

The world's largest outdoor catering firm is a monument to the late Harry M. Stevens

"Red-hot," the boys called as they went up and down the aisles. "Get a red-hot dachshund sausage in a roll. Dachshund sandwiches . . . red-hot . . ."

The crowd bought them through curiosity at first—then with enthusiasm. The incomparable Tad, greatest of newspaper sports cartoonists and phrase-maker extraordinary, was sitting in the press box watching the game. Always on the alert for something new, he watched the crowd devouring the new delicacy.

"Dachshund—that means dog. Why not call them hot dogs?" Tad mused, and not long after, in a cartoon, he immortalized the frankfurter which Stevens had naturalized, under the name of "hot dog." The implication that stray mongrel dogs sneaking optimistically into butcher shops to wangle a bit of free beef came out in the form of frankfurters, or "hot dogs," did not detract from the tremendous popularity of the German-born tidbit. This was in the early part of the century and ever since then hot dogs have been an integral adjunct of ball games, race tracks, six-day bike events and fights. That cold day which had begun so dolefully really made the Stevens' fortune and helped considerably in making Harry M. Stevens, Incorporated, the largest firm of outdoor caterers in the world.

Harry Stevens died about two years ago. A personality while he lived, he is on his way to becoming a legend. There is seldom anything as dull as the story of a self-made man who went on to become wealthy, but there is nothing dull about the story of Harry Stevens, and besides, Stevens really isn't dead at all.

His three sons now run the business he founded and they run it exactly as he did and when they get into difficulties they get together and say, "What would Father have done in a situation like this?" And they figure out what he would have done and they do it—so you really can't say that Harry Stevens is dead.

No brothers were ever closer than Hal, Joe and Frank Stevens, and perhaps it's because old Harry left a bit of his spirit to each so that each is necessary to the others and the three together are a composite mind which was once Harry Stevens. And they talk of Harry Stevens not as sons usually do of fathers—not sadly or in a reminiscent vein, but cheerfully and proudly, as though he still lived; and I tell you when you hear them talking of him in their New York offices, or at Hialeah, or at the Polo Grounds, or at Saratoga, or at Madison Square Garden, you feel that old Harry is very, very much alive. Well, anyhow here's the story of Harry Stevens, the story which within a few years will be a legend.

When Harry Stevens was twenty-one

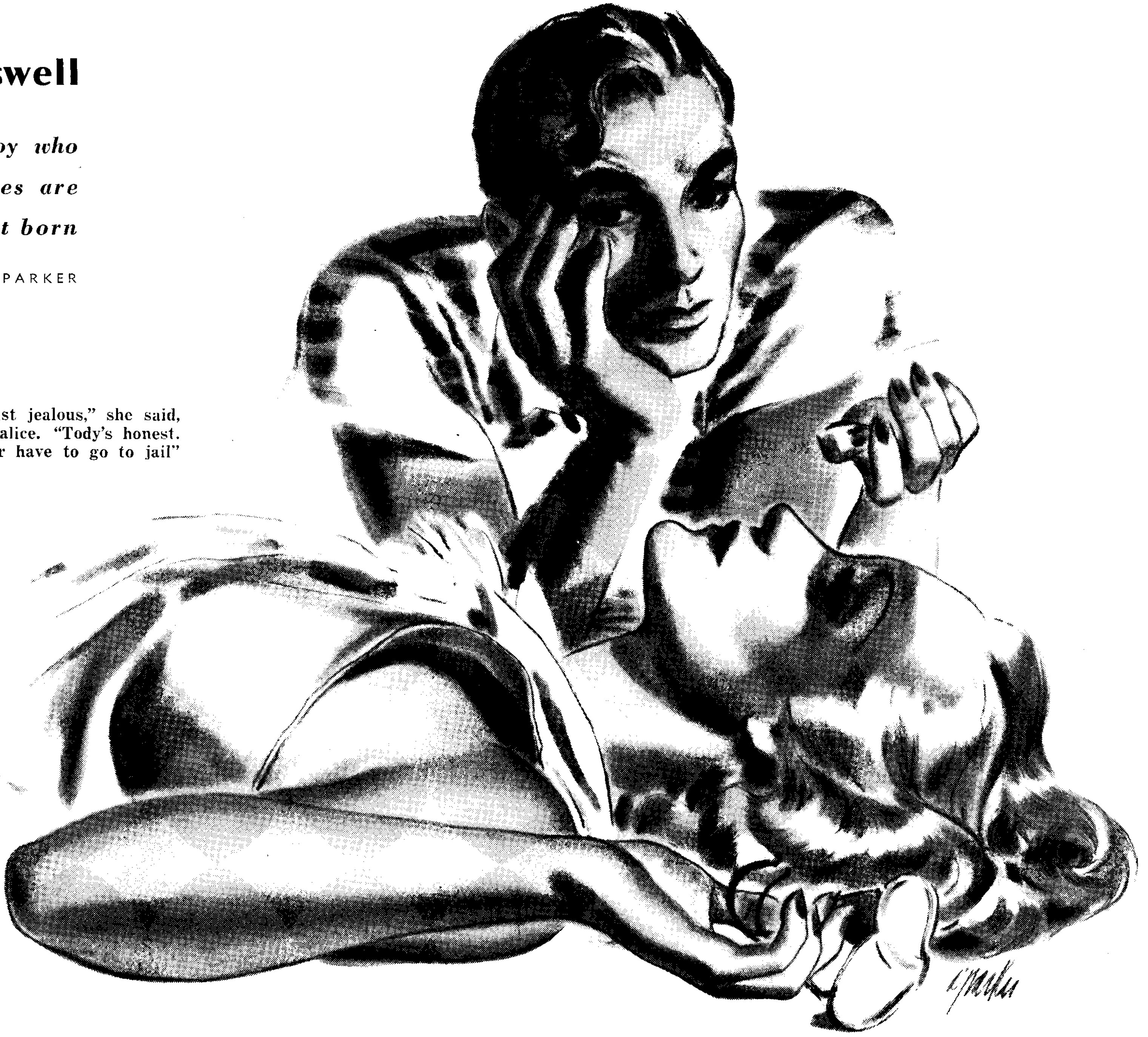
(Continued on page 69)

Glory in His Head

By James Aswell

The story of a boy who found that heroes are usually made, not born

ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER



"You're just jealous," she said, without malice. "Tody's honest. He'll never have to go to jail"

THE girl and the boy lay on the hot, bright beach, their eyes closed against the intolerable cobalt of a Florida afternoon sky. Except for them, the beach was empty. This was the West Coast in November. The half-dozen tatterdemalion cottages on the ridge behind them sheltered all-year-round Floridians from the city up the Gulf over summer week ends. There was no life in them now. A forgotten swimming suit swung stiffly in the dry salt breeze from a wire in the nearest front yard; from across Parson's Inlet, which made an island of the long sand bar on which the cottages stood, came the brief hum of a car, but that blended quickly into the rhythmic strum of surf on the shore.

Nerry thought that if he listened hard enough he could hear the stone crabs marching. He stopped listening suddenly and said:

"I think I'll go up to Jacksonville next week and join the Navy."

"No, you don't," said Dot quietly, in her soft, funny voice full of excitement which must bubble through the next word but never did. "And no, you won't. Miss Julie won't let you."

Nerry sighed resignedly at mention of his aunt. "Miss Julie doesn't care what I do," he observed without conviction. "All she cares about is Tody. When are you going to marry Tody, Dot?"

It was the first time he had said it. He had not wanted to say it, but somehow the thing had to be said, casually like this. Tody was his brother, wasn't he? And they *were* going to be married, weren't they?

"I may not marry him—" leap heart, leap heart!—"until he really does something. At that, you know, Tody is the smartest fellow of his age I ever knew. I bet he amounts to something before he's twenty-five."

"Sure. If he stays out of jail."

NERRY'S voice was far-off. He was listening for the stone crabs again: ever since he could remember he had heard Tody's praises sung. Tody's brains. Tody's schemes to make money. Tody's industry. Tody's future—which was angling now in odd directions, the full implications of which he suspected neither Miss Julie nor Dot understood. But he accepted his brother's superiority, his brother's star; he simply wished, on occasion, he didn't have to be constantly dazzled by its glitter.

"You're just jealous," she said without moving and without malice. "Tody's honest. He'll never have to go to jail."

"Sure," said Nerry. "I was kidding."

There was a pause; and Dot said:

"Nerry, you can do better than that job in the hotel. I'm surprised you don't strike out and go places the way Tody is doing. You know what I mean—not criticizing, you know, but just thinking. Just because I like you."

He did not answer. He lay there cooking pleasantly in the sun, unhappy, wishing he could explain to her why he could never be like Tody. For most of it there were not any words, really; only a feeling.

"Don't you worry about me," he blurted suddenly after a while. "I know that some time—well, I know I'll find the thing I want before long. You wait. I may—I may be famous one of these days so that people will say, 'Who's this Tody? Oh, he's Nerry Pine's brother.' " He stopped, considered the wisdom of a full confession, decided he was in too deep for it to matter. "I'm going to be a poet, Dot. Don't laugh at me, now. I mean it."

She raised up on one arm; it was a pity Nerry's eyes were closed and nobody was there to see how lovely she was and how young.

"You're not! There's no money in that, Nerry."

"That's what Tody would say."

"And he'd be right." She looked at him a moment now with laughter in her eyes. Suddenly she leaned over and kissed him, rumpling his hair. "You're cute, though, Nerry. Nobody could ever say you aren't cute."

He pulled her down and kissed her again. She let him—until she became aware, with a sense of shock, that their long childhood was over. She struggled up and sat back, a little way from him on the sand, frightened. Nerry sat up, blinking against the light; he was frightened, too.

"That's the last time I'm going to kiss you," she told him soberly. "You might get the idea that I didn't love Tody and I do, you know."

"I know." He looked out at an invisible Mexico beyond the horizon.

"If Tody thought we were going to start necking and all, he wouldn't have entrusted me to you for a whole day while he was busy."

"You kissed me first," he told her boyishly. "Anyhow, let's skip it."

Then they argued about whether he would go up to Jacksonville and join the Navy, until an orange filter seemed to slide before the sun and the kildees strutted daintily around the scallops of the surf for their twilight fishing.

AT SEVEN Nerry and Dot walked back to the car; he had to report for duty at the hotel at half past eight.

Miss Julie—by some odd accident not even her nephews called her anything except Miss Julie—stood on the porch of a faded frame cottage in Webster Street, looking apprehensively into the twilight. Tody hadn't called all day, asked her to run him over anywhere in her car or do any errands of any kind. She was hurt; and when she saw the ancient flivver arrive at the curb bearing only Nerry her disappointment was acute.

The stoop was dusky, framed in

masses of oleander and clawed gently by tentacles of flame vine, but a single bulb lighted the sign, "Rooms for Tourists," and Miss Julie's face was not invisible: it was a kind face. A rather odd face, though, like an intelligent puppy's, with perfectly round, pale-blue eyes and little wrinkles everywhere which gave the impression of having been collected as enthusiastically for fifty years as rare lace.

Nerry listened to the final pop of the motor and then climbed out, banging the door. He strolled toward Miss Julie, grinning.

"Where's Tody? Have you seen Tody?" she asked. He peered at her and saw for the first time that she was distraught.

"No. I thought he was in Jacksonville seeing to that auto finance business."

"But he said he'd be back by four this afternoon. You know he has to make collections from his gum machines."

WHEN Miss Julie talked about Tody's "gum machines" Nerry always flushed a little, halfway between laughter and incredulous pity. He knew, everybody knew, that they were slot machines. He had even ridden in Miss Julie's carefully burnished old car, taking Tody on his rounds of dance halls, coffeepots and less explicable locations in the Cuban section of town. Miss Julie, loving Tody so, simply saw no evil, if she had ever seen it anywhere. She was a church woman, a foe of gambling. Yet she had spent three hours a week for a year hauling her nephew to make collections for Mr. Sonari's slot-machine syndicate, sitting prim and proud at the wheel of the car while Tody hustled in and out garnering his bags of money.

Nerry dropped in the biggest rocker and propped his feet up on the porch rail. He searched his pockets for a cigarette, found none and began to rock lazily, whistling under his breath.

Miss Julie looked once more up and down the street, then walked behind Nerry and sat down in the swing.

"I'm so worried about Tody."

Nerry tried to keep his mind on what she was saying. He had two lines of a poem—

"We kept a tryst at midday in the sun,
But you were old dark starlight now begun
To flicker . . ."

Suddenly he became sharply aware of what Miss Julie was saying:

"I have a feeling Tody has been out with that Dorothy Lucas today. You can't imagine what that does to me, Nerry. A boy with his family and talent and future."

"What's the matter with her? She's all right, Miss Julie."

Miss Julie stared at him with what she hoped was a kindly severity.

"Now, she may be a perfectly *nice* girl, Nerry, but before the Pines left Virginia they had some standards in such things. Your mother and father would turn in their graves if they thought a son of theirs was interested in the daughter of a filling-station proprietor. It's not snobbery or anything like that but just a sense of the fitness of things."

She paused and sighed. Nerry said nothing. Then she went on:

"Of course, I suppose you boys haven't the protection the family could give when there was the place near Richmond. You've had to be thrown with every Tom, Dick and Harry in this part of Florida. It's association, that's what it is. Growing up together and things like that. But, oh, Nerry, I'm so worried about it. Tody, of all people! I'd even understand it better if—if—"

She was halted by embarrassment.

Nerry helped her: "If it was me that had fallen for Dot Lucas?"

"Frankly, my dear, yes. I don't want to hurt your feelings, but you *are* weak, Nerry, and people influence you more than they do Tody. Heaven knows, I have worried enough over you, too."

He got to his feet slowly, overcome by a desire to walk out into the soft beginning moonlight. He would be a little late for work anyhow.

Miss Julie rose and went over to him. She put a hand on his arm.

"Nerry, promise me you'll try to save Tody from this girl. I am older and wiser than you, dear, and I know that she is unworthy of him."

He smiled at her affectionately and patted her arm.

"Lend me fifteen cents, Miss Julie. I want to buy a pack of cigarettes."

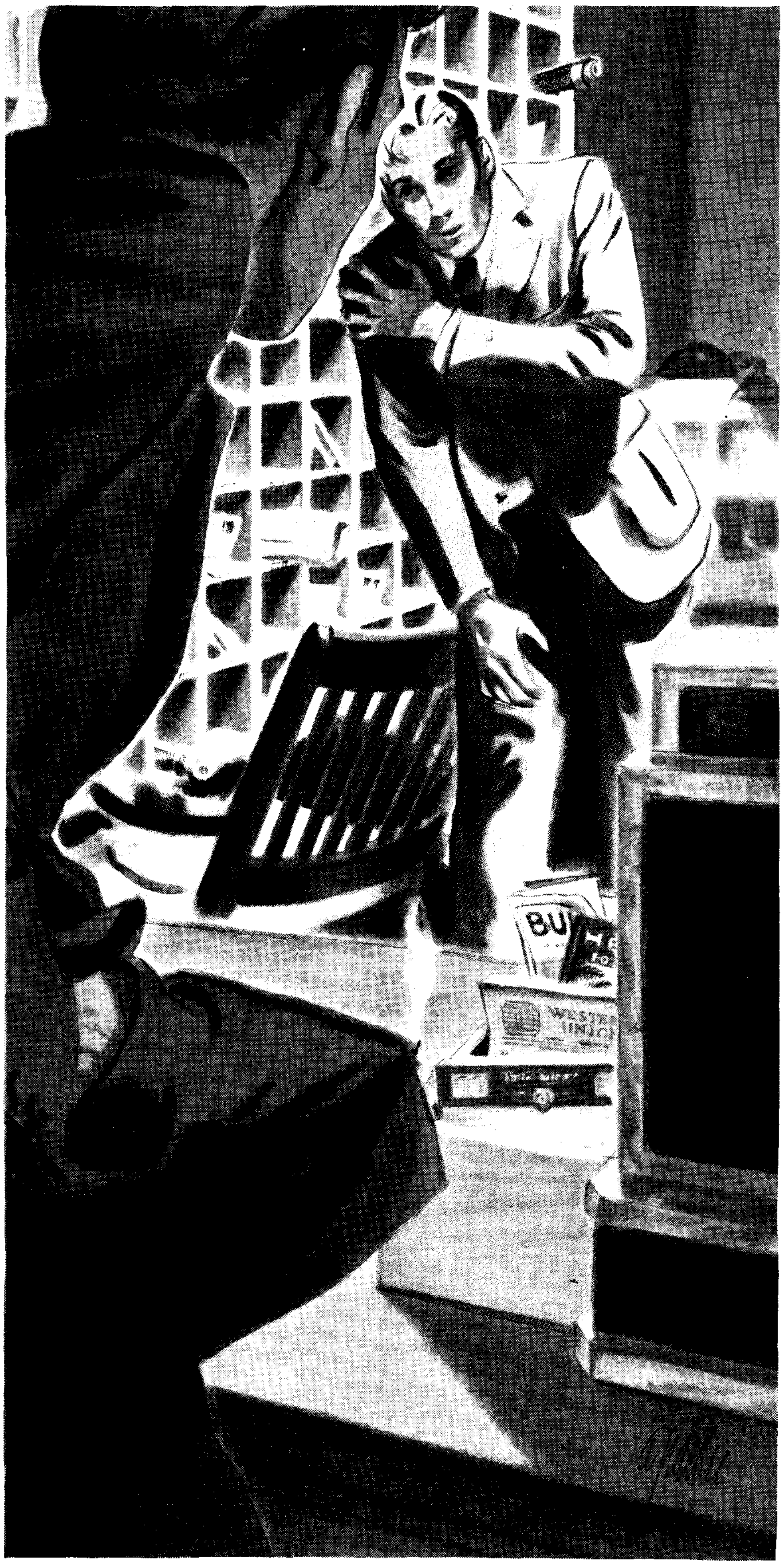
She shook her head, chuckling. "Wait and I'll get my purse. Don't you tell Tody, though. He'll be angry with you. You know what he says about saving your money."

THE lobby of the Southern Terrace Hotel was vacant by nine and Nerry lounged contentedly behind the desk, scribbling on the back of a blank bill.

He had two satisfactory lines:

"If only he could eat his daily bread
And keep a certain glory in his head . . ."

Nine o'clock. It was a long tick until six-thirty when the day man came on. The potted palmettos on either side of the entrance waved gently in a draft from the lambent night outside. He usually enjoyed the long, lazy nights, talking with drummers or having a beer at four A. M. with Sandy, the night watchman who liked to speak of himself as "house detective over at the Southern Terrace." But tonight Nerry was blue; everything seemed crazy and mixed up. Miss Julie, for instance, saying that Dot wasn't worthy of Tody. . . .



"I told you," Tody cried, reaching hurriedly

Of course, he'd have agreed since he was six that Tody was better than anyone in the world. Still, now, was he? Tody worked hard and earned good money. But what at? Some vague business with Sonari and the slot machines. A part interest in a roadhouse out on the Miami pike. A new and obscure enterprise which had to do with the "financing" of used cars: Nerry had heard facetious, cynical remarks from the boys in Joe's poolroom about that; and he knew that Miss Julie had given Tody three fourths of her four-thousand-dollar capital to "invest."

But Tody was all right. What was coming over him, Nerry, that he should begin to think things like that about his own brother? He grinned, disgusted with himself, and ran a hand through his hair.

"You're just jealous because Tody got your girl," he told himself out loud and sat down at the little desk by the cash register. He'd fiddle a while with his poetry and then pay off: Mr. Evarts left the money with him every Thursday night to pay off the help; Sandy, the two elevator boys, the two bellhops on the night shift, the waiters from the dining-room.

He tore up the opening lines of four poems and devoted himself to continuing a fifth:

". . . In childhood he would sink his bare
feet deep
Into the warm, smooth sand of the
white road;
Each night was an intoxicant and sleep
Debauched him slowly with a golden
goad. . . ."

Out of a pleasant, nodding dream he was awakened by a distinct metallic scraping. He blinked and swung 'round instinctively toward the cash register.

The drawer had clanged open. A tall, familiar young man was near it, his gray eyes cold and startled, his full lower lip sucked in. It was Tody.

"Hello, fool," said Tody. "Boy, you're earning your salary."

HE PULLED himself up to the counter and sat there, looking at his brother with an expression which might have been fondness or irony. Tody Pine was darker than Nerry, almost swarthy; his thick, black hair went straight up from the forehead like a wig. He had a high, intelligent forehead, so that the amazing icy eyes did not surprise you, but the mouth, weak and mobile, did. He talked with a curious blend of arrogance and desire to ingratiate himself.

Nerry, happy as always for any recognition from his brother, rose laughing and shut the cash-register drawer.

"I'm glad it was you, Tody. It might have been a holdup man and he'd have got plenty tonight. I pay off in a few minutes."

Tody's face tightened. He glanced quickly round the lobby and leaned toward his brother.

"Listen, Bub"—the resurrected childhood appellation startled Nerry so his mouth opened and he felt himself blushing—"I never asked you to help me out of a jam, did I?" He didn't wait for an answer. "And I've helped you out of plenty, haven't I? Well, I'm in serious trouble, Bub."

"What's the matter?" Nerry could hear his heart pumping and for some reason he kept thinking of Dot. But he said, "Anything I can do, you know me, Tody."

"You can do plenty. There's been a

(Continued on page 38)

A Fool and His Honey

By Kyle Crichton

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

Featuring that thoughtful side-line hero, Mr. Ginsberg, in a romantic football drama. Is your favorite team being walloped? Get a Ginsberg

IN THE first place, you have this Mr. S. Ginsberg coming to Butch Waggoman, the coach, and putting the idea into his head. Mr. S. Ginsberg is out of a job, as usual, and what Mr. S. Ginsberg does when he is out of a job is get himself into a job.

Whenever Mr. S. Ginsberg was out of a job and was passing through a strange town, he picked out the best poolroom and went in. If that didn't give him all the dope he wanted, he knew there was no sense in sticking around. He stopped in at the poolroom at Bensonville and talked with Tod Saylor and Sap Cunningham. When he did that he naturally got an earful on how rotten the Belmont football teams were these days. That inevitably brought the subject to Butch Waggoman, who was having his last year as Belmont coach, or Messrs. Saylor and Cunningham missed their guess. When you've lost three straight to Astorbilt, said Messrs. Saylor and Cunningham, your last year was right there before you.

That brought up another Ginsberg axiom: When you want a job, get in touch with a guy who's going to lose his and either get it or help him keep it. So Mr. S. Ginsberg went up to the field house and found Butch Waggoman and his assistant, Rumpo Mitchell, sorting out the uniforms and getting ready for fall practice.

"MR. WAGGOMAN," said Mr. Ginsberg politely, "you wouldn't believe it but I'm practically going to save your life."

"What are you?" asked Mr. Waggoman sourly. "A halfback?"

"I'm a press agent."

"That's good," said Mr. Waggoman. "That's very good. Rumpo, would you mind kicking this young man out in the alley?"

"The pen is mightier than the sword," offered Mr. Ginsberg.

"Even so, I'll take the halfback," said Mr. Waggoman.

"And what is even mightier than the pen," continued Mr. Ginsberg, "is psychology."

"Now, listen, stranger," said Mr. Waggoman, straightening up from his work. "I know a lot of big words myself, but they have a fullback down at Astorbilt named Stan Logan and I very much doubt that psychology, philosophy and psychoanalysis combined could stop him. For two years he's murdered us."

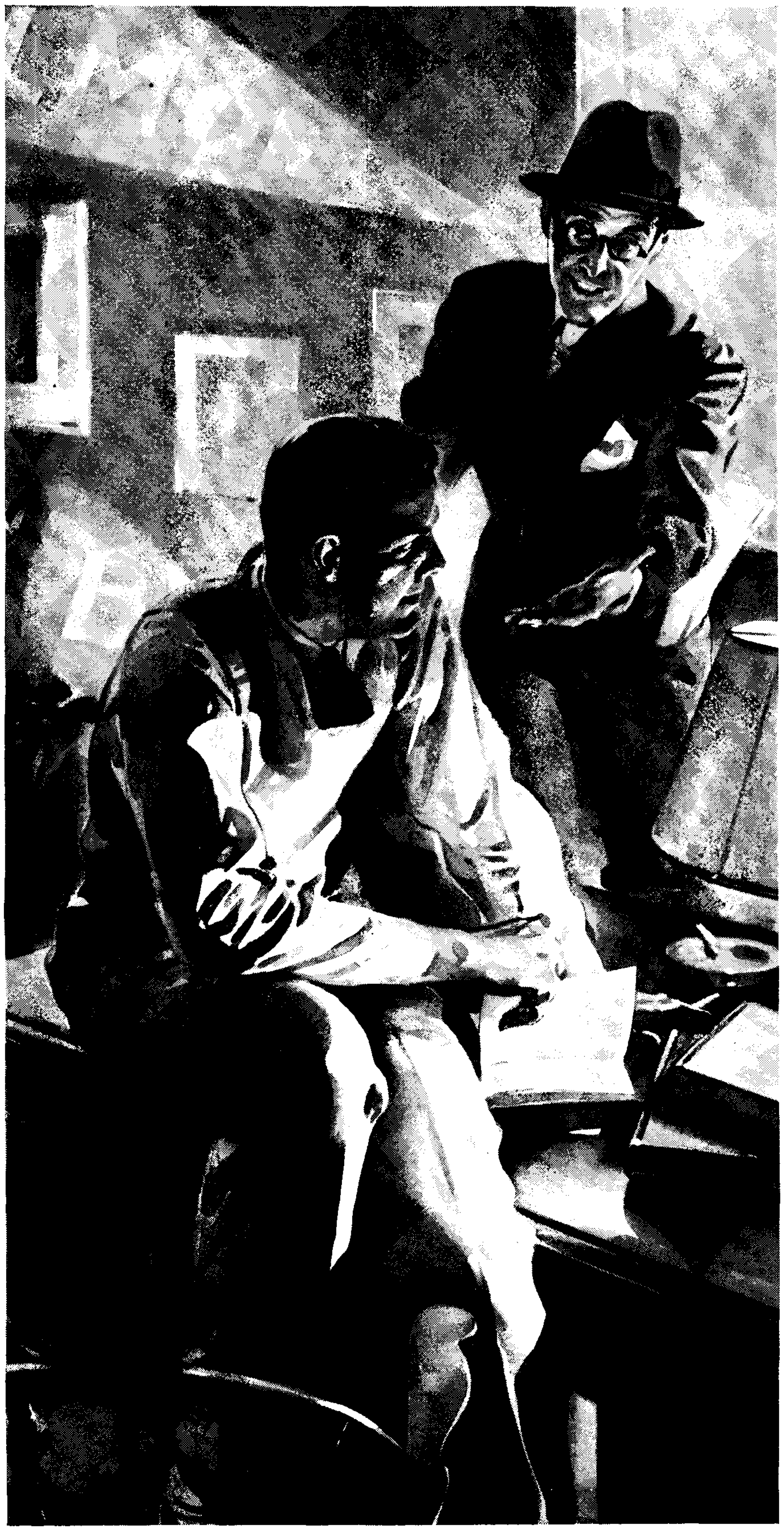
"Psychology could do it alone," said Mr. Ginsberg, unmoved.

"Well, here, Mr. ah—"

"Ginsberg."

"Ginsberg. . . . I'll tell you a secret which everybody in four counties knows. All you have to do up at our house to make my wife and the children burst out crying is to mention Stan Logan. One more year like last year and they'll have to invent a church which can open a college somewhere in Mississippi so I can get a coaching job. If you expect me to give you a job just because you happen to know the word 'psychology,' you're mistaken, but if you have any good, sound idea how we can beat Astorbilt this year, there's money in it for you. . . . But I don't suppose you're interested in money. Psychology's really your life work."

"Yes, sir," answered Mr. Ginsberg. "Psychology."



"I know that all Belmont is depending upon you," said Mr. Ginsberg

AFTER that Mr. S. Ginsberg went up to the dean's office to talk over his course.

"Mr. Ginsberg," said the dean, "in view of your great zeal for education and your age, thirty-five, which is beyond the average for undergraduates, we have decided to accept you as a special student."

"Yes, sir."

"And had you any particular subjects in mind you wanted to take?"

"Well," said Mr. Ginsberg, "I thought mebbe manual training."

"This is a university," said the dean sternly. "We have no course in manual training."

"Well," said Mr. Ginsberg, "I thought mebbe fire drill."

"Mr. Ginsberg!" said the dean.

NEXT day Mr. Ginsberg was down in New York conferring with the sports editors of the newspapers.

"So you want to be our correspondent up at Belmont?" asked the sports editor of the Herald-Tribune. "Why should I fire the young man I have up there and give you the job?"

"I'm working my way through college and keeping my old grandmother," said Mr. Ginsberg.

"Your old grandmother, eh? Counting up from your age as her grandson, she must be something over a hundred."

"Ninety-two."

"And still smokes a pipe?"

"You know Grandma, eh?"

"I saw her at the funeral of the office boy's grandmother last spring."

"Hubbell should ought to have shut out them Bostons that day," said Mr. Ginsberg fervently.

"I guess you can do that job up at Belmont all right," said the sports editor of the Herald-Tribune.

WHEN he got back from New York two days later, Mr. Ginsberg was Belmont correspondent for the New York Herald-Tribune, the New York Times, the New York Sun, the New York World-Telegram, the New York Evening Post, the New York American and the New York Journal.

Next day seven variations of the

same theme appeared on the sporting pages of the papers mentioned:

Coach Butch Waggoman put his charges through their initial drill here today under a broiling sun. Over ninety huskies were in uniform. Interest centered in Earl Conover, substitute quarterback, whose drop kicking from all angles was sensational.

Since Earl Conover had not been present at the practice session, the matter interested Butch Waggoman to the extent of asking the correspondent of the New York Times about it.

"Where'd you get the Conover story you ran this morning?"

"Why ask me?" said the correspondent. "I've been fired. They have a fellow named Ginsberg now."

"A fellow named Ginsberg," mused Mr. Waggoman and walked over to where Rumpo Mitchell was sitting on the field-house steps.

"Do you believe in psychology, Mr. Mitchell?"

Rumpo got up off the steps and spoke in a firm, defiant voice:

"I do. And I also know what you have in mind and what you're going to say, and I herewith anticipate you. Do you know just how wonderful this Mr. S. Ginsberg is? . . . Well, I'll tell you. This Conover boy, now; do you happen to know just how important he is for us?"

"If I catch him around here again, I'll brain him. . . . I know that," said Waggoman.

"That shows how essential it is to have a man like Rumpo Mitchell around to keep you straight. I suppose you know that Stan Logan and Earl Conover were on the same high school team at Danbury, but did you know that they were crazy about the same girl? That's where this Mr. S. Ginsberg is so marvelous. He's been here a week and he finds that out. That's psychology."

"I'd rather have Stan Logan," said Mr. Waggoman.

"No, but you aren't getting this. . . . Listen. When they were playing on that Danbury team, they both fell for this Margery Hamilton, whose old man owns half the town up there. This Conover was the whole works in high school, the slickest kid quarterback you ever laid eyes on. Logan was just a big lump who fell all over himself every time he got the ball. Then Conover came down here and got busted up and you know how Logan has turned out. . . . Now where does that put Conover with the gal? This is Romance, Waggoman; this is Drama. Conover against Logan for the love of Maggie."

"The Egyptians have invented an excellent word for that," said Mr. Waggoman. "The word is phooie!"

MR. GINSBERG himself had been around to see Earl Conover.

"I just couldn't do it, that's all," young Conover said. "I kicked exactly two field goals in three years in high school and I've scarcely tried a kick in all my four years here."

"I bet you could learn," said Mr. Ginsberg.

"Butch wouldn't even let me on the field. He told me last year never to show up again. In my freshman year I got my leg broken the first week of scrimmage. When I went out again in my sophomore year, they busted my shoulder in the first game. Butch is afraid they'll kill me."

"If I was to tell you Mr. Waggoman sent me up here to see you, what'd you say?" asked Mr. Ginsberg.

"Well, I don't know . . ."

"Just drop kickin', too," urged Mr. Ginsberg.

"What good will drop kicking be against Stan Logan? You know him, don't you? We used to play on the same team back home. Now he's All-America fullback and I'm a good guy at trigonometry."

"Yeh, but just drop kickin'?"

"I'd rather not do it. I'll just fall down or get hurt and be more ridiculous than ever. I've had enough misery down here."

"You ever hear of psychology?" asked Mr. Ginsberg.

"What's that got to do with it?"

"When you played with Stan Logan in high school, you were far better than he was. He still remembers that. . . ."

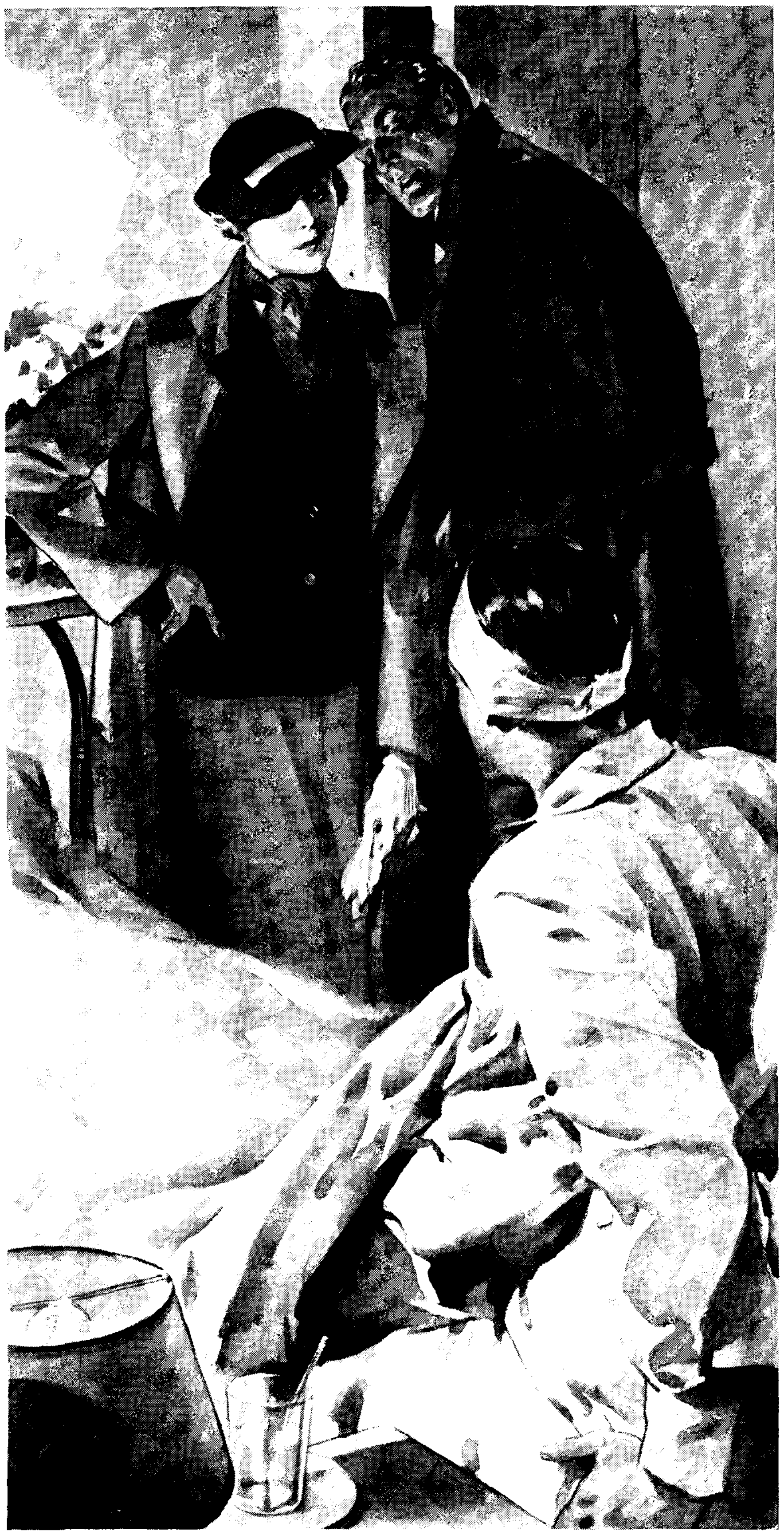
"I doubt it," said Mr. Conover.

"Still remembers it and will be worried by it. That's psychology."

"You don't know Stan Logan."

"I know psychology," said Mr. Ginsberg stanchly. "I know also that all Belmont is depending upon you. . . . Only drop kickin'."

Mr. Conover threw up his hands in surrender.



"I told the nurse to tell you I didn't want to see you," Conover said

The New York papers, on an average of three times a week, had been extolling the marvels of the new drop kicker, Earl Conover.

"Well," said Mr. Waggoman, "anybody who says this isn't a great football team is lopsided."

"THIS is a great football team," said Rumpo Mitchell.

"This is the most marvelous football team anybody ever heard of. This is the only team in history that had a star the coach hadn't seen in six months. Is he still practicing down there by the gas tank?"

"He is. . . . At least our psychologist says he is. A great kicker, that Conover. One of the greatest kickers I ever saw in the New York Sun."

"But did you see what he did in the American this morning? You've hardly seen anything in kicking unless you saw what he did in the New York American this morning."

"I am a great admirer of great kicking," said Rumpo, "and I will immediately look into the matter of the New York American of even date."

"Did you hear those saps up there in the cheering section yelling for him when we were on the fifteen-yard line Saturday? If we hadn't gone over for a touchdown, they'd be second-guessing me out of a job by this time. . . . I'm starting to get letters from Hoopendinkle, '03, and Blatherskite, '98. I guess you'd better get the kid on the bench."

Young Mr. Conover received a letter from Margery Hamilton:

Dear Earl: I'm having a birthday party next Saturday night and I want you to come. Stan is coming up after the Colgate game and staying over Sunday. Why don't you do that? We're awfully glad to see you're playing again this year and know what it means to you. You could catch the eight o'clock out of the Grand Central and be up here by ten. I hope you get in the Rutgers game. They say you're a wonderful drop kicker. I know you'll be good. Write oftener, Earl. Dad always asks for you and I miss you a lot. Be sure and come Saturday. Dad and I are coming down for the Belmont-Astorbilt game, no matter what else happens.

Devotedly,
MARGERY.

Young Mr. Conover answered as follows:

Dear Margery: I'm awfully sorry but I can't make it. I know it'll be a grand time and you know how much I'd like to see you, but being here is more important. You know what I mean. I'm just getting ready to play and it's hard getting in shape. You know why I want to make good this time. Give my best to Stan and to your father. I hope I'll see you *after* the game.

EARL.

WHEN Belmont barely squeezed out over Rutgers, 12-7, there were loud cries in the stands for Conover.

"A bad night for the sailors," said Mr. Waggoman grimly, but there was no move to extract Earl Conover from his blankets on the bench and send him in. There was still no move when the Syracuse game ended 0-0 and the uproar was deafening with cries for Conover when Belmont had the ball on the eighteen-yard line.

"Tomorrow," said Mr. Waggoman, "I'll be getting the mail from Big Mouth, '18, Doolittle, '72, and Old Grad."

The Brown and White attacked Coach Waggoman savagely in the Monday morning edition:

"It is hard to know what to think of a coach who deliberately keeps on the bench the greatest drop kicker in Belmont history. . . . Perhaps our continued lack of success against Astorbilt in recent years hasn't been entirely due to scarcity of material. . . ."

"Why don't you put the kid in?" demanded Rumpo.

"He goes in and what happens?" asked Mr. Waggoman. "They take one smack at him and break his neck, and there goes my ball game. Conover plays in only one game and that's Astorbilt. That's all I care about."

"How about gettin' him used to kickin' under fire?"

"I've seen that china doll under fire before. One fire and he looks like somebody who had just got up from six weeks of the pneumonia."

"In the meantime we sit here and

(*Continued on page 30*)

The Silver Desert

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GANNAM

The Story Thus Far:

FULLY conscious that she and Tom Sebastian, owner of the Barrier Ranch in Nevada, are madly in love with each other, Lily Tennant, a motion-picture actress who is resting in Reno, wonders why the ranchman does not ask her to marry him.

Sebastian alone knows the answer: Attacked by a band of his enemies led by the notorious Buffalo Galt, he has been forced to kill two men, in self-defense—and Galt has sworn to "get" him; he may be killed at any moment. Then, too, a young woman, Charm Michelet, is living at the ranch. Unmarried, and desperately in love with Sebastian, she has a child. The gossips assume that she is Sebastian's common-law wife.

Harassed by Galt and his aides, Sebastian goes in search of their hide-out—and is captured! Deep in the Moonstones, near-by hills, Galt confronts him. But Galt is afraid to kill him. The shooting job he turns over to Duke DePard, whose brother Sebastian had killed. Duke, however, has learned to hate Galt; instead of murdering the captive, he rides away to summon Barrier men.

On the trail to Huggins Point, where the Barrier men are concentrated, he encounters a discharged Barrier employee, Matt Strang, who kills him. Before he dies, he informs Strang of Sebastian's plight, and describes a short-cut to the hide-away. . . .

Of the identity of his father, Galt has always been ignorant—his mother, a woman with a lurid past, has always declined to discuss the subject. Now, at last, Galt learns whose son he is. He learns while en route to attack the leaderless Barrier forces—after having left Sebastian guarded by two well-armed men, from whom Tom escapes.

Halted by Sheriff Lot McGinnis, Galt defies the old man. "Buffalo," McGinnis exclaims, "I'm your dad!" Whereupon, Galt kills the sheriff—and disappears. . . .

A few hours later, Sebastian reaches his ranch house. While he is alone, in a room, Charm Michelet comes to him. They discuss the situation. Then—"Charm," says Sebastian, "do you want me?" Charm does not reply: but the look of adoration in her eyes is answer enough. Tom takes her in his arms, kisses her. "Tomorrow," he says gently, "Judge Sillavan will marry us."

Conclusion

SEBASTIAN waited for her to answer. But Charm didn't speak; she only nodded—that radiance which was deeper than smiling turning all her faintly olive features supple and eager. He went across the room and out to the balcony; and because she had stirred in him a tenderness not far from tragic he closed the door quite softly behind.

The Hollywood people were scattered in the big chairs around the fireplace, talking in brief and enigmatic phrases. He went down the stairs and over to the phone. He rang Carson City and called for Mark Haley, who was the governor's political adviser. He waited there, slouched against the wall, listening to the melody in Lily Tennant's voice as she talked. Mark Haley came on the wire.

"This is Tom Sebastian, Mark. I'm at the ranch. You know the situation up here—you remember what I told you last week?"

"Yeah. So now what?"

"Buffalo Galt shot and killed Lot McGinnis this morning about two o'clock. This was up in the Moonstones. You get hold of the governor, Mark, and have him send a couple special deputies up here. No, not tomorrow. Today." He didn't say any more. He hung up and turned to his guests.

"I've been a poor host," he said. "As soon as I come back from Tumpah I hope to be a better one."

Kit rolled her dark head on the leather back of the chair in which she was deeply settled. She watched him in that dark, odd way which made him somehow uncomfortable. She said: "You have let us alone. You haven't put us through the jumps. So you've been a perfect host, Tom."

"If the visit has rested you I'm mighty happy. You all needed a rest."

HE TURNED to meet Lily's quiet glance. "I'll see you in a couple hours," he told her and went across the living-room. Out in the plaza, beside his car, he heard her voice come after him; and he turned and watched her walk forward.

"You've changed, Tom," she told him quietly, when she came up to him.

He had to do something with his hands. So he pulled out his pipe and slowly packed it, keeping his eyes on the chore. "I guess I'm a little tired, Lily."

"You're not being altogether honest with me. Are you thinking of—of what may be between Jay Stuart and me?"

"No," he said.

"Would it make a difference?"

"No. You're an honest woman, whatever you have done."

"Have I been too bold, Tom? Perhaps I have. You mustn't judge me by the ordinary rules of womanly reticence. Hollywood teaches us to speak for what we want. I had hoped you'd understand that the other day by the water tank. I have to go where my heart goes. I can't help it."

"It is the finest thing in you—and I'll never forget it."

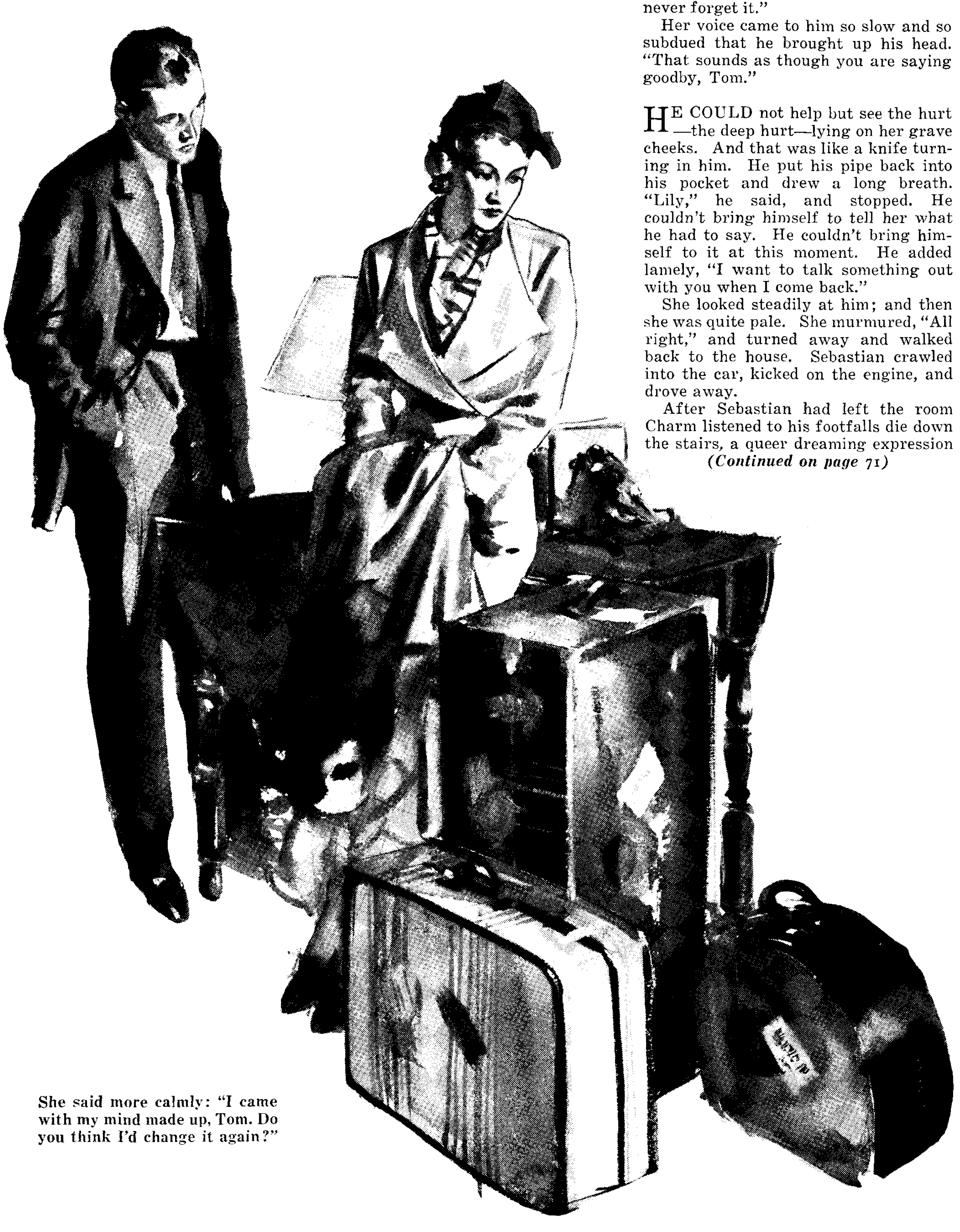
Her voice came to him so slow and so subdued that he brought up his head. "That sounds as though you are saying goodby, Tom."

HE COULD not help but see the hurt—the deep hurt—lying on her grave cheeks. And that was like a knife turning in him. He put his pipe back into his pocket and drew a long breath. "Lily," he said, and stopped. He couldn't bring himself to tell her what he had to say. He couldn't bring himself to it at this moment. He added lamely, "I want to talk something out with you when I come back."

She looked steadily at him; and then she was quite pale. She murmured, "All right," and turned away and walked back to the house. Sebastian crawled into the car, kicked on the engine, and drove away.

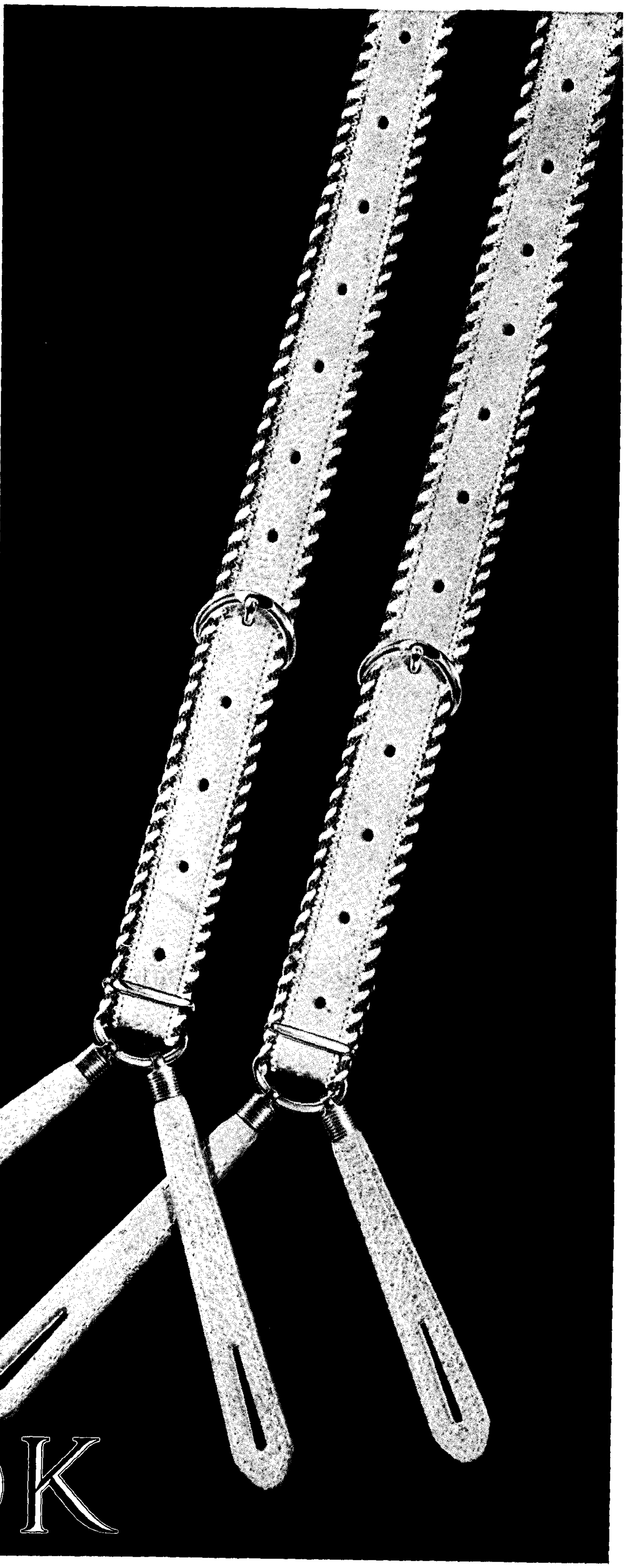
After Sebastian had left the room Charm listened to his footfalls die down the stairs, a queer dreaming expression

(Continued on page 71)



She said more calmly: "I came with my mind made up, Tom. Do you think I'd change it again?"

Dick Powell, Warner Brothers star, now appearing in "Shipmates Forever"

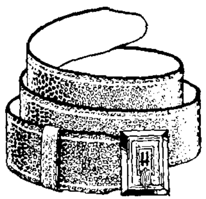


$1

THE NEW KENT BRACE

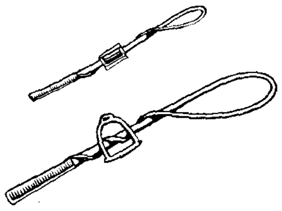
A smart combination of fine leather and cord

No two things are more masculine than leather and Seine cord—and in the NEW KENT brace you find them both. Fine selected leathers, the edges cleverly bound with cord in harmonizing or contrasting colors—an unusual note in braces. The Oxford Pendant tips are handsome and sturdy—the back elastic is specially woven to insure long wear—the solid bronze buckles are expressly designed for the NEW KENT.



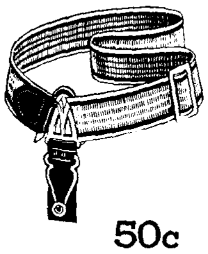
THE SET $2

Belt of selected black horsehide bridle leather, with smartly designed HICKOK plate buckle, the initial in black enamel.



THE SET $2

Tie clip and collar bar—the riding crop design is smartly correct for sports and business wear. The HICKOK Alligator Grip (patented) securely holds tie or collar.



50c

The new Strand Garter by HICKOK. Long-life, easy stretch elastic in the accepted narrow width. The thin streamlined metal pad lies flat against the leg.

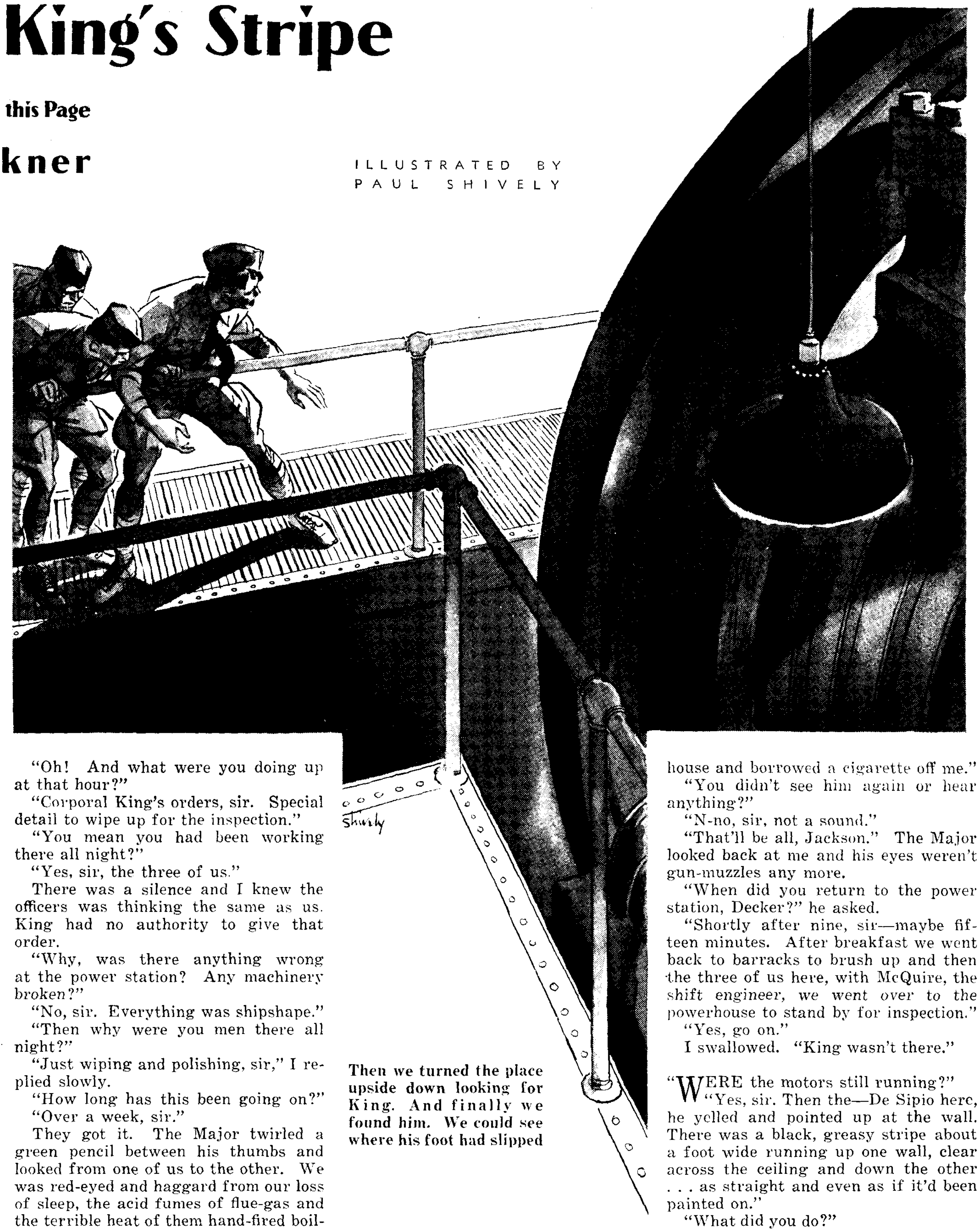
STYLE LEADERSHIP HICKOK

Corporal King's Stripe

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By Robert Buckner

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL SHIVELY



Then we turned the place upside down looking for King. And finally we found him. We could see where his foot had slipped

I FIGURE the thing must've happened around nine, maybe a half hour before the General's inspection, because the stuff was still fresh when I touched it.

As soon as the Major could speak he slapped me and Pat and the little Wop, De Sipio, under arrest—right then on the spot—and by eleven the investigation was over. We don't waste time in the Marines.

Besides us three and the guard, there was only Colonel Brainerd, Major Thorne and the General, old "Squinch-Eye" himself. They sat at a desk and we stood up. Nobody else came in but the sentry who'd spoken to King and Sergeant Schofield, who heard us come in at five A. M. God knows what might've happened to us if we hadn't waked up the Sarge!

The Colonel's H. Q. was hotter than the hinges of hell because all the windows was pulled down so nobody could hear the trial. We was all sweating like mules, even the General, with big black patches across our shirts. Outside I could see half the leathernecks in Quantico crowding up to the building and whispering to each other, while the other half came running from all over, like when there's a crash.

Scared? Sure I was scared. So was Pat and the Wop. But they was right in arresting us. We had plenty of reasons to kill Corporal King—plenty. Hadn't he driven us crazy for six months doing his dirty work in the powerhouse, fitting steam pipes and cleaning out boilers, polishing every brass gauge and oil-cup until he could see his ugly mug in it? Hadn't he smashed the little Wop for throwing a wrong switch during the Officers' Ball? And all for what? So he, ex-Sergeant King, busted for drunkenness and for beating a kid rookie half to death, could get back his stripe!

That's all he wanted, that stripe, and he'd have driven his own mother in to clean out those boilers, with the powerhouse at a hundred and fifteen degrees, if he thought it would grease his way to promotion. A cruel, beefy rat he was, and now way down inside us we was all three grinning.

Only there was something sort of weird and creepy about that stripe of Corporal King's. Maybe it's like Pat says, there's sometimes a dark Irish humor in God's justice. But I wouldn't know about that.

The old General's weather-eye was fixed glassily on me and the other on Pat, while the Major and the Colonel thumbed through the book of regulations.

Finally they found the place and glanced at each other for the honors. The Colonel nodded.

"Decker, you rank these men. We'll take you first," said the Major.

I *stepped forward and swore the oath.*

"What do you know about this business?" he fired.

"Nothing, sir. We didn't see it," I replied.

"I'm asking *you*, Decker. Never mind answering for the others. When and where did you last see Corporal King?"

"At ten minutes to five this morning, sir—at the powerhouse."

I could see the officers stiffen.

"Oh! And what were you doing up at that hour?"

"Corporal King's orders, sir. Special detail to wipe up for the inspection."

"You mean you had been working there all night?"

"Yes, sir, the three of us."

There was a silence and I knew the officers was thinking the same as us. King had no authority to give that order.

"Why, was there anything wrong at the power station? Any machinery broken?"

"No, sir. Everything was shipshape."

"Then why were you men there all night?"

"Just wiping and polishing, sir," I replied slowly.

"How long has this been going on?"

"Over a week, sir."

They got it. The Major twirled a green pencil between his thumbs and looked from one of us to the other. We was red-eyed and haggard from our loss of sleep, the acid fumes of flue-gas and the terrible heat of them hand-fired boilers; and the Wop's eye still had a blue *mouse where King had socked him.* I don't know how the officers get wind of our fights, but they do.

"There were hard feelings between you men and King," said the Major. It wasn't a question. He knew.

"We hated his guts! . . . Excuse me, sir," I said before I thought.

THE Major nodded and waited for the Colonel to write it down.

"You say you last saw King in the power station at ten minutes to five. Had he been working there with you all night?"

"No, *sir.* He *came in a quarter to five,* looked around for five minutes and then dismissed us."

"You went immediately to your barracks?"

"Yes, sir, we did."

"Can you prove it by anyone?"

"Yes, sir, we woke up Sergeant Schofield," I offered.

"Send for him!" snapped old Squinch-Eye.

The guard went out and brought in the Sarge and they swore him in.

"What time did these men wake you up, Sergeant?" asked the Major.

"It was exactly five minutes to five, sir—I looked at me watch."

The Colonel cleared his throat. "Couldn't they have gone out again, Sergeant, after you went back to sleep?"

"No, sir, because I never closed me eyes again until reveille."

"Thank you. That'll be all now, Sergeant," said the Major. "Bring in the sentry."

He was a tall, skinny kid, and so *nervous he clean forgot to salute.*

"Jackson, you were on sentry duty between the main gate and the power station from four A. M. until nine A. M., right?"

"Yes, sir," the kid stammered.

"Did you see Corporal King during that time?"

"Yes, sir. Just before I went off duty—at about quarter to nine I should say—he came to the door of the powerhouse and borrowed a cigarette off me."

"You didn't see him again or hear anything?"

"N-no, sir, not a sound."

"That'll be all, Jackson." The Major looked back at me and his eyes weren't gun-muzzles any more.

"When did you return to the power station, Decker?" he asked.

"Shortly after nine, sir—maybe fifteen minutes. After breakfast we went back to barracks to brush up and then the three of us here, with McQuire, the shift engineer, we went over to the powerhouse to stand by for inspection."

"Yes, go on."

I swallowed. "King wasn't there."

"WERE the motors still running?"

"Yes, sir. Then the—De Sipio here, he yelled and pointed up at the wall. There was a black, greasy stripe about a foot wide running up one wall, clear across the ceiling and down the other . . . as straight and even as if it'd been painted on."

"What did you do?"

"We just stared up at it and I thought, 'Somebody's going to catch hell for this, and it'll be us!' Then we turned the place upside down looking for King," I almost choked, "—and finally we found him."

The Major kept looking at me, so I went on.

"What was left of him was lying at the bottom of the big flywheel clutching a bashed-in oil can, one of the jumbos. We could see where his foot had slipped on the iron grating. . . . The wheel is half sunk in the floor, and we figured as it whirled around it must've picked up the loose oil around King and thrown it in a long even stripe across the walls and ceiling."

For a minute nobody said anything. Then the Major looked slowly around at the Colonel and Squinch-Eye and stood up.

"You men had better go back now and clean that up," he said.

So me and Pat and the little Wop we wiped Corporal King's stripe off the wall.

Going Up all over America!

KELLY-SPRINGF
TIRE

Kelly-Springfield's reorganization makes today's biggest news in the tire industry

TODAY, add this name when you list America's leading makes of tires . . . Kelly-Springfield!

Kelly, now backed by the strongest financial support in the American tire industry—newly acquired through a recent reorganization . . .

With the greatest tire in its 41 years of history!

Made in Kelly-Springfield's own plant at Cumberland, Md.—one of the newest and most modern tire factories in America . . .

Under Kelly-Springfield's own independent management and under the supervision of Kelly-Springfield's own engineers . . .

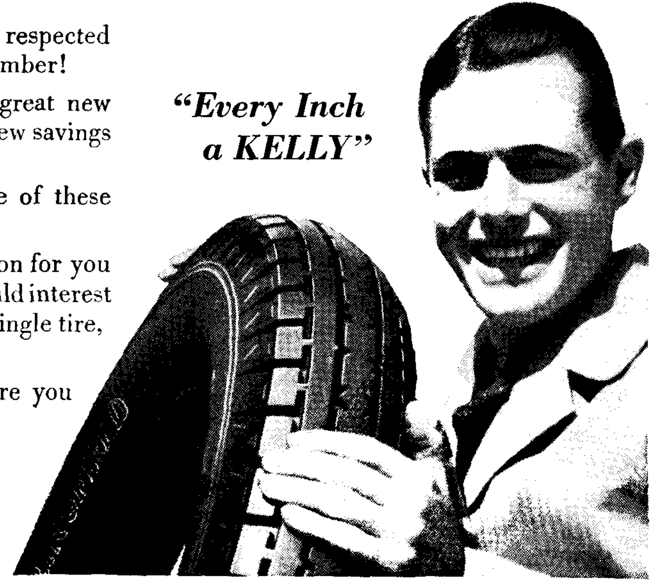
In the same fine tradition, always, that has made Kelly-Springfield one of the most highly respected names in tires, as far back as you can remember!

Greater resources have made possible great new economies in buying materials, important new savings in distribution costs.

Kelly gladly passes on a generous share of these benefits to its dealers and to you.

Your nearest Kelly dealer has a proposition for you today on genuine Kelly-Springfields that should interest every car owner who is in the market for a single tire, a pair, or a whole new set.

He's an easy man to find. See him before you buy any tire or tube! Kellys cost no more!



KELLY SPRINGFIELD TIRES

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY PHOTO

Georgia Engelhard in the Rockies, where she takes her hiking straight—up and down

"WALK to be healthy," says the doctor. "Walk to be slim," says the beauty specialist. "Walk to enjoy life," says the poet. So the lady goes out and strolls around a few blocks, with Fifi trotting at her heels, and returns none the healthier, slimmer or fuller of joy, but, in fact, somewhat out of joint with life. Her feet hurt, and besides, what fun is walking?

Which is just what Georgia Engelhard thought back in her Vassar days when the geology girls roamed the hills to study rock formations and such. So Georgia sat comfortably under a shade tree on the campus and glanced through Shakespeare's sonnets. Or maybe it was the latest novel. Required reading, you know.

But suddenly one day at Mt. Rainier boredom sent her up Pinnacle Peak with a guide. And ever since Georgia, having discovered that she was a natural-born mountain climber, has been scaling high peaks, piling up records and having the time of her life.

"It's marvelous," she says. And even if you don't agree, one look at her sparkling eyes, her glowing skin and her lithe figure makes you wonder if maybe a little walk isn't just what you need.

"It's the up-and-down pull that counts," she urges. "You need to walk in the country, the rougher the better, where stepping up and climbing down get at all your muscles and make them work. The springy earth won't jar and tire you like pavement. The air is sweet. And you can always find a view or a stream or a meadow that makes a good excuse for resting.

"Take it easy, anyway. It's the people who go tearing along, without a stop or a glance for the landscape, and packed to the ears with knapsacks, canteens and enough emergency food to supply a regiment, who take the joy out of hiking. You're out to have fun, so pick the kind of country you like and then let the spirit move you for as long or as short a stroll as you like. A hard-packed beach with mile on mile of white sand and sparkling surf for sheer exhilaration and a long, easy stride. A backwoods road that leads away from traffic and civilization and ambles along with your mood. Hills and mountains that make you hot with exertion one minute and reward you with clear air and a distant view the next. Once you get the feel of the country under your feet and in your blood, you've found the solution for jangled nerves, weary appetites and tired complexions. And the more you climb and reach and stretch, the more supple your muscles will become and the trimmer your body. Not that you'll be thinking of that. Hiking is fun enough in itself."

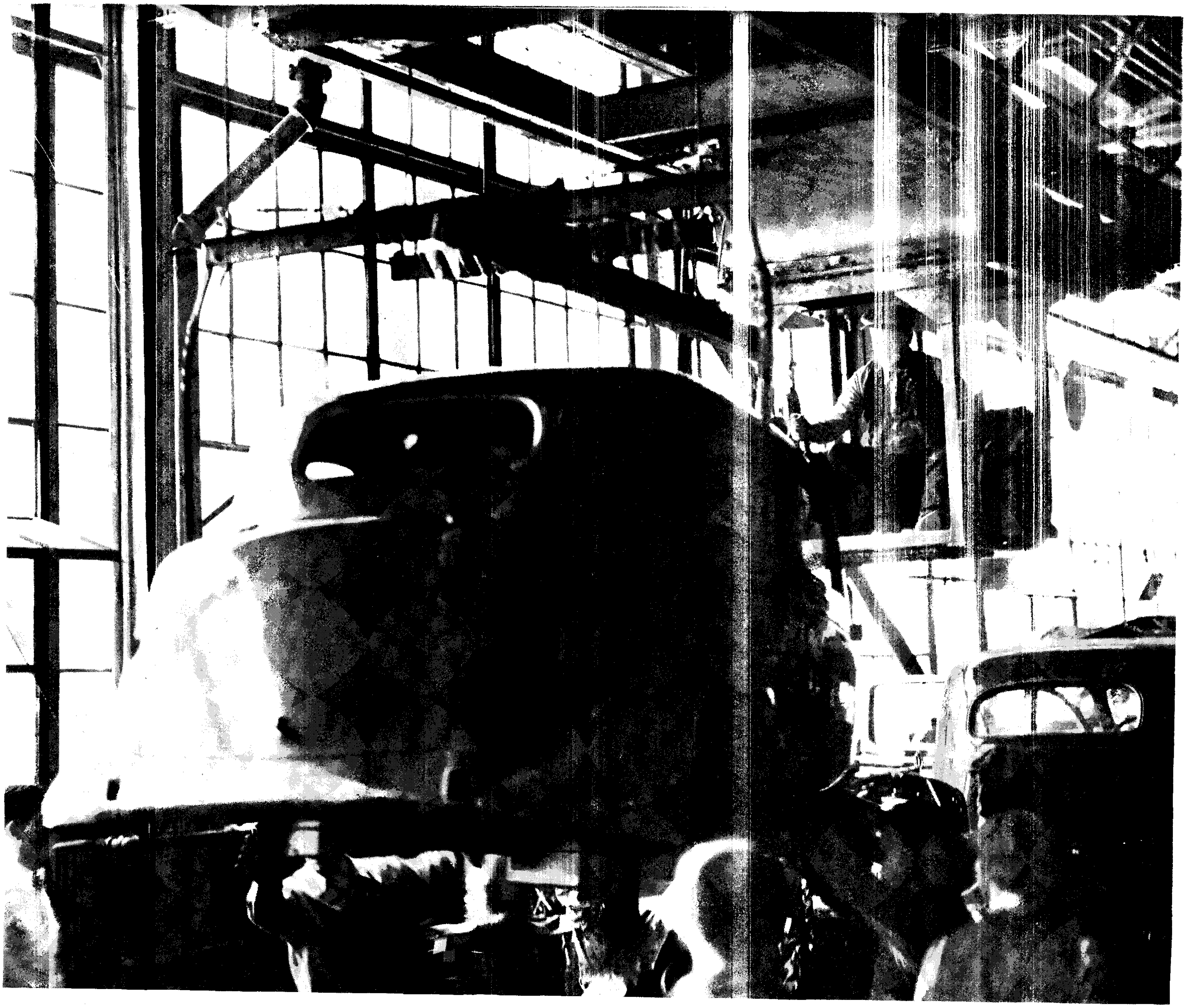
Open Season for Hikers

Well, maybe you think you'll give it a try, at that. And now's the time. Except in the high mountains, fall and winter are the open season for hikers, when insects, snakes and heat have given up the battle and left them a clear field; and people who shut the door right after Labor Day and set about hibernating for the winter just don't know what they're missing. So come on out into the brisk air and have a look around.

You'll find plenty of company. The fact is, you'll find yourself part of a Movement. As any hiking and camping equipment dealer could have told you these several years past, we are hitting the trail in increasing numbers and rediscovering America and the joys of the simple life on foot. Young people and older people are spending vacations afoot, climbing the mountain trails, exploring the National Parks, week-ending in the country.

And up in the hills and mountains of New England something unique in this country has been taking place. Within the past year a loop of more than forty overnight lodging places, called Youth

(Continued on page 42)



Your Safety-Steel Body Arrives

TIMED TO THE SECOND, down it comes . . . as gently as you would place a plate on a table . . . another of those beautiful Plymouth bodies being lowered onto its big steel frame . . . another Plymouth on the way.

The lines of this body are strikingly graceful . . . they have made Plymouth clearly the most beautiful of "All Three." But here's the important fact: *beneath this beauty is the strength of steel.*

This big, trim-lined body is of steel . . . for safety. Center posts, door-frames, window-frames, braces, *all* are steel . . . even the floor is steel. That is real protection.

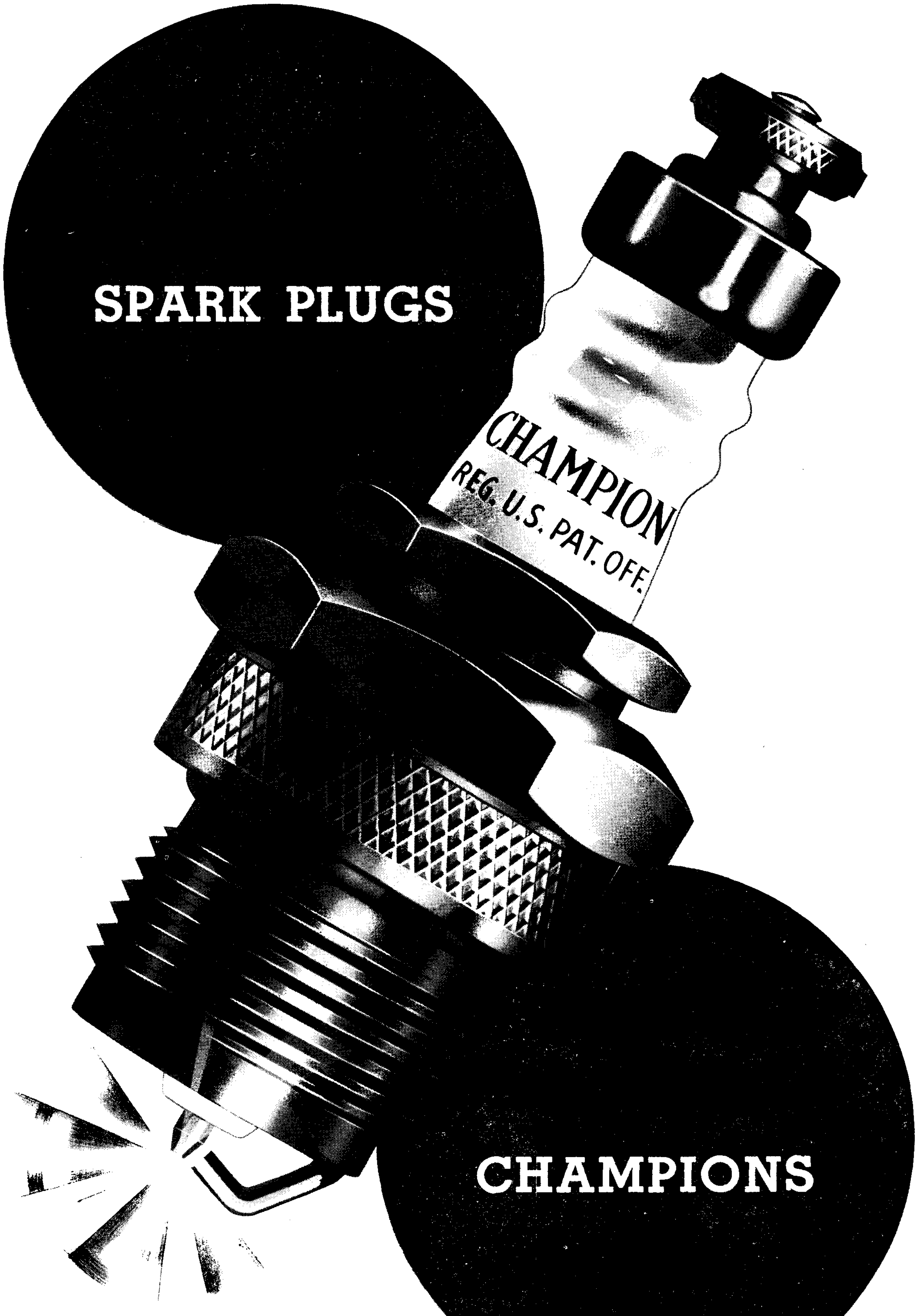
There's a lot of room here in your new Plymouth. The seats hold you with the same comfort your best easy-chair gives. Proper ventilation and insulation keep you cooler in summer, warmer in winter.

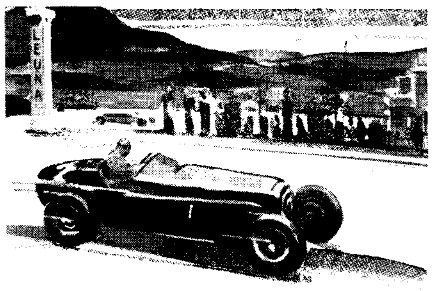
Plymouth knows how to build the safety-steel body . . . which America wants today. And America insists on getting what it wants.

That's why this scene takes place three times a minute on our twin half-mile-long assembly lines . . . and three new Plymouths are completed each 60 seconds.

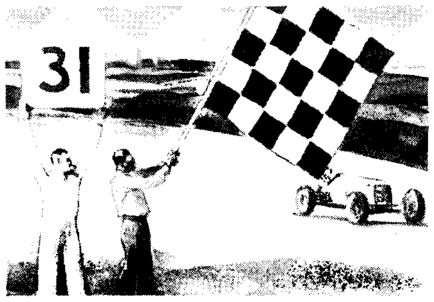
PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

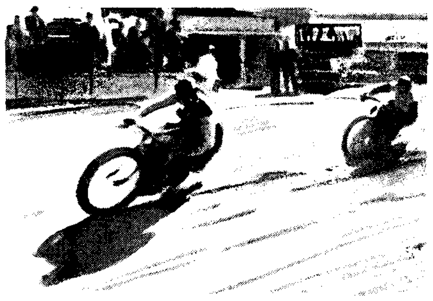




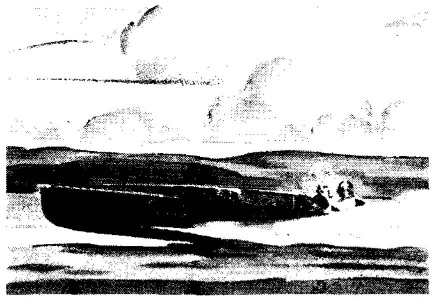
GERMANY—300,000 people saw cars representing six nations in the Grand Prix of Germany run on the Nurburg Circuit which has 170 bends to the lap. Nuvolari, driving masterfully, won in a Champion-equipped Alfa-Romeo.



ENGLAND—First three places in the famed British Empire Trophy Race went to Champion-equipped Rileys. F. W. Dixon finished first, E. McClure, second and C. Paul, third. The Team Prize went to Riley cars also Champion-equipped.



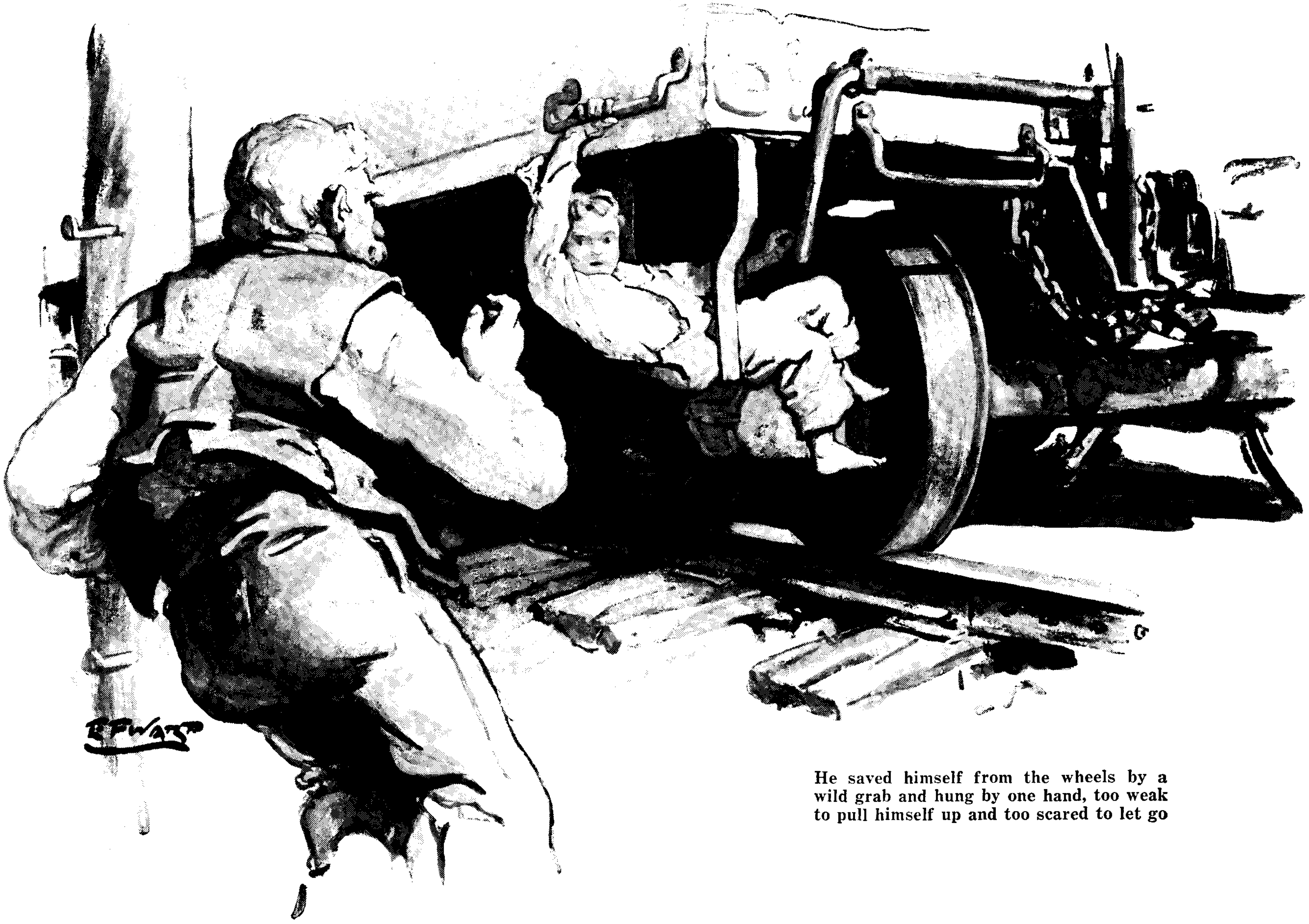
UNITED STATES—Toscani, one of the foremost motorcycle racing champions in this country, has recently won over fifteen events, as well as several feature events. Toscani is a consistent user of Champion Spark Plugs.



LAKE GEORGE, N. Y.—For the third straight year, Champion Spark Plugs helped George Reis, piloting his thirteen-year-old El Lagarto, to victory in the annual Gold Cup Race from a field of newer, more modern and more powerful craft.

The motoring millions all ove[illegible]mpion Spark Plugs for two sound, simple reasons. One is their own personal, every day experience with Champion's better performance; the other the dramatic fact that practically all of the world's racing events have been won with Champions for 12 straight years.

KEEP YOUR ENGINE YOUNG • • • CHANGE SPARK PLUGS EVERY 10,000 MILES



He saved himself from the wheels by a wild grab and hung by one hand, too weak to pull himself up and too scared to let go

Railroad Beef

A kid is a complication almost anywhere. And on a railroad—ask the boss of the section gang what he thinks

By H. L. Davis

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

THE extra gang on the Sagebrush Division of the Simnasho Branch Railroad moved camp to young Tom Steele's cattle-loading sidetrack on a blue-hot afternoon in the middle of the eastern Oregon dry season.

The youngest man on the gang, and the only member of it who kept up a wholehearted interest in his job, was the foreman, a patient-spirited man of forty. Old Jordan Cummings, who presided over Bunk Car Number Three, was seventy-four, and drew a pension for having fought Indians under General Crook. His car-mates were a pretty fair cross-section of the whole outfit. Uncle Bent Profitt, one of the spikers, was sixty-two. Leathery, white-mustached Miguel Figueroa claimed to be sixty, and to have commanded a post of *rurales* under Porfirio Diaz's government in Mexico. Blackfoot Collins was about the same age, made no claims about his past, and did the bunk-car sweeping and water-carrying because his black whiskers made him look young.

All four men watched as the work-engine pulled them through the switch. Being experienced hands, they didn't get off. The engine wasn't through with their train, and this was no country to risk being left afoot in, with no signs of people living in it. There were none around Tom Steele's house. The reason was that Tom Steele camped his wife and youngster in the cottonwood grove during the heat, and the house, left to itself, took on the appearance of merely another busted homestead. The old men hooted when Miguel Figueroa claimed there must be people living in it, and that he had heard a little boy's voice.

"Leetle keed—*chico niño*," he assured them beamingly.

Old Cummings squinted at the work-engine, and sat down to put his shoes on. "You heerd a grasshopper," he told Miguel. "Yonder comes the boss to start us unloadin' tools. We wouldn't have sense enough to do it by ourselves, he thinks."

Being ordered around, no matter how usefully, always put them on the peck. The foreman knew it and tried to be diplomatic.

"The cook has let his ice run out, and our meat's spoiled," he explained. The foreman operated the kitchen and dining-car as a side line to his job. He hired the cook, bought the food, and charged the old gandies a dollar a day apiece for board. He claimed to be losing money on it, which nobody believed. "There's no train, so I'll have to send you men out after a supply. It's eighteen miles up the river to Terrebonne Ferry. You can run up there on the big gasoline speeder while we're unloading the tool-cars. Get two sides of beef and two hundred pounds of ice. I'll have the money for you when you're ready to start."

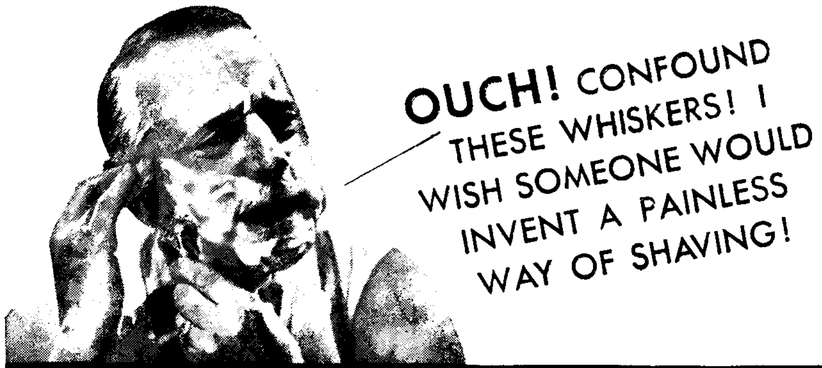
IT WAS a chance that right-minded men would have jumped at. Why not—an afternoon in town while somebody else did their work for them? But the old men weren't in a jumping humor.

"The company pays us for goin', does it?" inquired old Cummings. He knew perfectly well it did. "A fine note, ain't it, sendin' four men thirty-six miles because the cook has laid down on his job?"

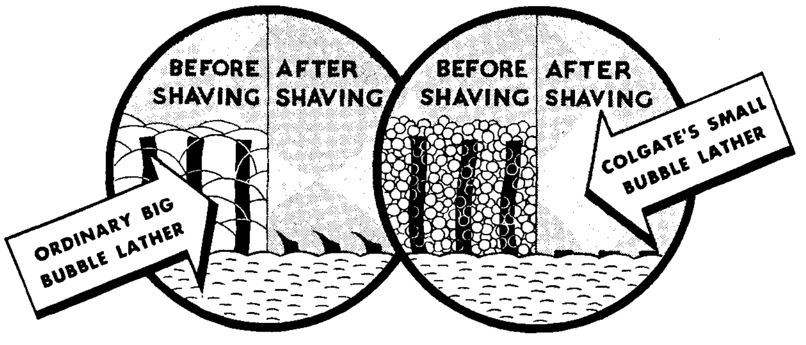
"You expect us to haul this chuck out to you, and then pay you for lettin' us eat it?" put in Uncle Bent Profitt. "Git somebody else to do your freightin' for you. We couldn't unload that gas speeder, anyhow. They ain't through movin' this train."

"They're through moving this end of it," said the foreman pacifically. He would have liked to get somebody else, and to tell Bunk Car Number Three to go climb a stump. But there was nobody else whom he felt like trusting with sixty dollars in these cattle towns, as hard hit as they all were by the drought. He couldn't go himself because it was report week, and the board bills and commissary accounts had to go in on the work-engine. "You'd have to work harder if you stayed here," he argued. "And there's nothing that we

(Continued on page 48)


OUCH! CONFOUND THESE WHISKERS! I WISH SOMEONE WOULD INVENT A PAINLESS WAY OF SHAVING!

THEN HE SAW THESE
BUBBLE PICTURES
THEY EXPLAIN THE COLGATE
SKIN-LINE SHAVE



ORDINARY SHAVING CREAMS, as this greatly magnified bubble diagram shows, lather up into big bubbles that hold *air,* instead of *soap film,* against the beard. That's why whiskers are only *partly* softened—why blades pull and give you a ragged, uneven shave.

COLGATE RAPID SHAVE CREAM makes millions of tiny moisture-filled bubbles that get down to the *base* of the beard, soak each whisker soft *at the skin-line,* where your razor works. Thus, Colgate small bubble shaves are smoother, *closer* shaves. They last hours longer.

BOY!—WHAT A DIFFERENCE WITH COLGATE RAPID SHAVE CREAM. NO PULL, NO SCRAPE, AND THE SMOOTHEST, CLOSEST SHAVE I EVER HAD
COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM
COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE

SMALL BUBBLE SHAVES LAST LONGER
Shave once in the morning—and be clean-shaven when night comes! You can if you shave with Colgate Rapid Shave Cream, because Colgate's small bubble lather shaves closer, shears the beard off square! Try a tube for *all-day* shaving!

25¢ LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES
40¢ GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES

A Fool and His Honey

Continued from page 21

listen to the hyenas howl. . . . I like that."

"In the meantime," shouted Mr. Waggoman, "you can be getting that Ginsberg down here to tell us where this psychology comes in. The only people affected by it so far are us. The Great Conover. . . . Bah! I don't think he ever kicked a ball more than ten feet in his life. What if he did? Who's going to be holding Astorbilt while he's doing the kicking? What's this heaven-sent miracle expected to do—kick sixteen field goals from the eight-five-yard line?

"If he does any less we'd still be thirty-eight points behind when they add it up. Who's going to stop Logan? Get that Ginsberg person over here. He's been getting free board and room long enough. So far as I'm concerned he practically invented Earl Conover. We can't see him kick, we can't ask him questions, all we can do is hold him for the Astorbilt game. Get him down here!"

When Mr. S. Ginsberg arrived, he was all smiles.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Ginsberg, "everything is just like what I expected. All we do now is wait for the big game."

"All you do now," said Mr. Waggoman in a loud voice, "is tell us what is going to happen in the big game. After all, it's my job you're playing with. It's bad enough getting fired, but it's worse when you don't know why."

"It's simple when you think hard enough," said Mr. Ginsberg modestly. "We got everybody used to the idea that Conover is a great kicker and then he don't kick at all. . . . He forward passes. . . . Do you get it?"

"Now let me get this straight," said Mr. Waggoman faintly. "He goes in to kick and he doesn't kick at all. . . . He forward passes?"

"That's it. . . . Simple when you think hard enough," said Mr. Ginsberg, beaming proudly.

"Mr. Ginsberg," said Mr. Waggoman, in a kindly, fatherly, resigned sort of voice, "you are a decent enough fellow and I imagine you would make an excellent drinking companion, but as a football expert you are abysmal."

"I'm what?"

"You're lousy, Mr. Ginsberg; you're unmistakably lousy. I'm not good on dates, but in the first football game played between Rutgers and Princeton around about 1816 the play you mention was first attempted. There was an arrest made shortly after. If it ever worked in any game it was because the opposing team was suddenly struck by a runaway freight car. If this is the psychology you have been saving for Astorbilt, I hope you will excuse me a minute while I call up the house and have my wife start packing the bags."

Mr. Ginsberg was not squelched, not in the slightest squelched.

"Old," quoth he, throwing out his hands with a happy smile. "What difference old? Everything is just like what I expected. Worried—you should see that Astorbilt worried. Last week I was down there and they was so scared they even had me tremblin'."

"And that's how you've rigged that poor Conover kid!"

"He's rigged up all right," said Rumpo. "I was talkin' to him yesterday and you'd think it was Sir Galahad getting ready for the joust. I thought all that stuff about fightin' over gals was out."

"It'll be out if I have anything to do with it," said Mr. Waggoman.

Margery and her father tried to get in touch with Earl when they came down for the game.

"We don't even know where he is," they told them at the Phi Delt house. "They got him hid out somewhere wrapped in flannel. The squad's out of town resting. They won't be in till game time."

The game itself was Stan Logan against Belmont. But Belmont had great assistance from Eberhardt, the Astorbilt quarterback. Mr. Eberhardt had once read a book and it had almost ruined him. Not content with calling Stan Logan's signal and taking the first downs as they came, Mr. Eberhardt had to use "strategy." He mixed up his plays. Just when Logan had torn the middle out of the Belmont line and distributed the pieces over most of Eastern Pennsylvania, Mr. Eberhardt would consider this a good time to try a pass—which was invariably intercepted. In between times, he specialized in fumbles. When Belmont got the ball, it kicked it back up the field as far as possible and returned again to prayer. Stan Logan would then bring it back fifty yards in three plunges and Mr. Eberhardt would resort to strategy. This meant that Astorbilt lost the ball.

It was halfway through the second quarter before Belmont tried to carry the ball. They lost twelve yards in two end runs and the crowd began to yell for Conover.

"Do you hear them up there?" asked Mr. Waggoman bitterly. "All they want now is the first of the eighty-five-yard drop kicks. If it was a good muddy day, they'd expect him to kick one from behind the goal posts."

"I'm not worrying about Conover," said Rumpo Mitchell. "All I want is this Logan to break both legs."

"He could go through that line of ours on crutches," said Mr. Waggoman.

Stan Logan was still pounding gaps in the Belmont line when the whistle blew for the half. Mr. Eberhardt had fumbled away two touchdowns and the score was 0-0.

"With a little luck," cried Rumpo, as they went off the field, "we might hold 'em."

"Hold 'em!" cried Butch. "That Logan will go through so hard one of these times, he'll kill three men in the press box. I hope one of them is Ginsberg. We have to go in now and give these kids a fight talk."

"Die for dear old Belmont," said Rumpo.

"And the Waggoman family," added Butch.

When the teams came out for the second half, a boy stopped Mr. Rumpo Mitchell and handed him a letter.

"Give this to Earl Conover, will you?"

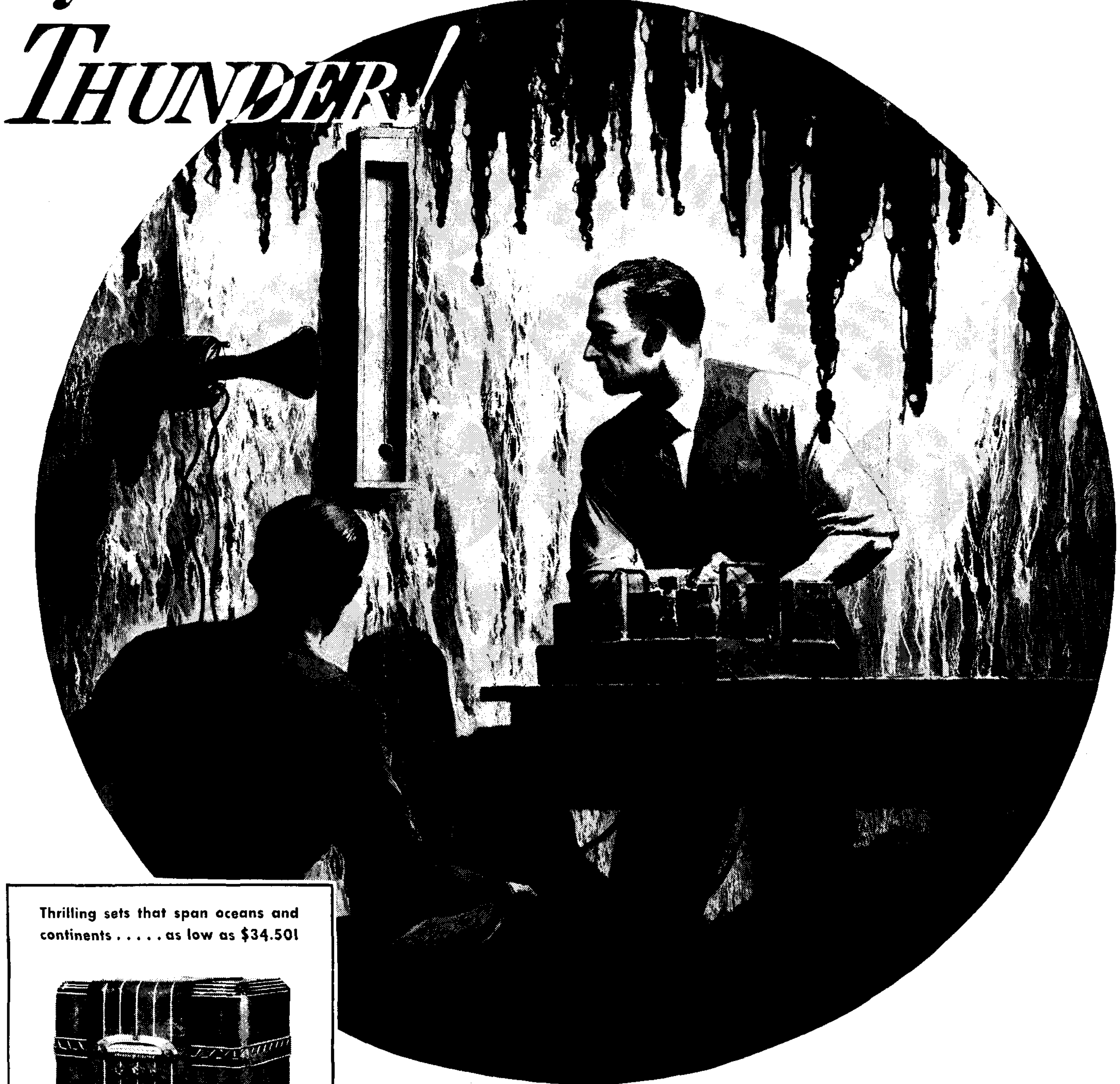
"Sure," said Rumpo, taking it and putting it into his pocket, and going along the side line to the bench.

"Well," said Rumpo to himself, "one guy not gettin' a letter now is Earl Conover. Die for dear old Siwash and all that bunk. I think I'll get into a nice clean sport like wrasslin' or somethin' like that. Die for dear old Siwash and win my lily-white hand. . . . The old Egyptian phooie!"

The third and fourth quarters were like the first two, with Stan Logan carrying the whole Belmont team with him on his plunges, and Mr. Eberhardt, the sterling bonehead from Astorbilt, blowing the works whenever they got close. With five minutes left to go, the score was still 0-0 and Belmont was backed

(Continued on page 32)

Where your HEARTBEATS — sound like THUNDER!



MEASURING SOUNDS NO HUMAN EAR CAN HEAR! In the "House of Magic," there are rooms heavily padded with cotton . . . cells of overwhelming silence . . . where supremely sensitive instruments detect sounds that neither voice nor musical instrument can produce. Here they studied the secrets of sound . . . gained knowledge that was priceless in the development of the New 1936 G-E Radio.

In the famous "HOUSE OF MAGIC" a wonderfully new Radio was born

"How would you improve the radio?"

Two years ago, this cryptic question was asked in the "House of Magic" . . . and today General Electric scientists have answered it.

But not with words! . . . the new 1936 G-E Radio is their spokesman.

*Noises reduced by new metal tubes**

In the world-famous G-E laboratories, where dreams are changed into realities, they substituted steel for glass in radio tubes . . . eliminated "shielding cans" . . . silenced the "crackles" caused by them when they become loose . . . subdued the microphonic twang that clouds reception.

They gave to radio tubes a new and enduring strength . . . performance lastingly brilliant.

Studio reception in your living room

But these metal tubes were only the beginning.

In soundproof rooms of overwhelming silence, where even whispers seem raucous, they created the Stabilized Speaker that reproduces speech and music naturally . . . and with every tonal shading.

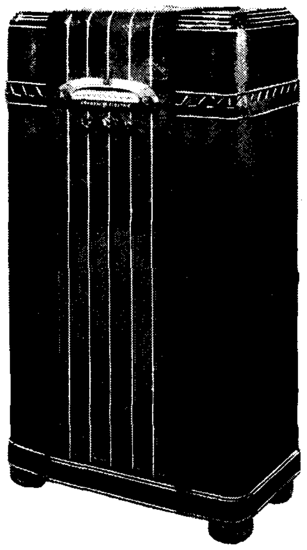
And they protected this purity of tone with the Permaliner — a new form of trimmer condenser that maintains the original alignment of the set . . . keeping the radio at "concert pitch" day after day throughout the years.

On guard — an Argus-eyed sentinel!

These are all spectacular things, but for sheer drama, they are overshadowed by yet another "House of Magic" development — the Sentry Box, controlling as many as five separate broadcasting bands . . . outpost of an Argus-eyed watchman.

A thousand and one radio waves all demand entrance of him — waves that travel at a speed of 186,000 miles a second . . . from nearby stations, from sending towers an ocean's span away.

Thrilling sets that span oceans and continents . . . . . as low as $34.50!



MODEL A-87 — A four-band console covering standard and foreign broadcasts and police and amateur signals plus extra long-wave band for weather reports and aircraft signals. New metal tubes throughout. Walnut cabinet.

But this vigilant sentinel permits only one wave to enter — the wave to which you are dialed. All others must pass on — and keep silent in their passing.

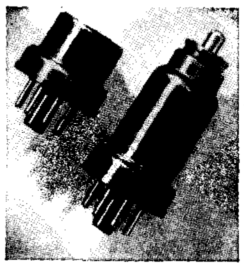
Also, they designed the Sliding-rule Tuning Scale which shows only one tuning band at a time . . . lists all stations in a straight line — as easy to read as a ruler.

See it! Hear it! Thrill to it!

You can't help but be enthusiastic over the New 1936 General Electric Radio the very moment you first hear it.

And after this radio goes into your home, the edge of your enthusiasm will not be dulled by time — for its performance is lastingly brilliant.

The New 1936 General Electric Radio is now on display at your nearest G-E Radio Dealer's. In impressive table sets and consoles — priced from $34.50 up. (Prices slightly higher in the West, Mid-West and South, and subject to change without notice.)



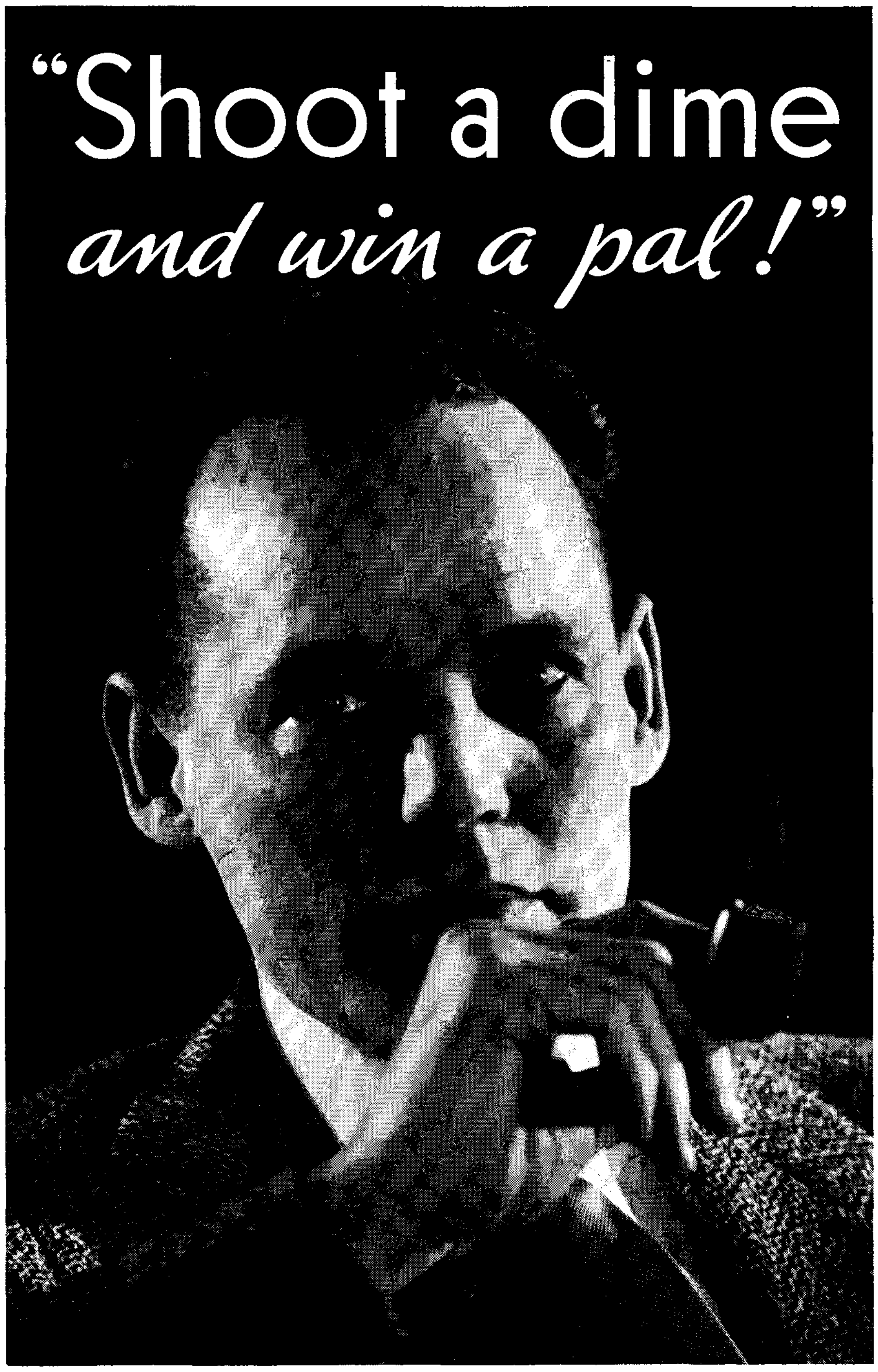
Packed with surprises, they speak with an irresistible eloquence. Compare them with other receivers, and you'll want to own a New 1936 G-E Radio all the more.

To derive the fullest enjoyment from these remarkable receivers, use the new General Electric V-Doublet Antenna.

**Metal radio tubes, invented and perfected by General Electric are made for General Electric by the RCA Mfg. Co. Complete receivers manufactured by General Electric at Bridgeport, Conn.*

The new 1936 GENERAL ELECTRIC RADIO

"Shoot a dime *and win a pal!*"

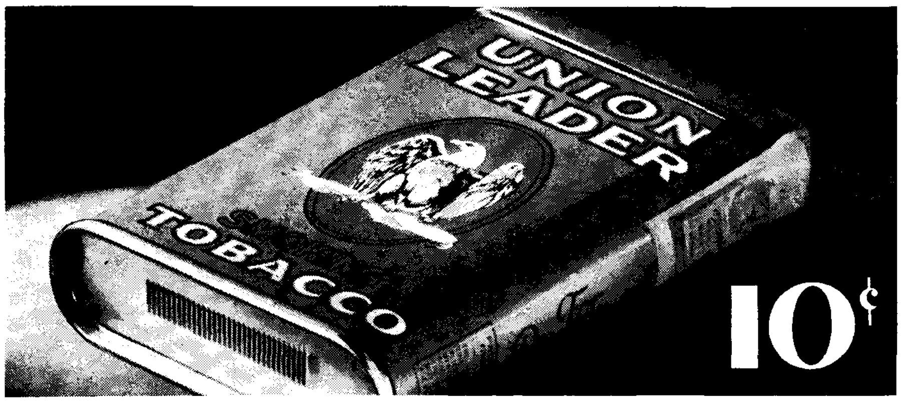


HENRY HULL, Universal Pictures Star, has smoked Union Leader since 1933

LAID end to end, the expensive pipe mixtures I've smoked would fill a five-foot shelf. Then, one day, a friend handed me a pipeful of Union Leader. With the first whiff of its mellow *old* Kentucky Burley, I found a pal! "How much?" I asked. And you could have knocked me over with an ash tray when I heard, "Ten cents a tin!" I'm no penny-pincher, but when a tobacco as fine as this sells for 10¢, I buy. (Grand in cigarettes, too.)

© P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

UNION LEADER



10¢

THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE

A Fool and His Honey

Continued from page 30

to its own ten-yard line. By a desperate stand they took the ball on downs.

And then came the first break—another present from Mr. Eberhardt. Belmont got off a good kick and Mr. Eberhardt dropped it in the middle of the field, Belmont recovering.

Belmont tried a buck and lost a yard. They tried an end run and lost five more. They kicked and Mr. Eberhardt, now completely disorganized, fumbled again and Belmont recovered on the sixteen-yard line.

It was then Earl Conover got up from his place on the bench and threw off his brown blanket and started to warm up on the side lines. In the meantime, Belmont was banging into the Astorbilt line. The first plunge lost a yard, the second gained about a foot, the third was stopped dead. It was fourth down and there were indications among the insane occupants of the Belmont cheering section that either Mr. Waggoman would put in Earl Conover or they would come down in a body and attend to his case.

Conover went in. He went back into kicking position and patted the ground before him, prepared for the coming of the ball. Astorbilt looked like the bloodhounds after a penitentiary break. They could hardly wait to get through. The ball came back. Conover made a bluff to kick it and then a real attempt to pass it. . . .

He did neither.

The whole Astorbilt line came through and smashed him and he went down in a heap.

WHEN Mr. Conover regained consciousness, he was in a nice white hospital bed, surrounded by a nurse and Mr. Rumpo Mitchell. He looked around inquiringly.

"Just your leg again—busted," Mr. Mitchell reassured him. "But, anyhow, we win, six to nothing. I mean, you win."

"Win!" cried Mr. Conover bitterly. "What do you mean, win! All I did was get knocked down and lose the ball."

"Sure, I know . . . but they were so anxious to get at you, they almost killed you. The referee socked them a fifteen-yard penalty for roughing the passer. That put it on the one-yard line."

"Conover, the hero," said Mr. Conover acidly. "The great drop kicker-forward passer gets slapped on the wrist and wins the ball game. That's honor for you. . . . Who finally took it over?"

"Nobody," said Mr. Mitchell. "We tried three punches at the line and it never budged and then Heinie Evans fumbled. The ball popped over the goal line and in the scramble Blatzo Henderson fell on it for a touchdown. . . . A great team, us."

"Just a team of heroes," said Mr. Conover. "Especially Conover, the New York Times, Herald-Tribune, Journal, etc., hero."

"Also the Bronx Home News. . . . Don't forget the Bronx Home News," said Mr. Mitchell. "Ginsberg told me last week he'd landed that one."

The nurse came in.

"There's a Miss Hamilton out here who wants to see you. . . . Says she's a friend of yours."

"Tell her I don't want to see her," said Mr. Conover promptly. He turned to Rumpo. "Mitchell, you'll find it out some time, so you might as well know now. I'm the biggest bluff on earth. I hate football. I've always hated it and yet I let myself get tangled up in a sappy thing like this. Stan Logan and me—all for the love of the dear lady. Did you ever hear anything as dumb as that? She's out there now all ready to weep over her wounded hero. . . . Tell her to go on away; tell her I don't want to see her."

It was then that the door opened and Miss Hamilton came in. Conover looked at her coldly.

"I've just told the nurse to tell you I didn't want to see you. I don't want you in here sympathizing with me."

"Sympathize with you!" cried Miss Hamilton. "I didn't come in to sympathize with you. I came in to tell you what a fool you are."

"WHAT'S that!" cried Mr. Conover, sitting up in bed.

"I said you were a fool—getting yourself killed for a silly football game."

"When did you start taking that attitude?"

"The day before the game when that man came to me and wanted me to write you a letter so you'd be at your best for dear old alma mater. . . . You were to be buoyed up by love."

"What man?" asked Mr. Mitchell.

"A man named Ginsberg," said Miss Hamilton.

She turned to Conover.

"I tried to see you before the game. I sent you a note between halves. I told you not to play. I told you it was stupid and I'd hate you if you got hurt again for any nonsense like that."

Mr. Mitchell got up guiltily.

"As a matter of fact, there was a letter," he said. "I think maybe Ginsberg got it. I'll go see. . . ."

As he went out he heard Conover say:

"Was that all the letter said?"

"No, it said that I—well, I'd love you whether you played or not. . . . In fact, I'd love you more if you didn't play."

"Will you come over here and tell me that?" were the last words Mr. Mitchell heard as he went down the hall. The nurse came along with Mr. Mitchell, feeling that the patient would be well-cared for in her absence.

"Nurse," began Mr. Mitchell, "I don't know your name or I'd call you by it. . . . But would you object if I made an epigram?"

"Go right ahead," said the nurse. "The name is Ashworth."

"Miss Ashworth, the epigram which I am about to perpetrate and which is entirely apropos of the occasion is this: '*The fool and his honey will not soon be parted.*' Do you like that?"

"Nurses get used to anything," said Miss Ashworth.

"Well, it was a good try," sighed Mr. Mitchell. "But there's one thing more I'd like to ask you. Do you believe in psychology?"

"No," said Miss Ashworth flatly.

"If you had a thousand dollars in the bank to give to a man named Ginsberg who was going to win a game for you by psychology and really did it by having the hero get knocked on his caboose, would you give it to him?"

"Say," said Miss Ashworth bitterly. "If you know Ginsberg personally, I wish you'd bring him around here. I'd like to work on him myself. I lost seven bucks on that game. . . . I bet Astorbilt would win by twenty-five points. *Psychology!*"

"On that basis, I guess we'd better pay him," said Mr. Mitchell softly. "You'll be sure to look after the young man, won't you?"

"Don't you worry about that," said Miss Ashworth. "I got to get my seven bucks back some way."

Deepwater Island

Continued from page 15

"That youngster? Rubbish!"

"You're going to find that Tonga Dick Wayne is the hardest one of them all," Karen prophesied; "and perhaps the most resourceful."

Colt shrugged. "You'll find he doesn't count at all."

What Karen said then was totally on impulse. She had not planned to say it, had not meant to say it; but somehow the words were unexpectedly drawn out of her lips by the tension that had come between them.

"John," Karen said, "suppose I married Dick Wayne?"

JOHN COLT did not start, nor turn; he stood still, looking at the sea.

After a moment he swung his wide shoulders toward her. "You mean to say—" John Colt started to ask, "you mean to say—" His question died away.

No one who had not known John Colt before could have understood the meaning of that—the unfinished question, the faint beginning of irresolution in his face before he turned away from her again, and stood staring out beyond the tops of the date palms to open water. But Karen had known him for what seemed a long time; and now the tears sprang suddenly to her eyes, unwanted. For this was John Colt, who had made a fortune before he was twenty-five, and lost it before he was thirty; a quick-thinking, clear-thinking man, calculating always, and knowing his goals. . . .

Colt seemed composed again when he spoke. "You're in love with this Tonga Dick?"

"I don't know," Karen said.

He stood looking at her, his hands deep in his pockets. His unaccustomed irresolution had a curious effect, strangely disturbing, as if it could mean nothing except that the whole basic foundation of the man was unexpectedly cracking up. John Colt was like a mountain; he was like the sea. Perhaps it was a terrible thing that a slender girl, weighing not more than one hundred and twenty pounds, could break up John Colt.

Suddenly Karen knew the reason. This man had never made love to her not by a word, not by so much as the pressure of a hand. But now—nothing could have told Karen more definitely than this moment told her that Colt would rather lose Alakoa than lose her.

"What is it," John Colt said, "that this man has?"

Karen couldn't answer him. Except for John Colt, Karen would not have been here. What she was seeing now was the drab gray fog of San Francisco, the little cramped apartment in which she had been raised by more than one aunt, and their long struggle against poverty. She had known what it was to believe that there was no escape from that. Only John Colt had seen another possibility. The lanai suite that she occupied, even the golden corduroy pajamas which she was wearing, had been paid for with money advanced by John Colt.

"Compromise," John Colt said queerly. "How could there be any compromise? If you weren't in the right—if you did not rightfully possess all this island—do you think I would have fooled with you?"

"What do you want me to do?"

"As far as I have anything to do with this," Colt said, "I'll never yield any Wayne one cent."

There was a finality in that; but instinctively Karen knew that it was not a finality that had anything to do with

(Continued on page 34)

The Odds Against Honor

The colorful story of a football player who was spotted by the sure-money boys and of a girl who didn't take football seriously

By FRANCIS WALLACE

Begins Next Week

NO. 5 IN A SERIES OF CLOSE-UPS ON WILLIAMS

"I'VE GOT A SOFT JOB—WITH Williams"
Williams Shaving Cream
W

There's a difference between a close shave and a too-close scrape. Williams Shaving Cream lets you enjoy the first; protects you against the second.

For this mild, quick-rising, stay-moist lather *safely softens* your skin and beard in preparation for the clean sweep of your razor. There's no razor pull—no taut, burny after-feel. Your face is conditioned, *fit.*

You'd expect so fine a cream to be expensive—but it isn't—a little makes such a lot of heavy, quick-wetting lather.

And remember, after every shave, a dash of sparkling Aqua Velva.

● JUST NOTICE THE FINE SKINS OF MEN WHO USE

Williams Luxury Shaving Cream
W
LARGE SIZE

You can't lose this cap

Williams Shaving Cream

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, GLASTONBURY, CONN., U. S. A.—LaSalle, MONTREAL, Canada

DON'T PUT UP WITH DANDRUFF OR MUSSY-LOOKING HAIR

Only Scalptone gives you the benefits of this oil tube

A tube of oil is held in the neck of every bottle of Packer's Scalptone. Pour into Scalptone as much of the oil as your hair needs. *Scalptone is adjustable.*

ADJUSTABLE HAIR TONIC BANISHES BOTH

Yes—Packer's Scalptone checks your dandruff in 21 days . . . keeps your hair looking the way you want it . . . or your money back!

Scalptone is different from ordinary hair tonics and "slickums." A doctor originated Scalptone's formula.

And, like a doctor's prescription, Scalptone meets the needs of your own scalp and hair. *It's adjustable.*

CHECK DANDRUFF in 21 days or money back

1. Shampoo once a week with Packer's Tar Soap, the famous shampoo that is used by more men than any other. Recommended by doctors for over 60 years in the treatment of dandruff.
2. Massage once a day with Packer's Scalptone.

After 21 days, look at your scalp and notice the improvement. Keep up the treatments to prevent dandruff's returning.

If, after using your first bottle of Scalptone and cake of Packer's Tar Soap, you are not satisfied, we'll return your money if you'll tell us where you bought and how much you paid.

The Packer Mfg. Co., Inc., 101 W. 31, New York

In the neck of every bottle there is a tube of oil. Pour as much of this oil into Scalptone as your hair needs.

Contains 5 medicinal ingredients that benefit your scalp

Packer's Scalptone contains medicaments that stimulate your scalp—help keep your hair alive and healthy.

Massage with Scalptone daily. Feel your scalp tingle—wake-up! Watch dandruff disappear. And see how neat-looking your hair stays.

Begin today to help yourself to the vigorous, well-groomed hair that this *personal-prescription* hair tonic gives.

GOOD-BYE, UNRULY HAIR!

Scalptone keeps your hair looking the way you want it—orderly, but not plastered down—because you adjust its oiliness yourself.

PACKER'S Scalptone

NOW IN TWO SIZES: 50¢ & 75¢

(Continued from page 33)

money. What had been a contest for an island had turned into a contest between two men for a girl.

Until now Karen Waterson had secretly looked forward to the first meeting of Tonga Dick Wayne and John Colt, as an event no sports-lover would wish to miss. Now, however, her mischievous spectator-interest was superseded by new elements. Not Alakoa, but Karen herself, had become the focus of disturbance, making her hope that she would be as far away as possible when the two should collide.

THE inevitable meeting took place late that afternoon.

On the surface nothing could have seemed smoother or more casual. There was a thé dansant on the beach terrace of the hotel; Karen and John Colt sat at a table beside the dance floor, drinking Planters punches because they had an appropriate name, and watching a great throng of men in linen dancing with girls in sun-backed dresses. John Colt was out of patience because he had spent the day trying to find out a thing or two which he had not found out, and they weren't talking very much. Neither of them saw Tonga Dick Wayne come strolling between the tables until he was standing there, beside Karen's chair.

Dick Wayne was wearing whites, which emphasized the depth of his tan. He grinned down at them amiably.

"Hello, conspirators."

Karen said, "Hello, Dick." John Colt stood up automatically, but said nothing.

A miniature Filipino boy now came into evidence behind Dick Wayne; he was carrying a chair with which he must have followed Tonga Dick clear across the lanai through the crowd. Karen supposed that she would have to make the best of the thing.

"Mr. Wayne, I'm not sure whether you've met Mr. Colt."

"Not possibly the famous deep-sea diver?" Dick asked.

"Much better known," Colt purred, "as an inventive pastry cook."

"My mistake," Dick said. "Karen, the reason you're going to think your stomach is on fire is that there is red pepper in that stuff. Throw it out, and try gin with pineapple juice."

In the little awkwardness that followed, which Dick Wayne did not seem to notice, Karen could think of no out except to ask them to sit down. "Both of you," she added, as John Colt still hesitated.

Dick Wayne accepted a drink the Filipino boy handed him, and chuckled as he looked about him. "I see some Honolulu people here," he remarked. "Tomorrow it will be all over town that the Waynes' black sheep is very clubby with the enemy, and has probably sold out."

"Very amusing for you, I have no doubt," said John Colt.

"Yes," said Dick. "You look kind of sweet, Karen."

Colt made a movement in his chair as if he were about to rise.

"Don't go away," Dick said, not bothering to take his eyes from the dance floor. He sipped his drink reflectively. "I have news for you, Colt."

"Difficult to imagine," John Colt murmured.

"Many things that actually happen are difficult to imagine. Who would have imagined, for example, that the granddaughter of Garrett Waterson would turn up on my boat wearing false whiskers? Yet I give you my word, John, that is exactly what she did."

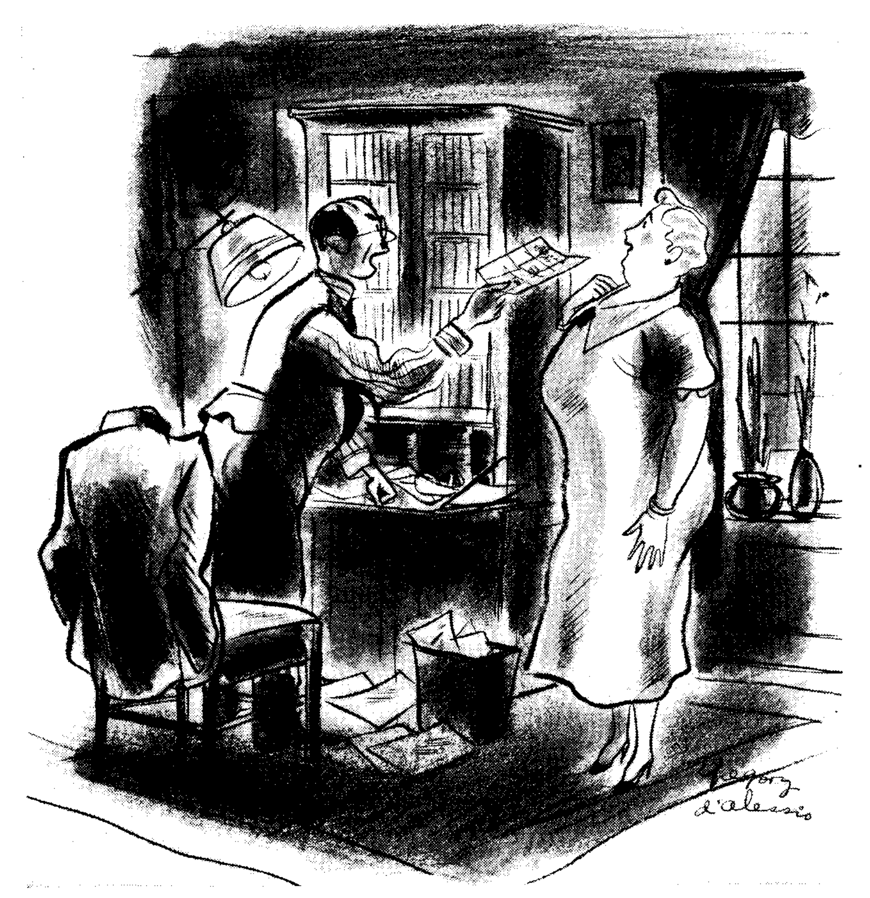
NEITHER Karen nor John Colt seemed entertained.

"You have no idea," Dick confided, rolling his eyes gravely to John Colt, "how hard it is to make love to a girl who is wearing false whiskers. Even after she was persuaded to take the whiskers off, she wanted me to think that she was a Miss Herklewrath. Or some such name. Such goings-on! You can picture my surprise."

John Colt's composure was flawless; he even seemed affable, in a way. "Don't you think we'd better be running along now?" he asked Karen.

"Perhaps we had," Karen agreed.

(Continued on page 36)



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See what the microscope tells about your tooth brush, in the photo-micrographs below. Note that these scientific pictures of Round-End Bristle from a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush, and ordinary bristle from another well-known make, were taken after both brushes had been in equal *daily use for 6 months.*

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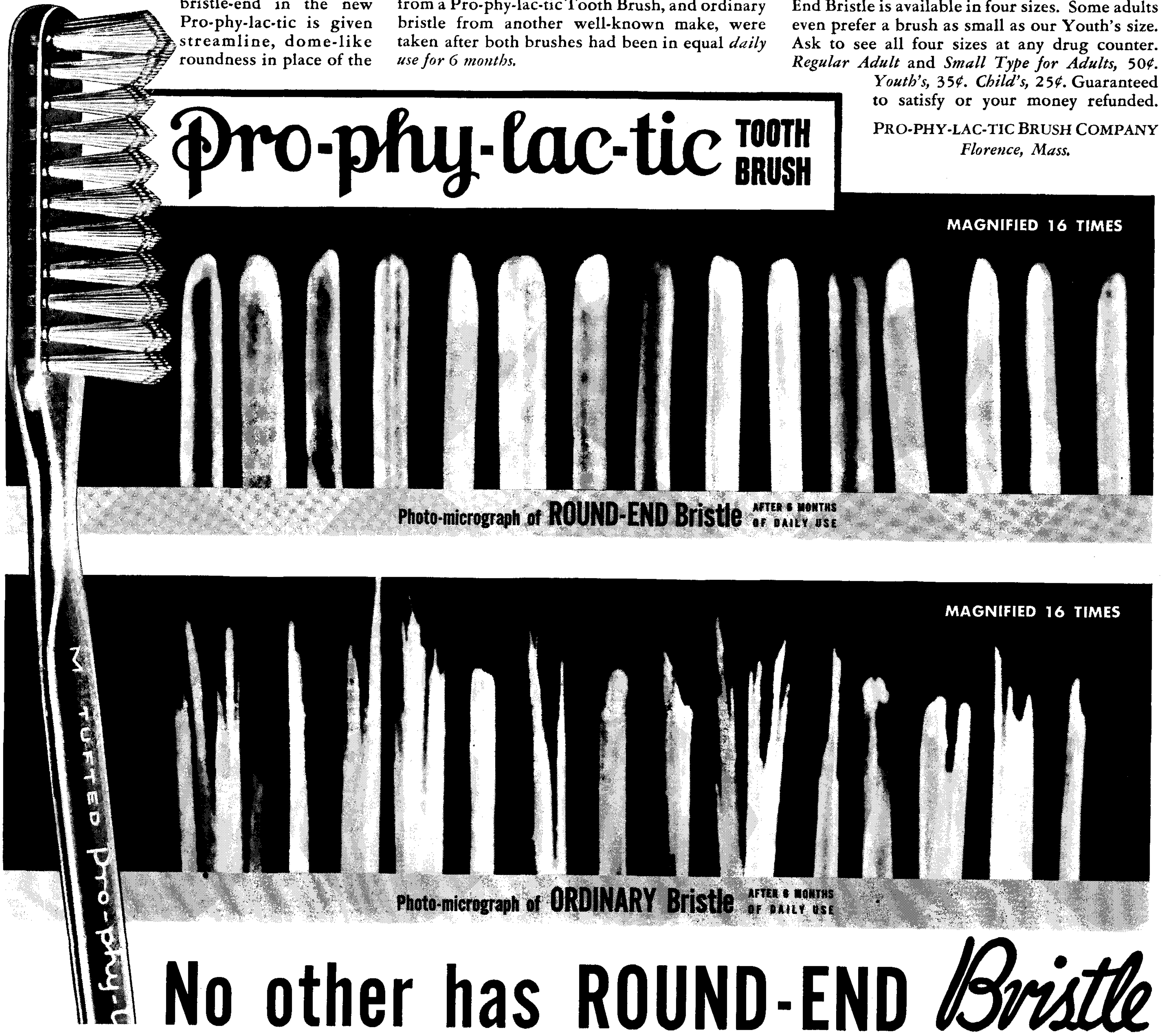


Pro-phy-lac-tic TOOTH BRUSH

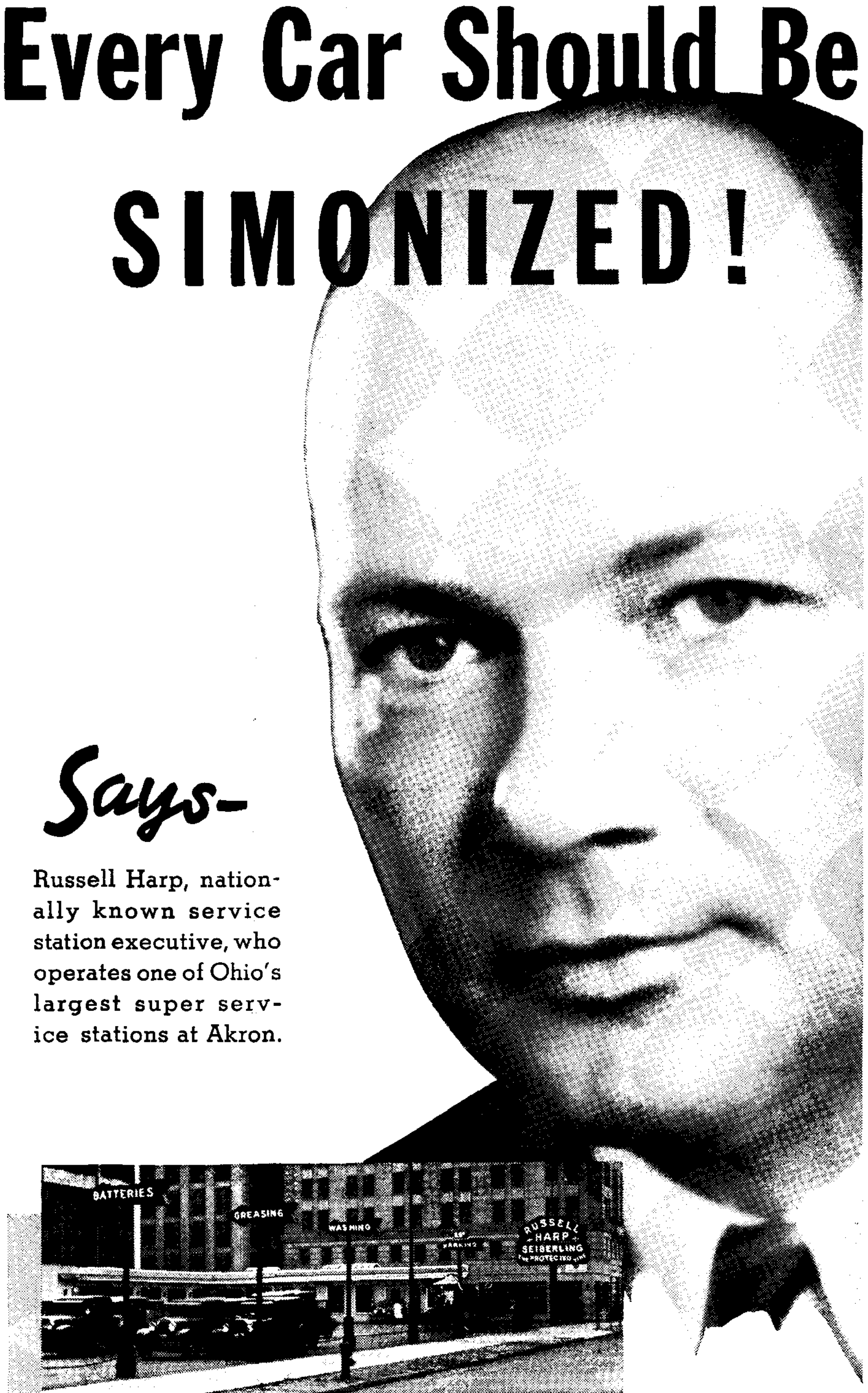
MAGNIFIED 16 TIMES

Photo-micrograph of **ROUND-END Bristle** AFTER 6 MONTHS OF DAILY USE

MAGNIFIED 16 TIMES

Photo-micrograph of **ORDINARY Bristle** AFTER 6 MONTHS OF DAILY USE

No other has ROUND-END *Bristle*



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SIMONIZ KLEENER
SIMONIZ

Deepwater Island

Continued from page 34

Yet neither John Colt nor Karen rose. Colt was waiting for something, and Dick Wayne knew it. Dick sipped his drink in a leisurely way, his eyes dreamy upon the other tables. There were sound and movement all about them, but their table had become a little island of silence. By their casual manner they were no longer able to conceal from themselves that a suspense had come upon them, holding them there—a suspense that was stretching taut enough to ring like a steel string.

"I see the American ambassador to Japan," Dick said; "and some tobacco-company boys, going out to their stations in China; and quite a sprinkling of movie stars from Hollywood; and a gentleman who cut a throat in Singapore, to my positive knowledge."

"You are pretty well acquainted," John Colt inquired suavely, "among cutthroats?"

"Only among those indigenous to the Pacific. I also see here half a dozen gentlemen that I cannot quite place. A few years ago I would have said that they were American financiers of the hit-loot-and-run type. I had understood that conditions on the mainland were no longer favorable to those types."

"You seem well-informed."

"This is a crossroads," Dick said. "You get a perspective upon both sides of the Pacific from here. But I still can't make out those wandering financiers. Oh—I get it now. Since they have been smoked out of the mainland, naturally quite a few of them would come here, of course. Fugitive empire builders! John, I see you are not alone."

"I?"

"Naturally," Dick said pleasantly, "quite a few of your type are here already, looking around to see if anything is lying loose. I must say, John, that your plans seem better thought out than most. I'm afraid that you are the type that thinks things through. Your prospects look excellent, John, from the outside."

"I'm inclined to think so myself," John Colt said.

"Would you say that your chances are worth one hundred thousand dollars, John?"

ONLY the faintest suggestion of contempt showed in John Colt's eyes as he smiled. "Have your brothers authorized you to make that offer?"

"I haven't seen them," Dick admitted; "they have already gone back to Alakoa. However, I think you will find it necessary to deal with me. I'm afraid I can't let you dicker with my brothers. They're much too easy to cheat."

"And I am afraid," John Colt said, his voice so modulated that in the general din of the lanai Dick had almost to read his lips, "that I'm not interested in dickering with either you or your brothers."

"You definitely refuse one hundred thousand?"

"I'm sorry."

"Perhaps you'd care to make a counter offer?"

"I'm sorry," Colt said again.

Tonga Dick Wayne looked at Karen Waterson for a full minute, and his frivolous manner dropped away. Twice Karen met his eyes, but both times dropped hers again. Dick Wayne was looking at her with a real and unaffected regret.

"One proposition more, Colt," he said, "and this is my last: One hundred thousand dollars to you, and one-third share in Alakoa to Miss Waterson."

"Miss Waterson," Colt said, "is not interested in any proposition at all."

"Karen," Tonga Dick said, "you have just heard the end of your Pacific adventure."

John Colt's face was hard and serious, but there was a glint of intense satisfaction in his eyes which he could not repress.

"Don't let him worry you," he said softly to Karen. "He's shown his hand—and it's just as I said. The Waynes haven't a hope in the world. That's exactly why there has never been any reason for compromise, from the first. Unless they knew they were beaten, they would offer no compromises at all."

DICK WAYNE emptied his glass, snapped it down upon the table, and pushed back his chair. "I'll see you in a couple of days," he said to Karen, "on Alakoa."

That surprised an answer out of her. "Alakoa? We're not coming to Alakoa."

"Oh, yes, you are. Or at least *he* is. He'll probably want to bring you along." He turned to John Colt. "The offers I made, I made on my own hook," he said. "They are now withdrawn. But I'll tell you why I made them—it may interest you very much."

"Not particularly," John Colt drawled. "You have a lost case, Wayne."

"I'm going to kill your case," Dick said tonelessly. "No. I'm going to do worse to you than that—I'm going to give my brothers the means with which to kill your case. To do that will cost me a great deal, in some very obscure ways. It will, in fact, cost me more than my share of Alakoa is worth. That is why I offered to settle with you. For Miss Waterson's sake, but principally for my own, I'm sorry that you refused. But you're finished, Colt—through—washed up—done."

"I get what you mean," John Colt smiled.

"If you think a little further," Tonga Dick said, "you'll see even more clearly what I mean. Your case has one hole in it. Ask yourself what that hole is."

Karen Waterson, watching John Colt's face, saw a curious thing happen then. The faint, tired smile on Colt's face lingered there still, but after a moment Karen saw it was only the form of it that remained. Colt's eyes were fixed hard on Tonga Dick, and Karen thought she had never seen anything like the intensity of that unwinking stare. If ever a man tried to look into another man's mind and take it apart, Colt was trying it now.

Dick Wayne was filling his pipe. The very fact that he was smoking a pipe at all at a thé dansant made him look more at ease thereby, as if he alone, of all the people on that broad lanai, were completely at home.

"You're thinking of exactly the same thing I am, John," Dick assured him softly.

Once more the eyes of the two men met and held.

"I imagine, Wayne," said John Colt smoothly, "that you are lying."

Steady, unhurried, controlled—there was nothing in John Colt's voice to indicate that he knew what it was to doubt. Yet, somehow, Karen knew with utter certainty that Colt was shaken—more deeply shaken perhaps than he would have admitted even to himself; and when Karen saw that, she was oppressed by a gray conviction that John Colt, gambling for Alakoa in her behalf, had irrevocably lost.

(To be continued next week)

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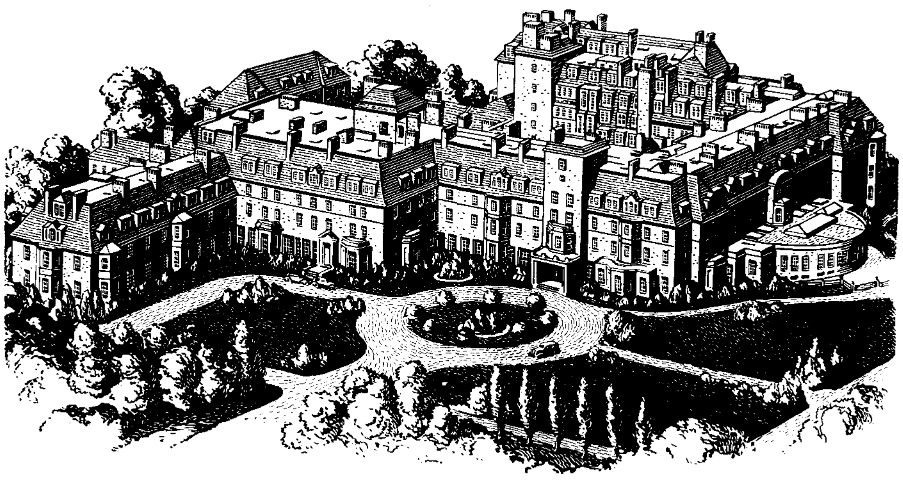

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CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., NEW YORK, *Sole Distributors*

Glory in His Head

Continued from page 19

misunderstanding and some damn' hysterical fool has told the federal cops that there's a stolen New York car on our Jacksonville lot. It'll all come out in the wash, of course, but I've got some deals pending that I can't afford to miss time from right now. I—" he hesitated.

"You mean you may be arrested?"

"Absolutely. It's a joke! So I've got to get out of town in a hurry. Maybe Mexico. I'm broke, Bub."

He stopped and grinned at Nerry.

Nerry grinned back. "I haven't any money, Tody. You always had the bank account in this family. Why don't you see the cops and explain?"

Tody's face darkened. "I told you I couldn't get mixed up in this thing right now. Don't stall me, Nerry. You've got a whole cash register full of dough. Cough it up. Tell Evarts you were robbed or something. Anyhow, Miss Julie will help you out. She's got some dough left and she'll fix it—just like she did when we hit that truck in the flivver." He shrugged impatiently. "Come on, Nerry. You can explain where I can't." His eyes widened, as if by inspiration. "Besides, this may touch Dot, even. I took her riding once in the car they said was stolen and we wouldn't like to have her arrested, maybe, would we? That's the reason I'm doing this—for her sake."

NERRY thought a minute. The impulse to yield, to follow his brother into any facile sophistries he might weave, was as strong as old habit. But he resisted; even against the talisman of Dot's name he resisted.

"No. If it were mine—but I can't do that. You know I can't do that."

"You haven't got the guts?"

"No."

It was perhaps the first time he had ever disobeyed a command from his brother. The idea was suddenly exhilarating. A pattern swam together in his mind, a pattern of quiet nights and words to play with and drummers in linen suits and the big fan whirring from the lobby ceiling and Sandy's yarning before dawn. Here was intrusion, desecration of the pattern. . . .

The elevator boy came in yawning from the front steps, banging the screen door. The buzzer in his car was going.

Tody moved around and stood at the open space where the hinged wooden flap of the counter offered ingress and egress to room clerks. Nerry watched him, with a vague, surprised presentiment of what was coming but with no idea of what to do about it. Tody put his hand in his pocket and pushed out a hard bulge of cloth toward Nerry.

"What's that in your pocket, Tody? A gun?"

"It's a gun, all right. What a washout of a brother I drew! Now move! Get that envelope full of money out of the drawer and hand it to me! You want to be plugged? I got to get going." He added an afterthought: "Even Dot says what a washout you are."

Nerry's lips grew pale. He knew now that the pattern must be defended, even here at the end of the world. Tody was a stranger and Tody hated him, had always hated him and he had never guessed it. He wondered why he was unable to hate Tody; it was only that the pattern must be preserved and Tody saved, if possible, from his own insanity.

Nerry ducked toward the narrow counter exit, lunging at Tody's knees. He heard a loud report. He reeled back and discovered himself leaning against the mailboxes behind the counter.

"I told you!" Tody cried, reaching hurriedly across with one hand and punching the No Sale key of the cash register, his other hand still in his pocket, which smoldered a little now. The drawer sprang out. He plucked out a fat manila envelope, glanced inside, pocketed it and scooped up all the free bills. He shut the drawer.

Nerry watched him, wanting to move, to do something to stop Tody, but he could not. His right arm had begun to burn, then to throb; in his ears screamed relentless saxophones of pain. And from far off there moved upon him a slow, increasing lassitude.

He watched Tody disappear through the front door, fast. He fought the lassitude and it retreated a little.

"Who was that, Nerry?"

Sandy came across the lobby, limping for his age.

Sandy peered quizzically at him. "What's the matter with you, boy?"

"Oh—that?" With a monstrous effort he pulled himself together, made a pretense of being unconcerned. "That was a drunk. Wouldn't pay two dollars for a room. Went over to the Palm. I'm all right, why?"

Sandy's agate-smoky eyes blinked. He said quietly: "I thought sure that was Tody."

"Yeah, it did look like him. About his build." Better now. He was talking naturally. He was standing naturally, by leaning a little against the wall.

Nerry glanced up at the clock.

"Say, Sandy, I wish you'd tell all the help that they won't get paid tonight. Mr. Evarts drove over to Lake Wales this morning—he phoned a little while ago and said he couldn't make the bank. Said he hoped the boys wouldn't mind much, not getting paid until tomorrow."

"I thought—" began Sandy and smiled. "Okay. They won't mind. They won't mind a-tall, I'm sure."

Sandy made a noise in his throat and shuffled toward the front door.

THE phone on the desk rang. With his left hand Nerry pushed himself out from the wall, caught the counter and maneuvered to pick up the receiver.

The voice was faint at first, then it came in stronger and stronger waves. It was Dot's voice.

"Nerry, Nerry! Is that you? . . . Stay there! Don't go away. I'm coming over!"

"What's the trouble?" he asked. "There's no chance of me going away."

There was a click in his ear. He stood, hunched over, holding the receiver for a while. Then he looked at the open elevator door and saw the boy inside, on his stool, reading a magazine. . . .

He wondered who had ridden down. Was it Sandy? Well, Sandy hadn't seen or heard anything, obviously. . . . He was carrying it off. Time was what he needed; a little time to think things over, make plans about arranging with Mr. Evarts to work out the money, so much a week. Mr. Evarts was a good sport; but maybe he'd insist on a jail sentence. He didn't care about that; the pattern might remain intact, after all.

He remembered that there was half a pint of corn liquor in a bottle in his desk drawer and his shoulder was wet and sticky and beginning to get on his nerves. The pain was not bad now, though. He moved carefully along the counter, got the drawer open and, after a little difficulty with the stopper, took a long swig.

Almost instantly he felt much better.

He felt a warm brightness all about him. Given an hour he could write such poems as were never written in this world. A blank bill lay on the desk. On it he scribbled:

"If he could only eat his daily bread
And keep a certain glory in his head."

He stood staring at it, struggling with the next couplet, until two drummers came in from the 10:50 to register. The drummers looked at him curiously when he had trouble turning the register around for their signatures. Then one of them saw the whisky bottle and nudged his companion and they chuckled. Nerry tapped the desk gong for a bellhop to show them up.

After the drummers had entered the elevator he saw Dot standing there, like a frightened shadow, waiting for them to go.

"Nerry," she said low and breathless, coming close. "Tody's in trouble."

"What makes you think so?"

"Dad filled up a car at the place about twenty minutes ago and while they were getting gas two men in the car asked Dad if he knew a Tody Pine. They were federal men—Dad saw their badges when they went in the place to eat a hot dog."

"Well, what of it?" Nerry smiled brightly. "Just some business, I guess. Tody has a lot of friends who are cops."

"No. Oh, no, Nerry. Dad knew they were coming to get Tody. Dad's seen a lot of cops looking for men and he can tell by the way they mention whoever they want."

Nerry regarded the floor.

"The cops were after me, Dot. They were looking for Tody's brother, you see."

She reached across the counter, touched his good arm.

"Not *you*, Nerry? Are they going to arrest you, Nerry? Can I help?"

She was, he thought joyfully, almost as distressed as if in fact it had been Tody to worry about.

"It's all fixed now." He squeezed her arm.

"What was it you did, Nerry?"

Another wave of faintness came. He fought it off.

"Oh, something about some money. I— Well, I took Tody's success so hard, I couldn't bear to be such a washout. But don't worry; everything's jake now."

"I don't believe you, Nerry. You wouldn't steal anything." She narrowed her young eyes at him. "Where's Tody now?"

HE MUST not fumble. He must not pass out, either, for the lassitude was floating in once more. He must not show a thing except the things he wanted to show.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you. Tody got a grand job for a few months in Mexico. He just stopped by long enough to get me out of the jam I was in. Said he'd write you, left his love—"

A surprising, quick little gesture of her hand silenced him. She bit her lip, things happened behind her eyes and she said:

"I get it, Nerry. Good night."

She looked at him for about a minute without saying a word and then she turned, sort of crying all over silently, and went out the door. Or was she crying?

"Hey!" said Sandy for the fifth time. "Are you dead?"

"Oh, hello, Sandy."

The old man handed him a brown manila envelope.

"Mr. Evarts stopped by out front a minute ago. He was in a hurry. Said he did get by to the bank after all."

Nerry opened his mouth, closed it; took a deep breath and shook his head. Finally:

"How'd you get that from Tody?"

Nerry saw then that Sandy's tie, careless enough most of the time, was pulled all awry.

"I decided you'd made a mistake giving him all that money to keep for you. I overtook him in your car before he got to Magnolia Avenue." He patted his gun holster under his coat. "I made him give it back."

"And you turned him over to the police?"

"Naw. He got away from me, else I would have."

Nerry sat down again. Sandy hadn't moved.

"You heard what Tody said to me?"

"No, but when I came down you were standing against the wall letting him take the money. I thought you were making a big mistake, as I said, to loan him that money."

Nerry smiled now, feeling nearer tears than he had since he had been a very little boy. "Let's frame a story for Miss Julie—"

Then blackness took him suddenly like a thunderclap. He collapsed into the dark little pool at his feet.

THE boy and girl lay on the hot bright beach, their eyes closed against the intolerable cobalt of a Florida afternoon sky.

"I think I'll go up to Jacksonville next week," observed Nerry, "and join the Navy."

"No, you won't," said Dot firmly, in her odd, soft voice full of excitement which must bubble through the next word but never did. "You got a raise at the hotel last week, didn't you? You're doing fine."

"Oh, I don't know. Things are picking up at the hotel, with the tourists coming in again. I don't get a chance to write much now. Conrad went to sea, you know, and wrote lots of books that way."

Suddenly she changed the subject.

"Have you ever heard from Tody—you or Miss Julie?"

"No. Never. He'll turn up one of these days and straighten everything out. You wait."

"No. I won't wait." She sat up, squinting down sidewise at him, locking her knees under her arms. "Answer me a question, Nerry, with the real truth. Do you love me?"

He didn't move. His lips did as he nearly whispered one word: "Yes." He heard the stone crabs marching now.

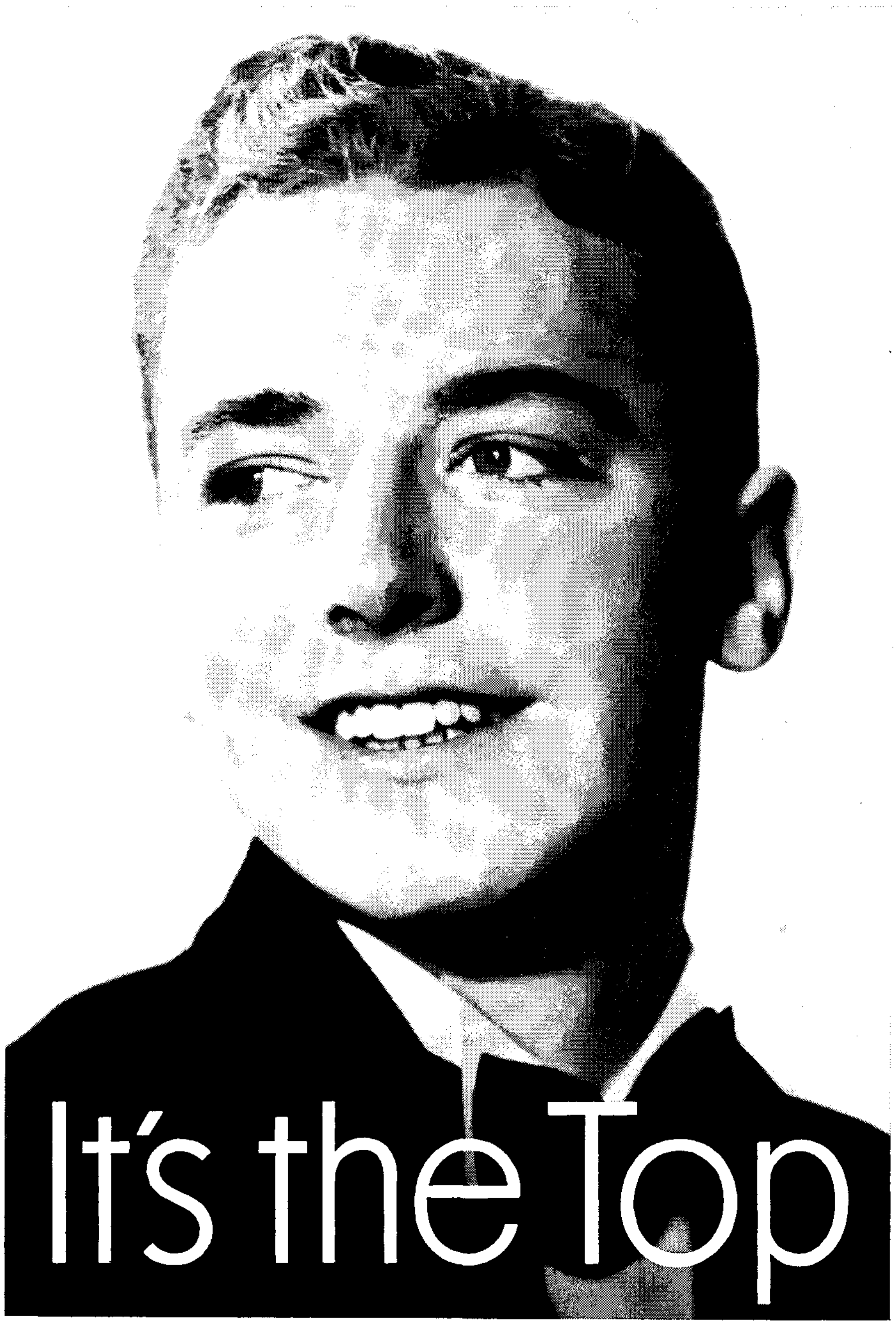
"I want to explain something, Nerry. I know now it never was Tody I loved. I never really knew Tody. I knew you. I played around with you all the time, talking about Tody. I won't lie. When I was a little girl I hoped I'd marry a sort of society fellow—you know, somebody with a family. Gee, I was so ambitious I could taste it!

"And if I couldn't get a society boy with money, I'd get one that had a big future to be rich and have fine houses and things like that. A girl doesn't consciously figure those things out, Nerry. But looking back now, I know I felt them underneath. Tody seemed so sure of himself. I thought he was what I wanted. I never knew him at all. When I kissed you that last day I began to see things differently.

"Now I don't care. I love you and it doesn't matter if you make thirty dollars a week for the rest of your life. I like poets, Nerry."

He was up beside her now, his arm in place, laughing low.

"Listen, darling," he told her, "I want you to come and meet Miss Julie. I mean really meet her. She'll like you: but there's one thing—don't ever tell her you gave up society when you fell for a Pine."



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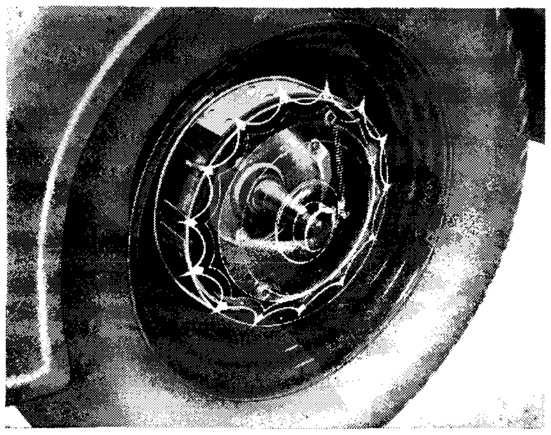
the low-priced car business. And we knew that the only
to do that *quickly* was to build a LaFayette that would
America on value alone! So without regard to our own pr
profits, *we simply put* ALL *of the vital engineering features*
highest-priced cars right in this new LaFayette.

Size too!

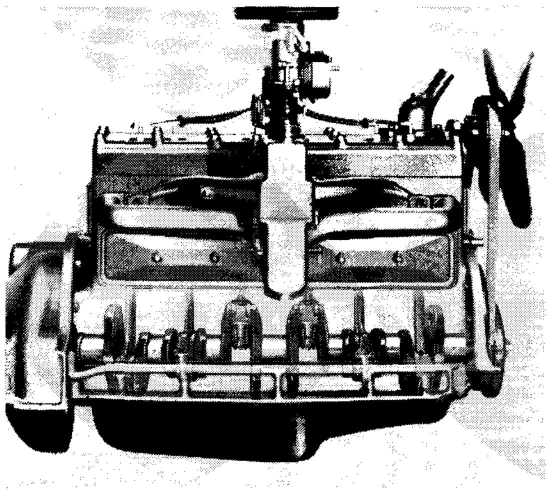
ALL of the vital, high-priced engineering features. And
the big-car size and room. Wider front seats than many c
very highest-priced cars! More headroom than in cars co
over $2,000! And brakes so big they should last years lo
Hydraulic brakes . . . actually as large as those on one of A
ica's leading one and a half ton trucks! Think of that!

Now, since we've put all this extra value in a low-p
car, we want you to be able to SEE it. Even the HIDDEN th



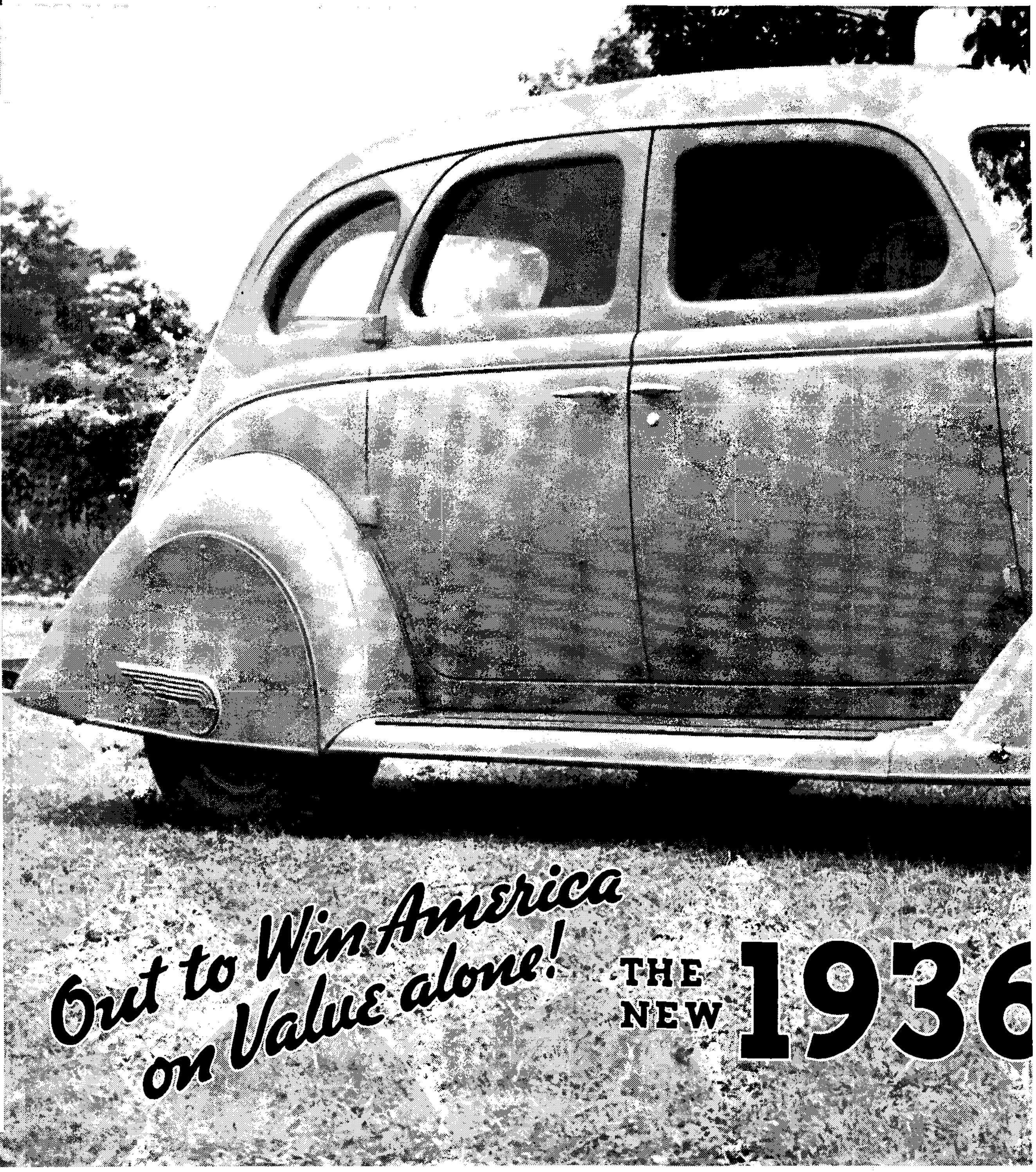
OVERSIZED HYDRAULIC BRAKES BIG ENOUGH TO STOP A TRUCK! Hydraulic brakes as large as those on one of America's fastest-selling 1½ ton trucks.

SIX PASSENGERS! WIDER FRONT SEATS THAN IN HIGH-PRICED CARS Three passengers—even six-footers—ride in back or front seat with room to spare!



FINEST ENGINE EVER PUT IN A LOW-PRICED CAR Only LaFayette and more expensive cars have such long-life engineering features as 7-bearing crankshafts and rifle-drilled connecting rods!

UNRETOUCHED PHOTOGRAPH OF WORLD'S LOWEST PRICED SIX PASSENGER SEDAN WIT



satisfied with any

,... *after you've seen the X-Ray System!*

ɜn you'll realize that if LaFayette is made the way manufacturers ‹e their HIGH-priced cars (and NOT the way they make their LOW-ced cars) LaFayette is the car to buy!

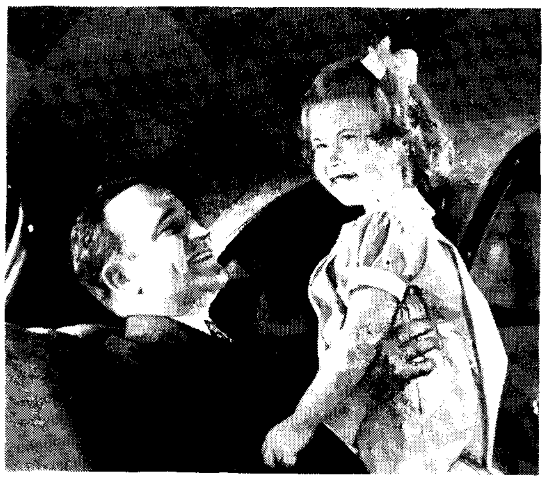
.emember . . . model for model . . . LaFayette costs little or nothing re than the lowest-priced cars!

Judge by the X-Ray!

Nash is willing to forget present profits in order to win *you* as a tomer, shouldn't you, at least, go to the nearest Nash-LaFayette wroom and see, with the X-Ray System, the amazing differences ween LaFayette and all other low-priced cars? You'll get the sur-se of your life.

:'s fun . . . it's fascinating . . . even your boy will understand and ɔy it! And it's the only fair and square way, the only foolproof ,, of judging automobile values. *The Nash Motors Company,* ıosha, Wisconsin.

LIC BRAKES AND SEAMLESS ALL STEEL BODY!



MORE HEADROOM THAN IN CARS COSTING OVER $2,000 You'll like the extra headroom you get in LaFayette. It means greater safety . . . greater comfort!

WORLD'S ONLY COMPLETE SEAMLESS STEEL BODY Only in LaFayette and the New Nash "400" a seamless all-steel top, steel floor and body with girder-steel frame!

LAFAYETTE $595

PRODUCT OF THE NASH MOTORS COMPANY

and up f.o.b. factory. Special equipment extra. New 1936 Nash "400" prices start at $675. Advanced sixes and eights $825 to $1220. All prices subject to change without notice. Convenient terms, new low rates through the Authorized Nash Finance Plan.

Twice the SPINNING POWER for quick starts
118
GLOBE
PARAGON
17 PLATES PER CELL
144 AMP.-20 MIN.
118 A.H.-20 HRS.
300 AMP.-4.5 MIN.
GENUINE HARD RUBBER

CHILLY mornings ahead! Will you *touch* the starter and hear your engine *spin*—or will you *stand* on the starter and hear your engine sputter and groan?

Note this! The new 1935 GLOBE "118" Battery gives *twice* as much *Spinning Power* as the official standard of the Battery Industry (standard set by Society of Automotive Engineers). How many times *last* winter could you have used this *extra* power? Why not play safe *this* winter with a GLOBE under the floorboards!

Get the facts! One of the 16,000 GLOBE dealers is near you.

A Suggestion! "Power Booster Clinic" this month at GLOBE dealers

Are you *sure* you're getting *all* the power your battery is capable of delivering? Many things can impair starting ability of the battery. For instance, loose or worn connections in the electrical system caused by natural service wear. Ahead of cold weather, better have all connections checked up this month during "Power Booster Clinic" at GLOBE dealers. This service will also include a thorough inspection of your battery. Take advantage of this "Clinic Service"—save time and money—*prevent* trouble.

GLOBE-UNION MFG. CO., 918 E. Keefe Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.
Factories and branches in 17 cities—thousands of dealers from coast to coast.
1935 ©.

GLOBE BATTERY

Your Feet on the Ground

Continued from page 26

Hostels, has sprung up, where you may spend the night for twenty-five cents and no ups. They are spaced at intervals of fifteen or so miles, making it possible for a spirited hiker to circle through the White and Green Mountains, sure of a good bed, a place to cook, the cheer of an open fire and companionship at the end of each day's hike.

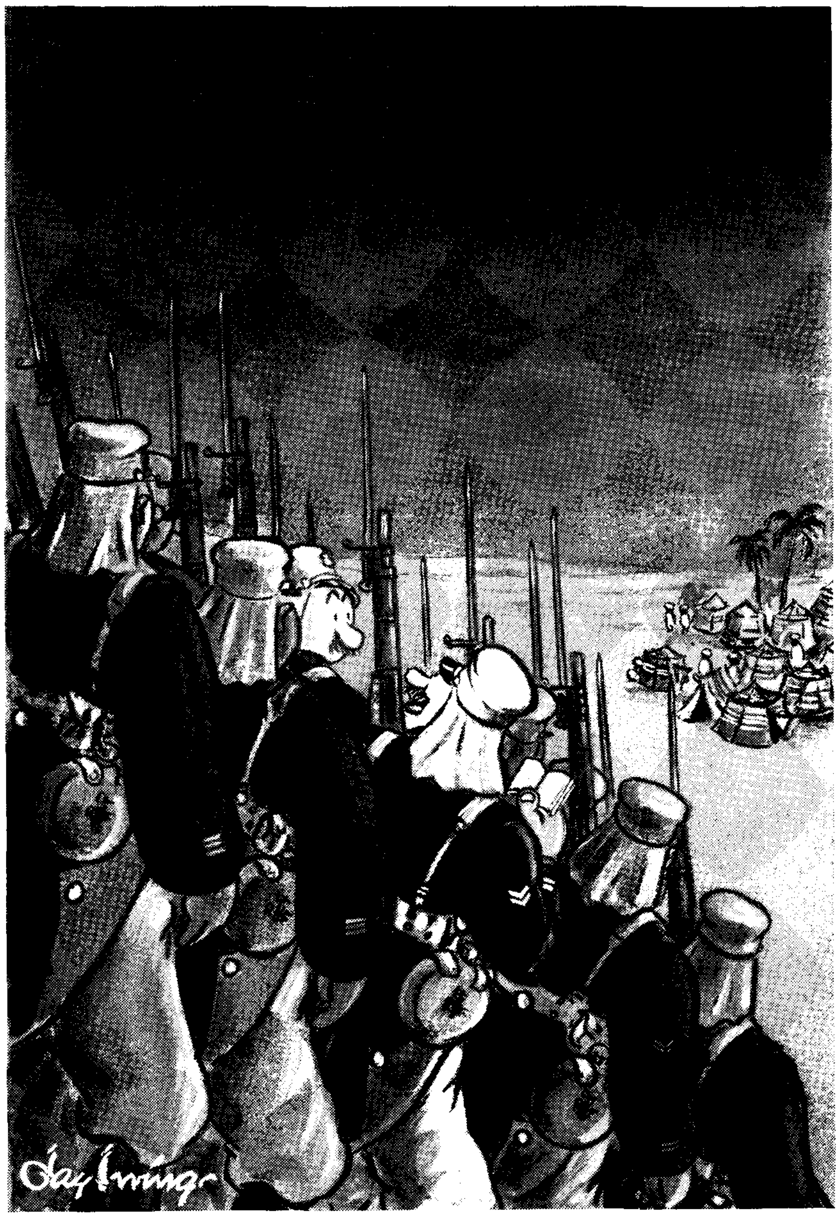
They've been doing this very thing for twenty years and more in Europe, where 4,000 hostels in 18 countries now offer accommodation to more than 6,000,000 overnighters in a year's time. It's possible to start at the northern tip of Norway and walk or bike south, sure of your nights' lodgings (if you've written ahead in time!), take a boat to Holland or Belgium or Denmark and set out again on foot or wheel, seeing the world more intimately than any fast-flying tourist could. And along with the knowledge and good health you are accumulating, you are living so economically that you can't afford to stay home. A European student, for instance, spent seven weeks of his summer vacation visiting fourteen countries at a total expense of $21, the secret being that food is sold practically at cost at the hostels, and the hiker cooks his own. Surprising how they manage, but simple enough too, with a jolly pot of stew, fresh bread broken off the long loaf, cold fresh milk, fruit and a spot of the famous local cheese.

This hiking and biking about has become so much a part of life over there that it is included in school curricula in Czechoslovakia and Germany, but though about four out of five of the hikers happen to be of high school or college age, the rest of the family is present and accounted for, too.

After a trip like this abroad with a group of American students, Isabel and Monroe Smith came pelting home a year ago and organized the New England hostels, which, if the zeal of the Smiths and the enthusiasm the hostels have aroused over the country mean anything, are only the beginning of a coast-to-coast network.

But just anyone can't use the hostels. It's easy enough to get in—if you have an extra dollar. Just send it to national headquarters (there's an actual organization called the International Association of Youth Hostels, with headquarters in each country) and you will get an identification pass, good for a year, which entitles you to use almost any hostel in the world at a cost of not more than twenty-five cents a night. But make a nuisance of yourself just once and your pass will be revoked on the spot and you will be bounced out faster than the most exclusive club could take action. They haven't had to do that to anyone yet, but they mean it.

(Continued on page 45)



"Oh, boy! Do I know this town? Just take a look at them telephone numbers!"

JAY IRVING

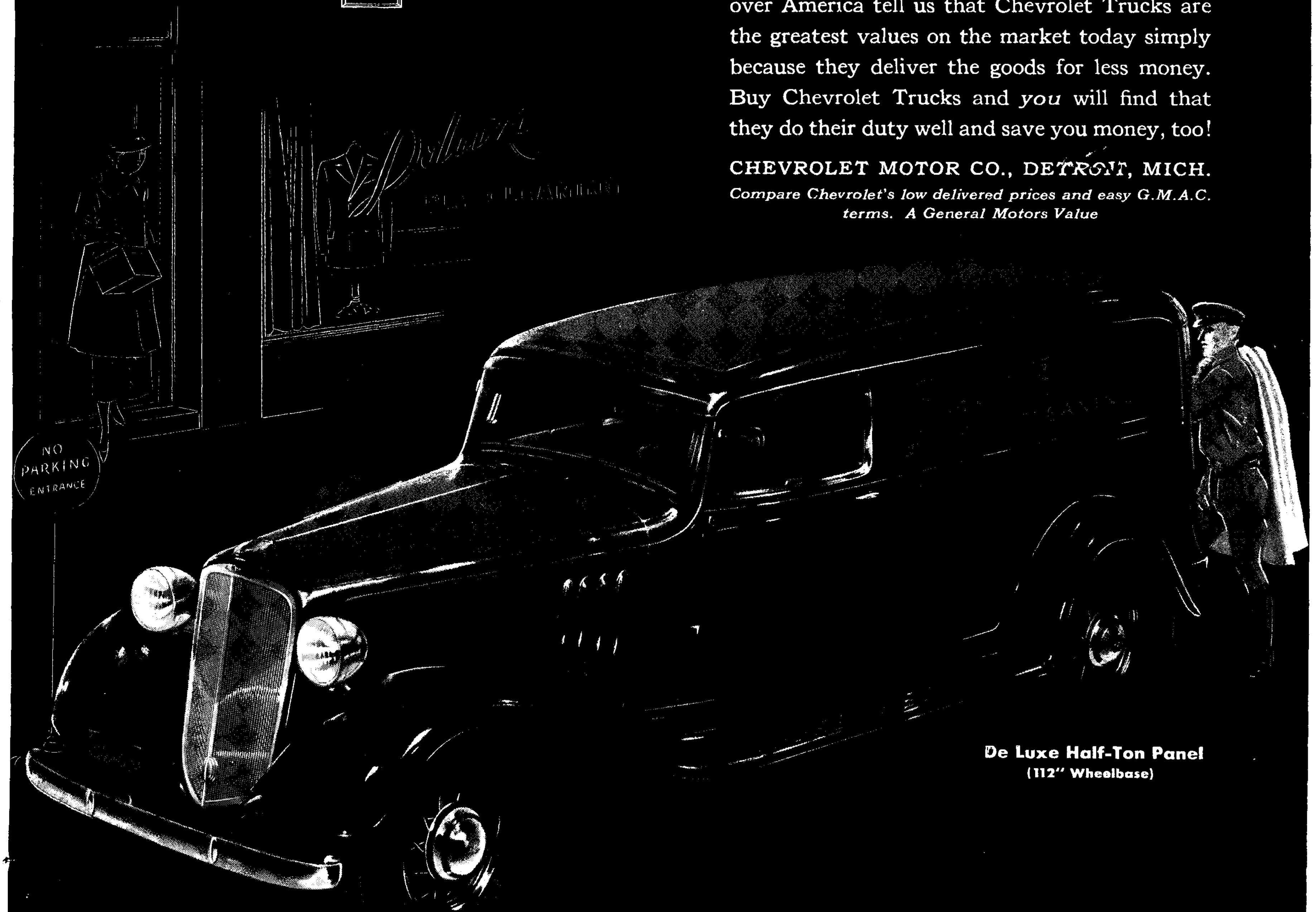
Built to do their duty well · and *save you money*, too

CHEVROLET

● You get maximum value when you buy Chevrolet Trucks, because Chevrolet devotes all its efforts to making them the most *dependable* and *economical* trucks you can buy. Chevrolet accomplishes the first objective by building *highest quality* into every part of these trucks, making them extra-rugged and extra-reliable, so they will serve you faithfully year after year. And Chevrolet accomplishes the second objective by equipping its products with six-cylinder valve-in-head engines, the more *economical* power plant, and by offering them at the *world's lowest prices*. Thousands of truck operators all over America tell us that Chevrolet Trucks are the greatest values on the market today simply because they deliver the goods for less money. Buy Chevrolet Trucks and *you* will find that they do their duty well and save you money, too!

CHEVROLET MOTOR CO., DETROIT, MICH.

Compare Chevrolet's low delivered prices and easy G.M.A.C. terms. A General Motors Value



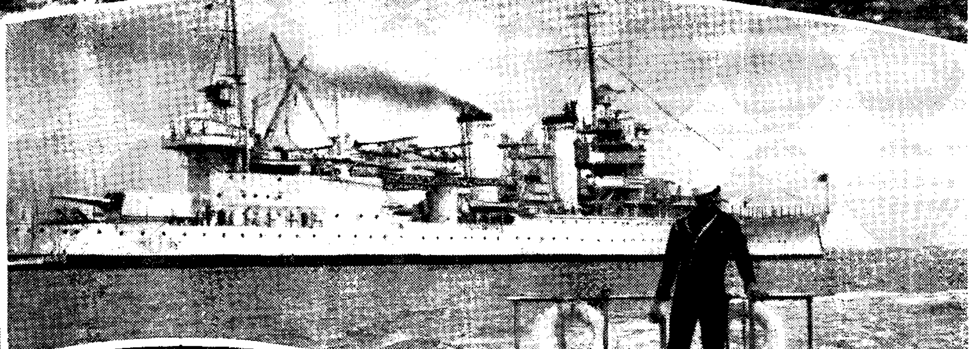
De Luxe Half-Ton Panel
(112" Wheelbase)

CHEVROLET SIX-CYLINDER VALVE-IN-HEAD TRUCKS

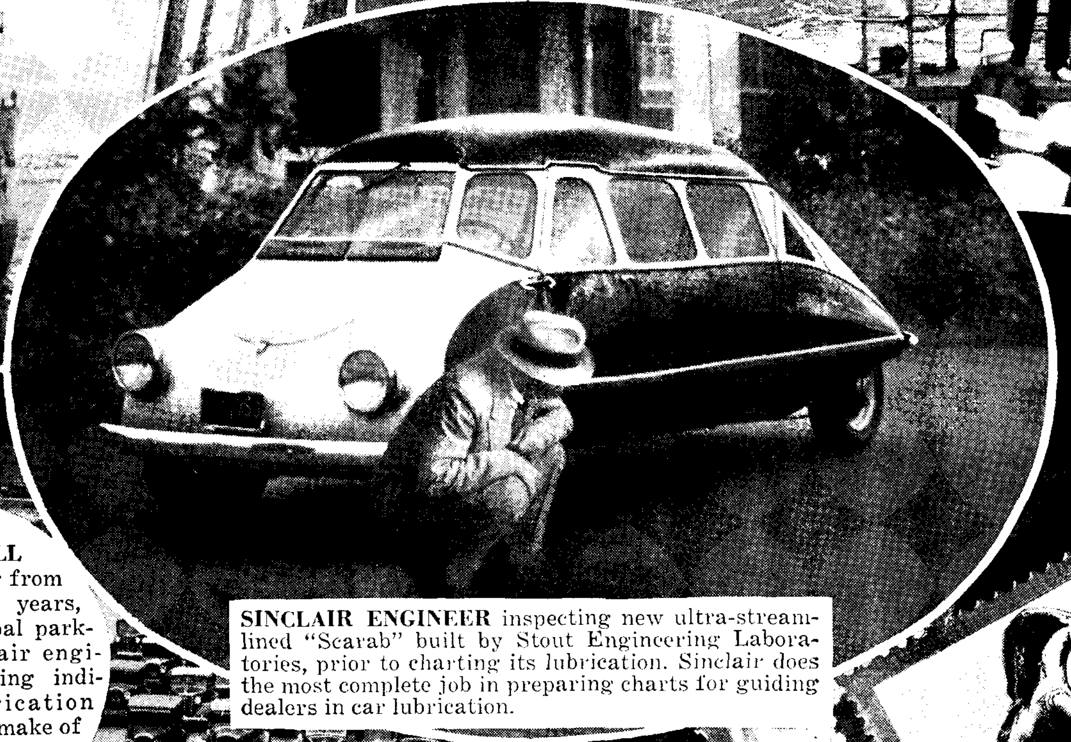
FROM SHIPS TO CARS WITH SINCLAIR LUBRICANTS

U. S. S. MISSISSIPPI after being modernized at Norfolk, Va. Navy Yard. Sinclair lubricants were used in all modernizing operations. And the ship itself is Sinclair-lubricated under the Navy Oil Contract which has been awarded Sinclair for the 5th successive year.

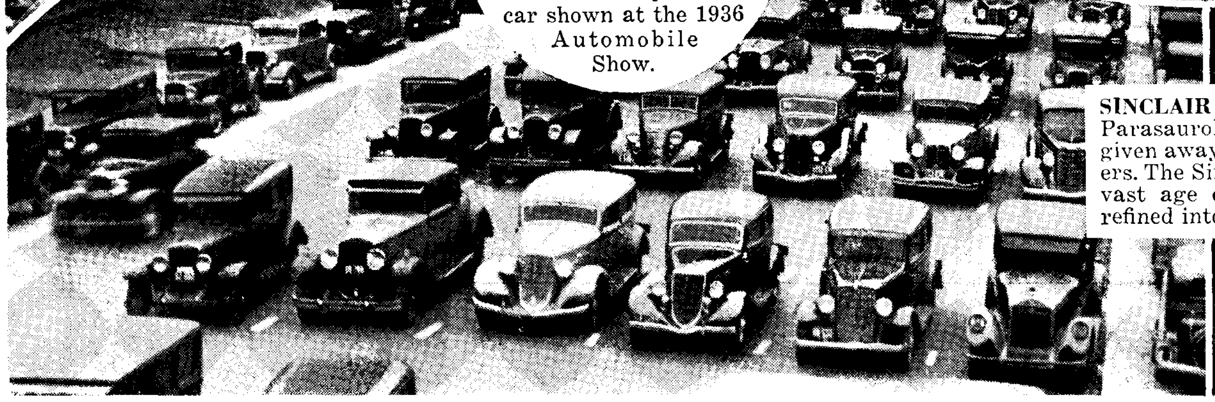
LAUNCHING U. S. S. New Orleans at Brooklyn Navy Yard. All construction operations on this cruiser were carried on with Sinclair lubricants. And the ship itself is Sinclair-lubricated under the Navy Oil Contract.



GOBS from U. S. S Minneapolis going ashore on the Thames, England This cruiser was buil at the Sinclair-lubricated Philadelphia Navy Yard and uses Sinclair lubricants exclusively under the Navy Oil Contract.



SINCLAIR ENGINEER inspecting new ultra-streamlined "Scarab" built by Stout Engineering Laboratories, prior to charting its lubrication. Sinclair does the most complete job in preparing charts for guiding dealers in car lubrication.



HOW MUCH WILL 1936 cars differ from these of former years, seen at a municipal parking space? Sinclair engineers are preparing individualized lubrication charts for every make of car shown at the 1936 Automobile Show.

TYRAC
SINC
PARASAUROLOPHUS
SINCLAIR
ANKYLOSA
SINC

SINCLAIR DINOSAUR STAMP showing Parasaurolophus, one of a series being given away to collectors by Sinclair dealers. The Sinclair dinosaurs symbolize the vast age of the crude oils which are refined into Sinclair Motor Oils.

Your Feet on the Ground

Continued from page 42

Which assures a very pleasant life for those who really want to use these hostels as they are meant to be used—as convenient stopping places where they can find overnight comforts, rough but adequate, serve themselves and hit the trail again.

But maybe we've left you standing on the doorstep, still having a look around. And maybe the prospect pleases, but you're not quite sure which way to turn. Then get a good automobile map, take the first road marked bad and walk on the left side of it. It's pretty certain to be negotiable on foot, unless there was a cloudburst the night before, and it will be avoided like the plague by all fast-moving vehicles, which is just the way you feel about them. By walking to the left you will be able to spot any stray, misguided car before it can bear down upon you, and all will be well.

See what the local store has in the way of trail maps of the surrounding country, and investigate the possibilities of local guides, like the famous New York Walk Book. The National Parks are well-equipped to help you on their home grounds. See what the railroad has to say about good stopping and starting points, farther afield. With special week-end rates, and even special hikers' and skiers' trains when the demand warrants, they are worth cultivating.

If company is what you're craving, you'll find hikers organized all over the country. The Sierra Club of San Francisco, the Mazamas in Oregon, Vermont's Green Mountain Club, The Tramp and Trail Club of New York, the Prairie Club of Chicago, the Appalachian Mountain Club, who sponsor the longest and most famous trail in the country, the Appalachian Trail which follows the skyline of the Appalachians 2,000 miles, from Mt. Katahdin in Maine to Mt. Oglethorpe in Georgia, with shelters spotted along the way. These are serious hikers, however, so don't be offended if they look you over pretty carefully for any sign of the dilettante before they take you in. Most of them have year-around outings and maintain overnight lodges at strategic points.

Take Along a Few Comforts

If your hiking zeal should ever work you up to the pitch of a week-end tramp without benefit of lodge or hostel, at least be firm about taking along a few comforts. No need to pillow your head on a log, get drenched in a sudden shower and give up nature as a bad job. It's all very romantic sleeping under the stars, but it might become rheumatic, too. So just take along your one-man tent, which can actually accommodate two. A good one, weighing no more than five and a half pounds, water-, snake- and bug-proof, with waterproof floor sewed in and ventilation in the top, will cost you about fourteen dollars. Take along a blanket or a sleeping bag (a light wool one may be had for about ten dollars) and you're all set for a good night's sleep and no back talk to the weatherman.

Some people seem to enjoy gamboling about the hills with forty-pound packs on their backs. Of course it's possible to get used to anything, and forty pounds may be necessary on a long pull. But you can maintain your amateur standing very well with no more than fifteen. Five and a half pounds for the tent, seven for your sleeping bag, one for your rucksack and the remaining pound and a half divided among your toothbrush, extra pair of socks and flashlight. Make the other fellow carry a small first-aid kit, the cooking outfit—which shouldn't weigh more than three pounds—and a minimum of condensed food.

For his sake, and to prove you are good hikers, keep the food you carry with you as concentrated and portable as possible. Hard-boiled eggs will spare you grief. Try the concentrated soup that comes in sticks, to be hacked off and boiled up in water as you want it. Dates, nuts, chocolate and cheese are good food in small space. Italian salami has been known to travel from one end of Vermont's Long Trail to the other and be none the worse for the trip, and many a mountain peak has seen Georgia Engelhard indulge in a tin of sardines. For breakfast some morning try dried apricots and prunes that have soaked all night to a juicy plumpness and an ambrosial flavor, totally uncooked and unlike anything you have ever eaten.

Living Off the Country

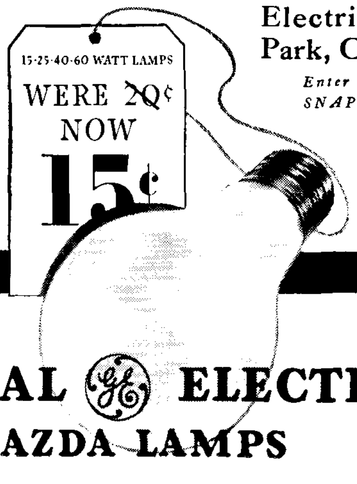
The wise hiker travels light for comfort and lives off the country as much as possible. Corn in season, from the neighboring farm, left tight in its husk, smothered in hot ashes to roast in a pit beneath your fire. Tomatoes eaten out of hand. Fish from a near-by stream, coated gypsy fashion in clay and baked in the coals, or overlaid with bacon and grilled to a delicious brown. Berries gathered along the way. Apples, and carrots to munch raw, bought at a roadside stand. It's a game to play along the way, seeing how well you can live off the country—but it's against the rules to play it while the farmer isn't looking.

Remember that the clearest, most sparkling water may be polluted, so unless you are absolutely sure of its source, take precautions. Boil it or, if there isn't time for that, use the convenient tablets that may be bought for chlorinating water, or add three drops of tincture of iodine to each quart.

In the way of clothes, you'll want comfort—which doesn't mean just any old clothes not good enough for the office or a day in town. Miss Engelhard thinks knickers—the good old plus-fours—would do the best by the ladies, and Paris designers have been so busy with them that even the most fashion-conscious lady can be pleased. Riding pants may be cute, but they are too tight in the knee for comfort in the up and down, and slacks have a way of collecting mud and briers. For extra warmth, try a sweater plus a light windproof jacket that allow for easy peeling, rather than just a heavy leather jacket. Wool socks will keep your feet free from blisters, and two pairs will do it better than one. If you're really going in for this thing, you might as well start with regulation hiker's shoes that come up over the ankle for greater support, but anyway be sure your flat-heeled moccasin shoes are plenty wide and long enough to allow for your heavy socks. Soles should be heavy rubber or composition, except in winter or wet weather, when leather is the thing, with maybe detachable hobnails for really icy going.

Don't be alarmed at that. Once you're dressed for it and know the tricks that mean comfort, once you've filled your lungs with clear air and stretched your legs on a springy trail, once you know the feel of the land and the fun of the hike, a little ice won't stop you. And you've got the world at your feet.

BARGAINS IN BULBS



"I want 30 cents worth of light for 45 cents!"

That's practically what you say when you buy many a "BARGAIN" BULB

● Let's see what happens when somebody sells you a "bargain" lamp bulb. Let's burn this "bargain" in an electrical laboratory beside a genuine G-E MAZDA lamp. Let's suppose we burn both lamps a thousand hours at average current costs.

Here is an expert's report:

"Assume the price of a good lamp—such as a G-E MAZDA lamp—is 15¢ and the price of the so-called 'bargain' lamp is as low as 10¢. On the basis of the same amount of light for 1000 hours, for every dollar spent to burn the good lamp it would be necessary to spend over a dollar and a half to burn the inferior brand . . . or fifty per cent more.

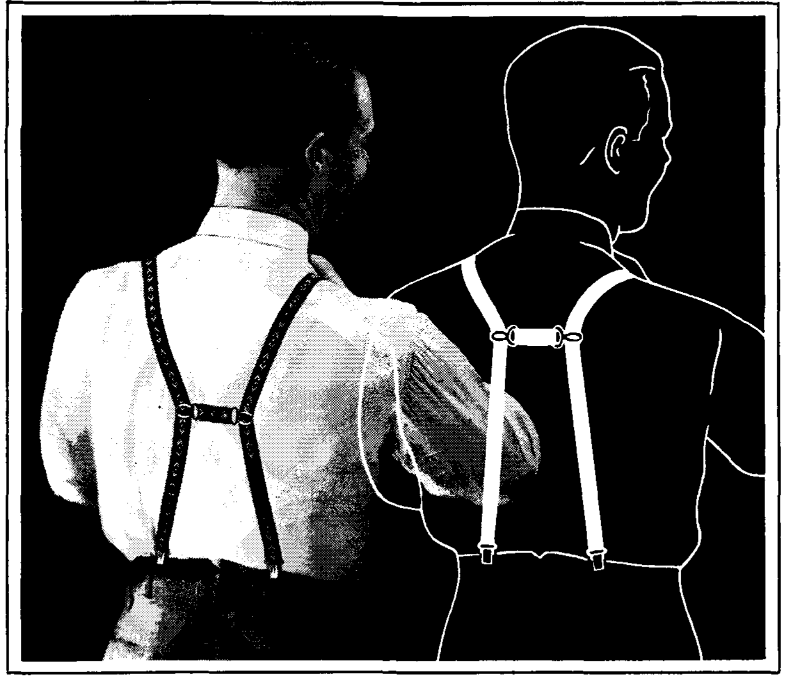
"In fact there are 'bargain' lamps on the market today that you could not afford to burn even if you were given the lamps free and handed a one dollar bill with each one besides."

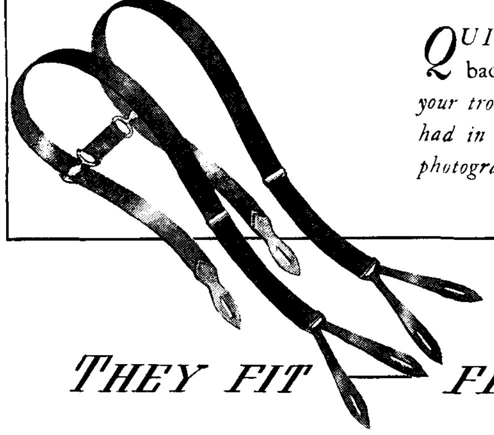
Here is an easy—and sure—way to identify a good lamp. Look for this mark GE on every lamp you buy—for any purpose. It identifies a true bargain in light. General Electric Co., Nela Park, Cleveland, O.

Enter General Electric's SNAPSHOTS AT NIGHT CONTEST—$2500 in cash prizes. Ask your druggist or photographic dealer for contest folder.

GENERAL GE ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS

PIONEER
Customfit
BRACES





QUICKLY adjustable—front and back—*to your build or the height of your trousers . . . CustomFit Braces can be had in Streamlox (no-button style, as in photograph) or in leather ends (as sketched).*

THEY FIT FRONT & BACK

It's the FIT that makes for comfort and good appearance in a pair of suspenders. In CUSTOMFIT Pioneer presents Braces that FIT—not almost, or well enough, but *perfectly!*

Your dealer will show you how the elastic cross-piece is *raised* to keep the braces from sliding off sloping shoulders . . . *lowered* for broad, square shoulders . . . how it yields to every shoulder movement because of the rocker-type mountings in back.

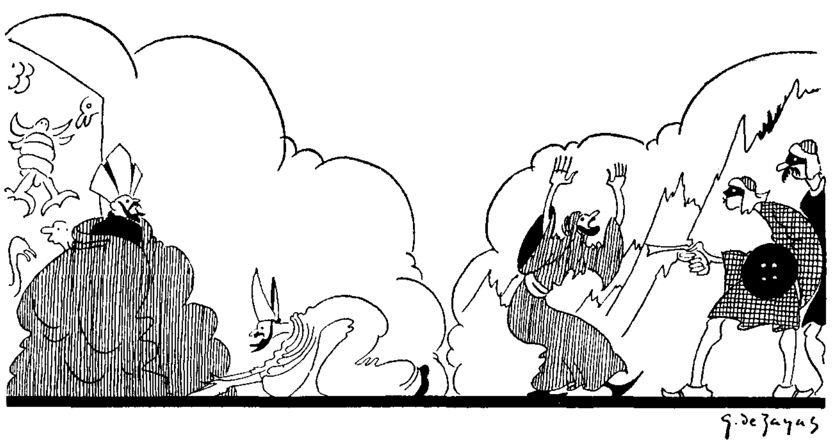
You'll agree that CustomFit Braces with their exclusive special features of—

Adjustable Back—Shoulder-Action—Perfect FIT

are the most all-around satisfactory braces you ever wore . . . Many handsome styles at $1 . . . at most good stores . . . or write for name of nearest dealer.

PIONEER
BRACES · GARTERS · BELTS · BUCKLES

Dependable Quality—Correct Style since 1877 · Philadelphia



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Tibet has a unique family. Alakh Jamv Japa is the Grand Living Buddha and head of the great monastery of Lhabrang Gomba, while his sister, Ab See, is the chief of the Ngolots, Tibet's most notorious gang of bandits.

For several years before the Civil War, about two thirds of all the paper money in circulation in this country was worthless. One third was counterfeit and the other third had been issued, under loose laws, by impoverished and irresponsible banks.—*By Harold Ziegler, Cincinnati, Ohio.*

One ounce of whisky, gin or brandy produces 60 calories of nutritive value, port wine 36, sherry 26, Burgundy 24, and champagne and claret 18 each. Thus 250 calories, or 10 per cent of the nourishment needed by the average adult each day, may be obtained from three small drinks of whisky or a glass of port.

The world's most dangerous road is the Karakorum Route over the Himalaya Mountains between Chinese Turkestan and India. It reaches 18,000 feet in height and for long distances is very rocky and only a foot or two in width. However, caravans travel it regularly despite the fact that on each trip they lose about forty per cent of their animals, most of which are killed by falling over cliffs.

During the World War a group in Brussels, in constant danger of their lives, clandestinely published and distributed a little newspaper of facts, under the nose of the German army, which never caught a single individual with a copy in his home or upon his person during a three years' search. "La Libre Belgique" was printed on thin paper, letterhead size, and each dealer received his supply in a hollow walking stick.

The Jews, although citizens of many countries, have a flag of their own, consisting of the seal of Solomon on a field of blue and white. It is frequently seen on Jewish trading vessels, flying beside the national flag of the country in which the ship is registered.

The herring is the world's most valuable water crop, the annual catch and sale of this fish far exceeding that of any other. Fishermen have come upon closely packed shoals of them which occupied areas of more than 20 square miles.

One of the rarest things in the world is a perfect human body—one without a defect of any kind. It is doubtful if one has ever existed, because every individual is believed to have defective vision. Some degree of astigmatism, it is said, is present in every eye.

Korea is the only country in the world today whose entire population is in mourning. Since 1910, when Korea was "annexed" by Japan, virtually all of its citizens have worn white clothes as a means of expressing their sorrow over the loss of their country.

Canned food which heats itself is now on the market. The tin that contains the food is encased in a larger can, which has unslaked lime in one compartment and water in another. Punching holes through the outer and inner walls of the water compartment allows the water to mix with the lime, which results in a chemical heat of sufficient intensity to make the food piping hot.—*By W. Q. Kinkead, Ridgefield Park, New Jersey.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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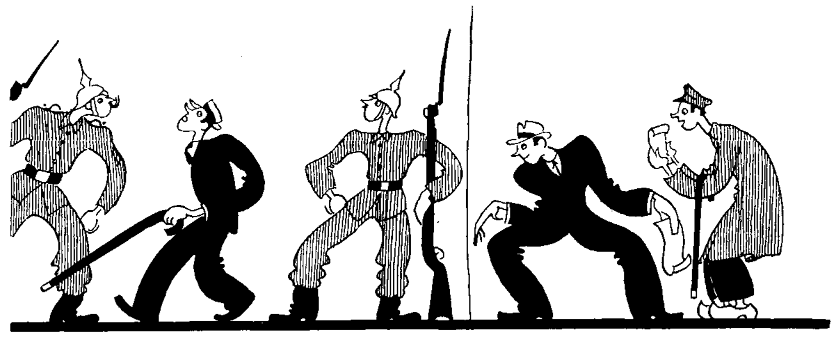


The Passing Show

Continued from page 8

we had some friends who had watched Stanford play and told us a few things. According to our unofficial advisers, Bones Hamilton was the man to watch, in our passing attack. Grayson, they said, was a great ball-carrier—they didn't tell us the half—but not quite so good against passes. They also told us —and this was the real tip-off—that Hamilton was the best blocker in the country. Here again they were eminently correct.

All right. That meant Hamilton was the aggressive type of player—on defense as well as on offense. It meant, further, that Hamilton was the type of player to commit himself at once, on all running plays—and, inferentially, in other plays. A forthright player, not given to finesse, you might say.

So I told the boys, days before the game—just sitting around and talking —that the thing to do was to complete a pass or two *inside* Hamilton; that is, short of him, to get him to coming in hard and fast against that type of pass. Then—well, then we'd see.

Along in the second quarter, when we finally got to handling the ball, we did that twice. Sure enough, it got Hamilton to coming in very hard. The first pass was caught short, and Hutson shuffled along a dozen yards farther for a fair gain. The next one, of the same type, Hamilton came in like a flash and nailed him where he stood. Of course there were other plays intervening; but the pass build-up was in process. The third pass started just like the other two. Hutson came through exactly as before, stopped and turned right in front of the onrushing Hamilton as if to take the pass. And Angelich, crossing over behind Hamilton, took the flip for a gain of twenty-three yards. And then there was another short pass, and by this time the defense was—well, a bit unsettled. This was the build-up.

By this time we had scored a couple of touchdowns, separated by a field goal, and after the second touchdown Howell had been taken out, with a couple of minutes left of the first half. We had kicked off to Stanford and on their second play Riley Smith intercepted a forward pass on our 43-yard line. There was time for, say, two plays. So I sent in Campbell for Riley Smith at quarter, with instructions for Joe Riley to throw the long pass to Hutson.

This was a play we called 54XX, and we hadn't used it all season, but we had practiced it a lot. It was the set for a short pass—in this case short of Hamilton. Hutson went through to take it, and Hamilton came in fast, looking for a short pass. Hutson threw up his hands as if to receive it, spun, broke off fast to his left, and was gone. Joe Riley slung that ball thirty-nine yards in the air and Hutson lugged it the rest of the way.

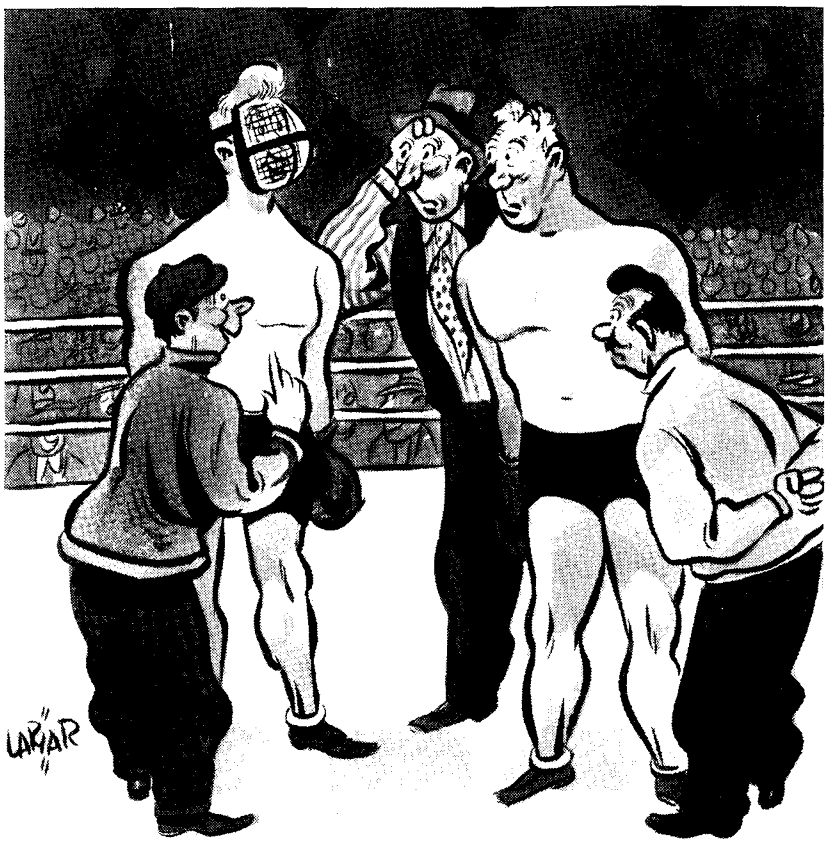
One Thousand to One

It all seems nice and easy, when it works—this passing show. But in my experience it sort of dates back to the tradition about Dorais and Rockne, out there on the beach at Cedar Point more than twenty years ago, practicing forward passes, and practicing, and practicing. Hours and hours. And maybe that's not so much fun. But it's the stuff that football dreams are made of, sometimes. . . . I remember something I heard Don Hutson say, talking to a lot of kids at one of those Horatio Alger gatherings when the heroes are on display. One kid asked:

"Say, Don—how did you catch that last long pass in the Rose Bowl game?"

Don grinned. "Well, son," he replied, "for every pass I ever caught in a ball game, I caught at least a thousand in practice."

And as to "that last long pass"—the one at the start of the fourth quarter, that put the game on ice—why, there's a little story in that one too; a surprise party in which I was the co-victim with Stanford. But that, as Mr. Kipling says, is another story.



"He gets nosebleeds!"

LAWRENCE LARIAR

WALK·OVER UNCORKS Vintage Brown

DESIGN REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. D96324

Rich, aged-in-wood color blends with Fall suits

● The season's style standout. Warms up any color scheme you add it to—grays, browns, blues, greens. Correct darker base note for colorful tweeds and homespuns.

Introduced on our equally new DRAGOON Brogue. The swing-around tip! One unbroken sweep of broguing. No seams on flanks or forepart. Created and patented by Walk-Over. Heavy oiled sole. Broadway last. Also black $8.50

Below: The SWAGGER—Another smart brogue in Vintage Brown. Custom tapered toe with plenty of room inside. Gately last. Norge calf. Also black. $6.75

Each with Walk-Over *natural* fit that means the shoes keep their shape and style longer. Real economy.

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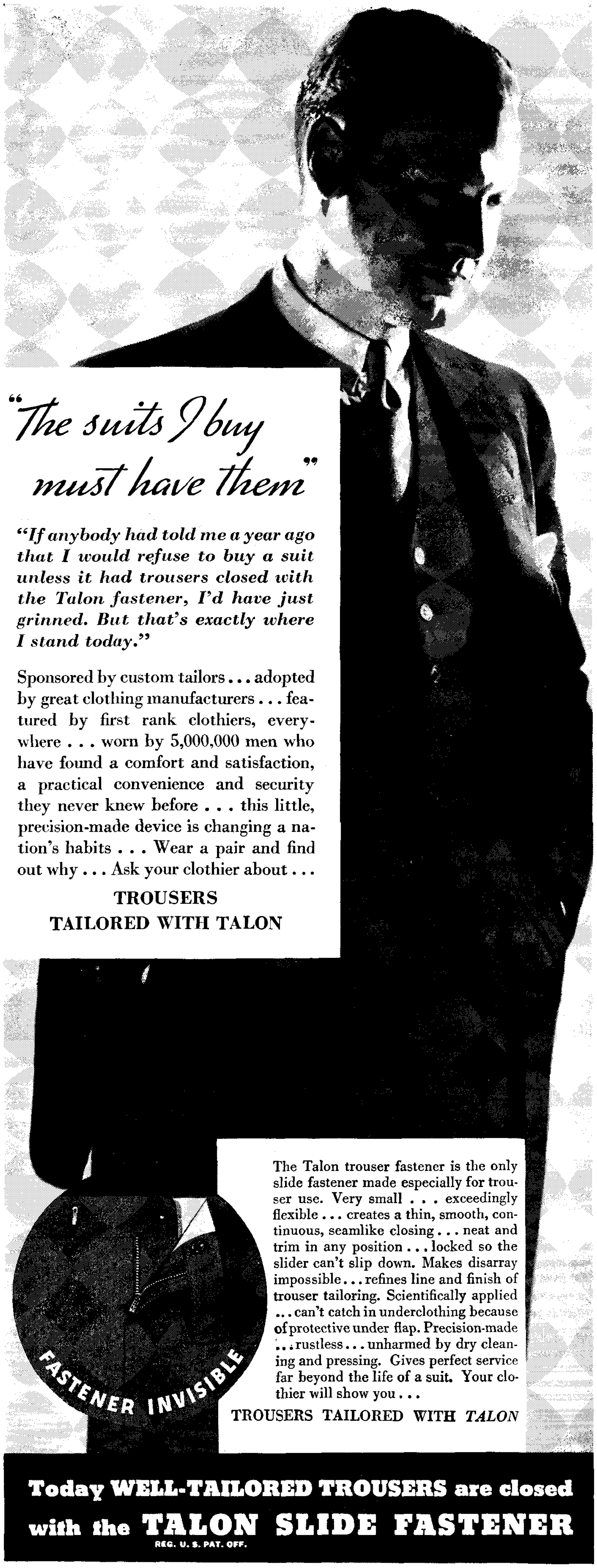
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FASTENER INVISIBLE

Today WELL-TAILORED TROUSERS are closed with the TALON SLIDE FASTENER

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Railroad Beef

Continued from page 29

particularly need you for. We can tend to everything just as well without you, and you'll get a nice trip out of it."

He looked at them, knowing from experience that it would take more than argument, now, to budge them. They might want to go devilishly, but they wanted still more to prove that he had no right to send them. If there were only some minor point on which he could give in to them! He flogged his brain helplessly, and one was borne to him by luck.

The work engine, having dropped the cook-car and the two dining-coaches by the water-tank, picked up the head end of the outfit-train and ran it back to couple up with the bunk-cars. It came fast, and it was plainly going to hit with a big bump. Nobody paid any attention to that. Trainmen didn't make a practice of handling outfit-trains with studied gentleness, and the gandies had got used to being banged around. What made this occasion unusual was that the end car bore down on them with Tom Steele's five-year-old kid hanging to the step, and trying to signal the engineer to come into it easy, as he had seen brakemen do with stock-cars when his father shipped cattle.

How he had managed to get up there, nobody knew. He was too little to have reached the car-step without something to climb up on. He was bareheaded, barefooted, and in dead, dogged earnest about making the hoghead catch his signals and put on the air; and, leaning out in his anxiety, he slipped, fell through the step, saved himself from the wheels by a wild grab and hung by one hand, too weak to pull himself up and too scared to let go.

Everybody saw him at once, but Miguel Figueroa was the first to act. He swept the foreman out of the bunk-car door, hit the ground in a run, and got to the head of the car in time to haul the youngster clear by the slack of his overalls as, with a bone-rattling impact, the cars hit. The whole train rolled while the hoghead was coming awake. None of the old men noticed where it was going or where it stopped. They were grouped around the youngster when the foreman got there, and old Cummings looked up from scraping journal grease off the kid's overalls to put in a good, hard, insubordinate dig.

"There ain't anything you need us around here for, heh?" he demanded sarcastically. "What would this kid be lookin' like if we hadn't been here to pull him out from under them car trucks?"

THE foreman might have retorted that it was Miguel Figueroa who had done all the actual rescuing. He didn't, because repartee was of no interest to him. Here was the opening he had prayed for—his chance to admit, without canceling the expedition to buy meat and ice, that he didn't know as much as they did.

"I guess I was wrong to hurry you off, boys," he told them gallantly. Old men from the other bunk-cars were crowding out to see what had happened, and he made his apology loud, so they would all hear it. "I might have got the outfit in a bad fix, letting this kid get hurt on it. Well, all that's damaged is his clothes, and I'll give you some money to buy him new ones in Terrebonne Ferry. Get some clean duds on him; his folks won't even know he was ever scared. . . . How does that strike you, Bub?" he asked the youngster artfully.

The youngster refused to be lined up. He hadn't been scared, he objected shrilly; his name was not Bub; he didn't need any new clothes, and his father didn't allow him to go to Terrebonne Ferry, because it was too tough. "I want one of them lanterns like the trainmen wave at the engineer," he announced. "I don't want no new clothes."

The foreman looked dashed. He didn't know that the youngster had played fairly into his hands. To old Cummings and his men, anything that a kid didn't want must necessarily be good for him.

"You're comin' with us to git some new clothes," old Cummings told him severely. "Miguel, you and Uncle Bent go find his ma and ask if she'll let him come. Me and Blackfoot will git the gas speeder unloaded, if the rest of you boys will give us a hand. . . ." A benevolent thought struck him. "We may have time for a little errand-runnin' while we're in town," he told the foreman. "You spoke of needin' some supplies for the cook-car—beef an' ice, you said? If you write out how much you want and give us the money, we might pick it up for you while we're gittin' this kid rigged out and fixed up."

YOUNG Tom Steele didn't ordinarily stay out on the range with his cattle longer than two days at a stretch. But the outfit train had stood on the siding five days before he rode in, haggard and drawn around the mouth, and unsaddled at the camp in the cottonwood grove. His wife stemmed wild gooseberries by the cold spring. She was a pretty girl, and the green-shadowed clearing was a pretty place to come home to. Sometimes she got dissatisfied with it, on account of the quiet and loneliness. Today she stemmed gooseberries as if job and location suited her perfectly, smiling at her husband as he hackamored his horse, without noticing that he avoided her eyes.

His five days on the range had not been pleasant. The stock business was going through a bad, back-breaking year everywhere, and the Wind River section, in the ordinary course of nature, was always worse than any place else. Tom Steele was starting his cattle business on a small stake. He had a hundred-odd head of scrub cattle, a half-dozen saddle-horses, and his strength and willingness to work. He had settled his outfit on the Wind River breaks, because there was plenty of open range that nobody appeared to be using. He was beginning to understand why people had steered shy of it. If only his wife hadn't looked so radiantly satisfied with the Wind River range, he would have felt better about the news he had to spring on her.

"Buck's down at the new railroad camp," she told him, blowing gooseberry stems into the black water. The five-year-old's name was Buchanan. "We've got a regular town here since you've been gone, Tom. Forty old men camped here to work all summer, they tell me. They and Buck have got a regular case on each other, and they're so pathetic about wanting him that I hate to keep him home. There's the most splendid old Mexican—you should see him bow and rake the ground with his hat! They've bought Buck the most elaborate outfit of store clothes you ever saw, and they've stuffed him with pastry from their cook-car till I had to order them to stop. You'll laugh when you see him with them."

"A railroad gang with a cook out-

(Continued on page 50)

The Starched Collar—
Stiff and Uncomfortable
—Banished in 1918

The demand for soft collars is now surpassing the call for starched ones. Millions of Americans who have been fo uniform from one to several the soft collars they were wear far more comfortabl starched linen of their form and civilian life and are not resume the irksome, stiff, har will no doubt insist upon collars similar to those have grown accustomed

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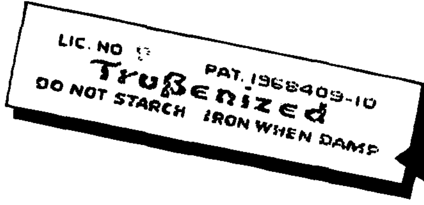

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WRITES J. W. MOORE FROM ENGLAND

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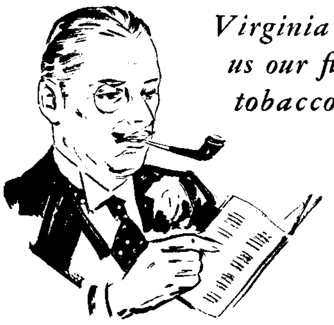

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Railroad Beef

Continued from page 48

fit, eh?" said Tom. The lines of weariness on his face hardened and drew alert. "Forty men on the gang? Where do they buy their meat? Terrebonne Ferry?"

"They've bought some of it there, I believe," his wife admitted. "What's—is there anything wrong with them, Tom?"

She sat up anxiously. The old men had been good to have around. They came up and told her stories in the evening. Horrible lies, some of them, but it helped her loneliness, and she helped theirs by listening to them.

"They're all right, I guess," said Tom. "Their being here explains one or two things I'd been puzzled about, that's all. I've had twenty head of big yearlings on grass at Indian Springs. There wasn't enough there for the whole herd, but I'd figured on keeping that many fat enough to sell this fall. We won't be able to sell anything else we've got. They're too near starved. We'll be lucky to keep 'em alive."

He stared into the water, gone absent-minded with fatigue. She touched his hand. "What about the yearlings?" she prompted.

"Nothing, any more," he said. "I'd planned to sell 'em for enough to carry us through the winter. They'd have brought in a nice chunk of money—a thousand dollars, maybe. Now they're gone. Somebody has rustled the whole bunch on me."

THAT was the reason he had avoided looking at her. They had to sell cattle to live. With no cattle fit to sell, they were broke. Up against it. Six months to live before their lean stock fattened, and nothing to live on until it did.

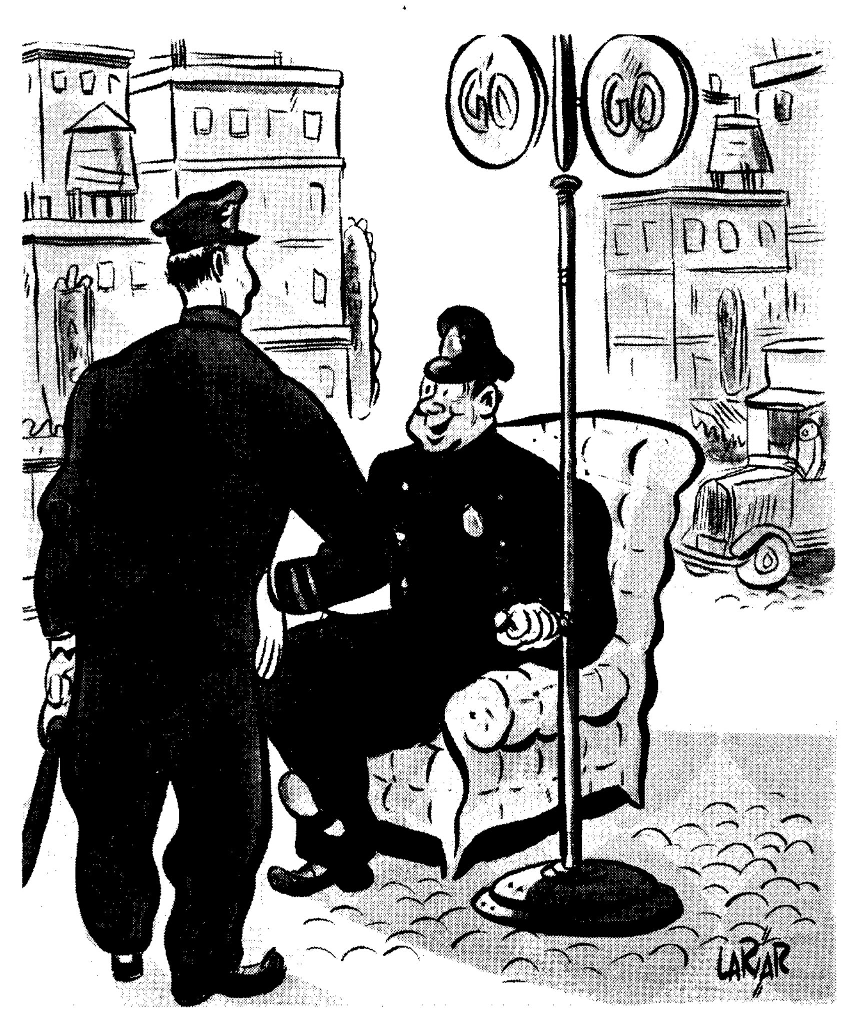
"I've been trailing blind leads on 'em for three days," Tom went on "Nobody claims to know anything. These thieves around here all stand together. I ought to have watched the water-hole pasture closer, I guess, but I didn't suppose it would pay anybody to steal those yearlings. A thief with brains won't steal anything he can't get rid of. He couldn't ship stolen cattle without checking in brands and showing a bill of sale. He couldn't trail them out without all the ranchers reporting him in to the tax collector. He'd have to sell them right here in this country, and I didn't know there was any place where he could peddle that much beef. This railroad gang is the market he needed, of course."

"YOU telephoned the sheriff?" she asked.

He nodded, with a short grin that was almost a wince. The sheriff's method of trailing stolen cattle was pretty well standardized. He borrowed a horse, ate a large meal, and painstakingly tracked the rustled herd across the range to the county road, where, it invariably turned out, they had been loaded into trucks and hauled swiftly away, probably to Idaho or California.

"The men have only been here five days, though, Tom," his wife reminded him hopefully. "That isn't long enough for them to have used up twenty big yearling steers. Whoever stole them will have to keep the rest till they're ready to use them, won't he? If they're buying meat in Terrebonne Ferry, we could have the sheriff go up there and search the corrals and stock-sheds for our brand. He'll surely find some sign of them, if they're alive."

"I'll ride up and telephone him tomorrow morning," Tom agreed. "But don't bank on anything coming of it,



"It dropped off a furniture van!" LAWRENCE LARIAR

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because it's a wild shot. A smart rustler could have the whole bunch butchered and hung up to chill in somebody's ice-house by now. Do you want to bunch the works while I try to get a job in town? Or would you rather tough it out another winter, with nothing to eat but lean beef?"

She hesitated, looking at him to see if he meant it. Yes, he did. Five days earlier, with the heat and silence on her, and Buck wandering out to get lost down a badger-hole or bitten by a rattler, she would have voted unhesitatingly to bunch the works. Now the Wind River range seemed more desirable.

"I'd sooner winter on lean beef, Tom," she confessed. "We'll have wild gooseberries to flavor it. And we won't have to buy any winter clothes for Buck. Those old men stocked him up with enough haberdashery to last him till he's twenty-one."

"Lean beef it is," Tom agreed grimly. "It's nice of those old gentlemen to treat Buck like an object of charity, considering they're boarding themselves on most of our next winter's bankroll. Do you suppose I ought to run down and thank 'em for the donation?"

He didn't have to run down. The extra-gang foreman came up, bringing Buck home. He wanted to ask a favor, and he did it with some embarrassment, because he didn't like outsiders to know how much trouble he had controlling his men. They were going out on a big work-train tomorrow, he explained, to distribute ties along the line past Terrebonne. It would be an all-day trip, and it would take all the men he had. Could they take Buck along with them?

"I'll take good care of him," he promised. "It's pretty near a forced case with me, because, if the kid stays here in camp, about half my men will insist on staying to visit with him, and I won't have enough hands to get anything done. You people may not realize how it complicates railroad work to have this kid hanging around."

HE MEANT nothing but friendliness, but Tom Steele sat up challengingly. The foreman's embarrassment he took for uneasy conscience. He was in no temper to take anything off that track gang, anyway. They had done plenty to him already. "The kid's company annoys you, does it?" he queried harshly. "Well, we'll fix it so you won't have to take him along with you, and you won't have him hanging around your camp, either. Buck can come with me tomorrow, to help hunt for twenty head of my stolen yearlings. Buck, go take off those clothes and put on some overalls."

Buck was dressed in an Eton schoolboy rig, with natty half-socks and low shoes. In a show-window, he would have gone big. Against the Wind River background he did look a little out of key. "Mr. Cummings told me to keep these clothes on," he objected. "I don't want to go hunt yearlings. I want to ride on the work-train. Mr. Cummings said I could."

"Ah, let the kid come!" urged the foreman, not realizing that this was an occasion for tact and diplomacy. "He can't be any help to find your yearlings, and our cook's staying up all night to bake cakes and fry doughnuts for his lunch tomorrow. You don't want to beat him out of a good time and a big feed, do you?"

"Buck, do as I tell you!" said Tom Steele. His voice burred ominously, and Buck knew better than to loiter longer. When he disappeared in the tent, Tom Steele turned on the foreman. "If my kid's been bothering your outfit, he won't bother it any longer," he announced. "You've cost me a darned sight more than he's ever cost you. From now on, you'll let each other alone! If I catch him down at your camp, I'll skin him! What do you pay for your beef, and who sells it to you?"

"Twelve cents a pound," said the foreman. Tom's vehemence and sudden turn of subject dazed him. "A rancher in Terrebonne by the name of Jennings. Say, look here—"

"You lie!" flared Tom. Unjustly, for the foreman was telling the strict truth. "Jennings isn't a rancher, and he doesn't sell beef! You're buying meat that's been rustled from me, and, if I catch you unloading any of it, by heaven, I'll shoot you! If I find out who it is, I'll shoot him, too! Get out of here!"

THE foreman turned to go, and then turned back. He didn't look intimidated. Tom Steele's rage bothered him considerably less, in fact, than the job of notifying his men that Buck wasn't to come visiting them any more. That was going to take handling. "What kind of cattle did you have stolen?" he inquired. "Twenty yearlings, you said? Were they this white-faced breed?"

Tom took a threatening step, which his wife checked with a hand on his arm. "They weren't Herefords," she told the foreman. "Our cattle are crossed into Polled Angus; black ones. Big yearlings. I don't suppose you're likely to find track of them, but if you should, we'd like for you to let us know. Good night."

When the foreman was gone, Tom reminded her that she had forgotten to tell him how the yearlings were branded. He would need to know that if he really intended to keep a lookout for them. She didn't go down to tell him about it. He had asked for a description of the lost yearlings merely to keep up his politeness. She had described them to him merely to keep up hers.

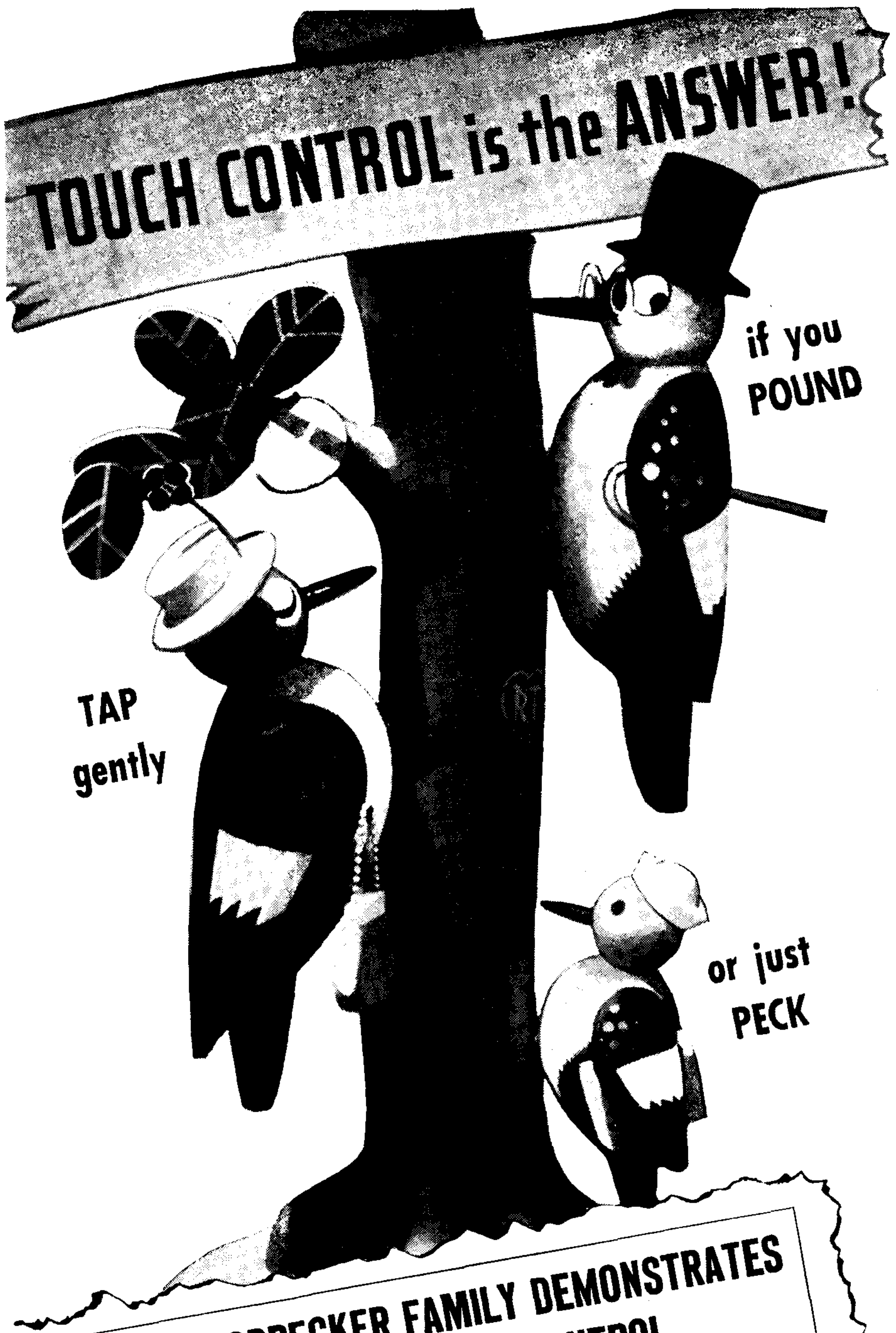
The foreman's interest in the yearlings was perfectly sincere. He wanted to know about them, because he had to explain to his men why Buck wasn't coming with them on the work-train. He knew his men too well to tell them, frankly, that he had riled Buck's father and started a family row. If he did that, none of them would go with the work-train. They would blame him for mismanaging things, and they would all spend the day in the cottonwood camp trying to square the misunderstanding with Buck's mother. Or in some similar form of contrariness. And work-trains cost too much money to be kept standing around while an unloading gang sulked and took out its spite on the boss.

He waited, therefore, until the work-train was waiting for them to climb on before he sprung his explanation.

"Get on," he urged them. "The kid isn't coming with us today. His father has taken him out to hunt for some cattle they've had stolen. It's about all they've got to live on, it seems, and they're pretty wild to get them located."

It worked pretty well. Better than it deserved to, perhaps, on account of the work-train's make-up. The ties should have been loaded in open-topped gondolas, so that they could be pulled loose and pitched off with plenty of room to move around. But there had been a car shortage, evidently, for about half the train was stock-cars, slatted and roofed, with ties packed in so high that men could only work there on all fours. Nobody wanted that kind of job, and about half the men piled hastily onto the gondolas instead. The other half lingered to find out more

(Continued on page 52)



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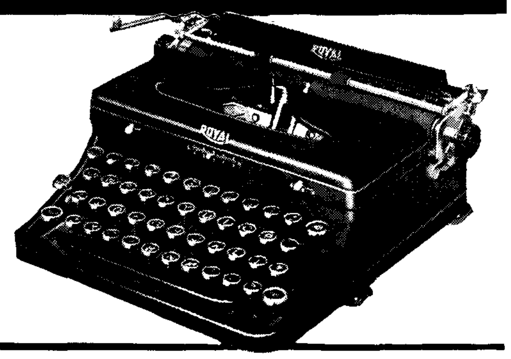

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SQUIBB

A Name You Can Trust

(Continued from page 51)

about the kind of cattle that needed to be hunted for by a five-year-old child. The men of Bunk Car Number Three took charge of the examination, and they made it loud.

"Why didn't he git some of us to help him, instead of that kid?" demanded old Cummings. "When did he discover his cattle was gone, and why didn't he take out after 'em right off, instead of comin' botherin' around down here, anyway? Does he think they're somewhere in this country?"

THE foreman hastened to deny that Tom Steele's cattle could possibly be anywhere within miles of there. That, in fact, was the puzzling thing about it. They seemed to have jumped the country entirely. "Get on," he urged. "If you want to help look for those cattle, you'll stand a lot better chance finding 'em from this work-train than you would searching this country on foot. Mr. Steele thinks that somebody's holding them up the line, and selling them off to—uh—parties who won't recognize them. Sheep-shearing crews, and the like."

"Sheep-shearin' crews in this country in August?" said Blackfoot Collins. "Does he think you're a fool, or do you think we are? What kind of cattle has he lost? Yearlin's? Who have you been buyin' your beef from in town? The same man we bought off of when we went up with the kid? We'll stop in town and have a talk with that gentleman."

"You'll be wasting your time if you do," said the foreman, a bit snappishly. "You bought your meat from the store. I buy mine from a respectable rancher, and, if you go nosing around him, he'll probably have you arrested."

"He won't have you arrested, though, will he?" said Blackfoot Collins. "All right, you'll git off at Terrebonne and buy yourself a week's stock of beef. I'll git off and watch you, to find out where it's comin' from. Cummings can run this tie-peddlin', and watch out for homesick cattle up the line. Git on."

Everybody got on and they made the run into Terrebonne in a hurry, for the tie-distributing was not due to start until a few miles past it. The foreman, seeing no way of avoiding it, got off, and gave old Cummings his orders. "Put off about three ties to a rail length," he explained. "You can move along pretty lively, the number of men you'll have unloading. Pick up the section bosses, and make 'em check up the ties on their sections for you. You ought to be done and back in camp by dark."

"Keep your eye peeled for a bunch of big yearlin's that look like they'd been travelin'," Blackfoot Collins supplemented grimly. "If you find any, fetch 'em along. Git goin'. Miguel, either git on or git off!"

OLD Miguel Figueroa decided to get off. He grinned amiably, without explaining his impulse; the train pulled out, and the foreman sighed. Anyway, the ties were going to get unloaded.

"Well, let's get this foolishness over with," he told Blackfoot. "The man I've been buying beef from lives in that big white house at the end of the street—the one with roses on the lawn, and the big automobile in front. Ask for Mr. Jennings. I'll wait outside. He sold me this meat as a favor, and I don't want to insult him about it."

Blackfoot took hold of his right arm. "Come on in with us," he urged. "Tell him your outfit is kickin' because they think he's been workin' off old cows on 'em. You've brung us along to see his beef on the hoof, so we can tell the boys it's all right. You can sound like you was mad at us, if you want to. It'll make things more natural."

The foreman did sound like he was mad. Mr. Jennings, who was florid and benevolent, with a country-clubbish set to his clothes, took the annoyance with excellent spirit. He knew, he assured the foreman, what it was to get along with this itinerant labor. As for the beef, he could furnish another week's supply easily, right out of his ice-house. But he couldn't show them any stock on the hoof, because he bought it all ready-dressed from his nephews. It was only as an accommodation that he handled it at all, he explained, unlocking the ice-house. There was no money in beef at all, the way times were.

"You'd better call your man up out of that weed-patch," he advised, throwing open the heavy ice-house door. "There's an old well down there, and he's liable to break through the boards and fall in. Here's the dressed carcasses, if it'll help any to look 'em over."

The foreman disdained to look. Blackfoot Collins stepped inside, and, insultingly, counted the beeves under his breath.

"Considerable meat there, for a place this size," he commented. "What are you aimin' to do with it—set up in the butcher business?"

Mr. Jennings smiled tolerantly. "All the sagebrushers around here use my ice-house to store their beef in," he told the foreman. "Of course, doing business with 'em, I can't very well order 'em not to without—say, if that old fool don't come out of that weed-patch, I'm going down there and haul him out! Are these men under your orders, or ain't they?"

"Miguel!" the foreman called. "Come back here! If he did drown himself, it would be all right with me," he added to Mr. Jennings. "Here he comes, anyway."

Miguel waded through the weeds and climbed the fence. He dragged something behind him on a length of wire, like a child hauling a toy cart. Something large and soggy-looking, that left a wet track behind it in the dust.

"He's fished something out of your old well," Blackfoot decided. "It looks kind of like a green hide off a steer, don't it?" He took Mr. Jennings familiarly by the right wrist. "Hold steady, now," he counseled kindly.

Mr. Jennings seemed in need of kind counsel. His lips trembled and went blue. He pulled fretfully against Blackfoot's hold, trying to reach a hand to his left armpit.

"Ease down, and leave your gun where it is," Blackfoot soothed him. "If you had nerve enough to steal them yearlin's, you ought to be able to stand up solid when you git caught."

"I didn't steal 'em," said Mr. Jennings, still pulling. "I bought 'em, and paid for 'em. In cash, too!"

MIGUEL spread the wet hide on the ground at his feet. It was quite fresh—a black Polled Angus. Brand and earmarks showed plainly. Modestly, Miguel smoothed the damp pelt with his foot. He had been running down cattle-thieves in Chihuahua when Mr. Jennings was learning to cheat in his second-grade arithmetic. Hiding incriminating pelts down an old well was one of the oldest gags in the business.

"How much did you buy 'em for?" inquired Blackfoot. "About four dollars a head, wasn't it? You got a bill of sale, of course?"

Mr. Jennings made no reply. As a matter of fact, the yearlings had cost him ten dollars a head and no questions asked. Cattle had gone up since Blackfoot Collins quit rustling to go railroading.

"Sixteen beeves in your ice-house, and four you've sold us," pursued Blackfoot relentlessly. "Fifty dollars a head ought to be a fair price. We'll take a thousand dollars, now, in cash. Or else we'll lock you into this ice-house and telephone the sheriff to come and clean out your well for you."

Helpless, Mr. Jennings looked up. "You've got no right to collect for those cattle," he announced. "They ain't yours, and you know it."

(Continued on page 54)

Philbert By FRANK OWEN
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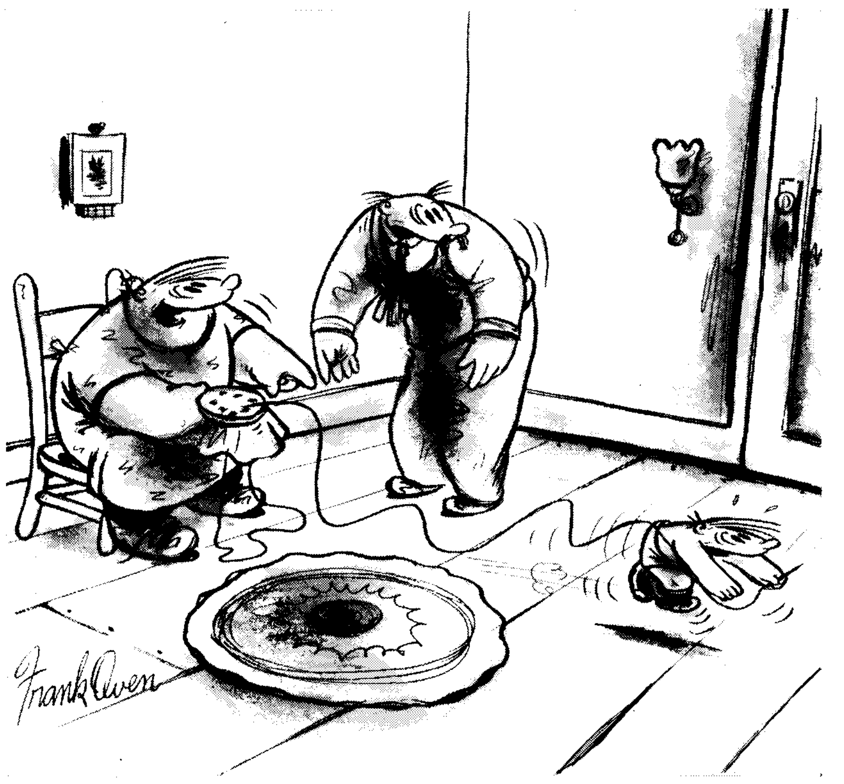

"He runs to the other side of the room and back so I don't have to thread the needle so often!"

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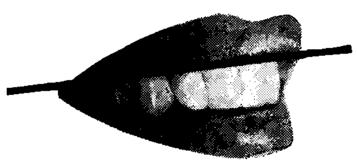

Don't wait for outward signs to tell you something is happening to your teeth. Don't say, "My teeth are perfect," each morning as you look in your mirror and see them, white and sparkling.

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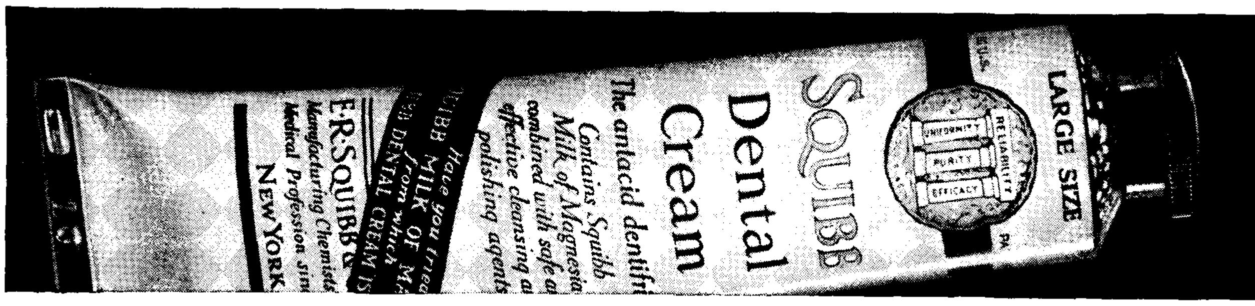
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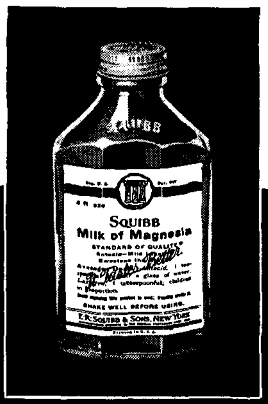
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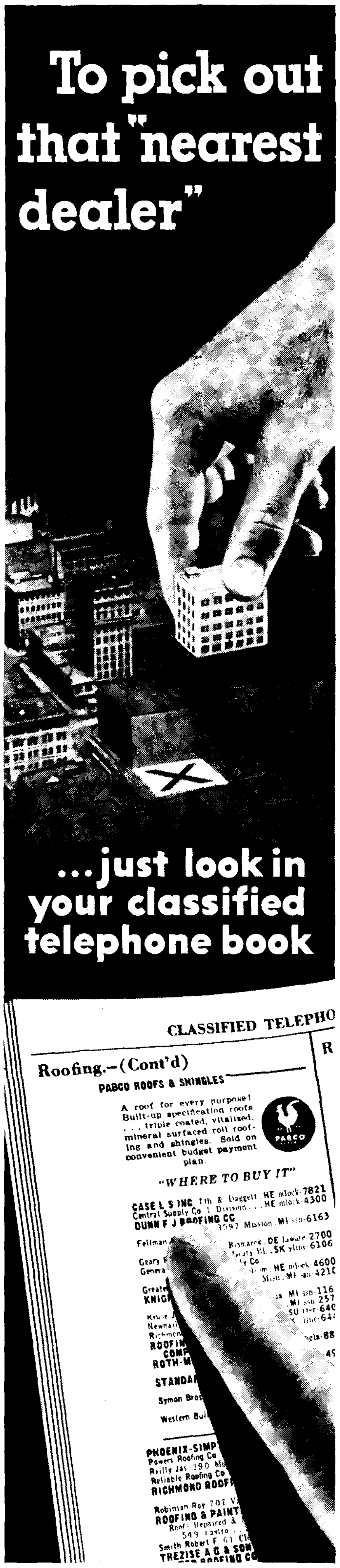
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When you want to know "where to buy it" turn to your classified telephone book. It tells who sells what you want.

"SHOP BY TELEPHONE"

Railroad Beef

Continued from page 52

Nobody disputed him. They merely waited.

"All right," said Mr. Jennings, "I'll pay."

The unloading gang, all the stations reported, was running ahead of schedule and heaving off ties like mad. The dispatcher at Crooked River reported them unloaded, and turning around on the Y-track to start home. That was about two o'clock, and, from then on, dispatches ceased. They should have made the run back ahead of the passenger, and they didn't make it at all.

The passenger came through about sundown, and the three men rode back to Tom Steele's siding on it, talking with the conductor. He had news, but not of a reassuring nature. He had passed the work-train spurred out at Camas Corrals, eighty miles away. There had certainly been no forty-man crew in sight anywhere, and nothing to show whether the train was traveling, resting or running around in circles. The foreman stared at Blackfoot with such horror-stricken reproach that Blackfoot stopped fingering the thousand-dollar roll in his shirt-pocket to express contrition.

"To thunder with how sorry you are," said the foreman. "You lose me a gang, and you hang up a work-train heaven knows how long, and then you say you're sorry! You're such a hand at fixing other people's troubles, how about fixing a few of mine?"

THE train stopped. They were home, and the unmanned bunk-cars looked despairingly blank. "I'll fix one for you," said Blackfoot, as they got off. "You need sociability. Come on with Miguel and me while we give this money to the kid's folks. We'll take your cook along, and make him fry us up a feed."

"I might as well get that much out of it," agreed the foreman. "This Steele is programmed to shoot me, I believe, but, after all, I couldn't be much worse off if he did."

The party in the cottonwoods included Blackfoot Collins, Miguel, the foreman, the cook, Buck, Buck's mother, Tom Steele and the sheriff, who had come down, as his habit was, to eat a big meal before taking up the trail. With him there, of course, no shooting was possible, even if Tom Steele had wanted to stage one. He didn't, and, when the party had progressed through the cook's hand-broiled steaks into Mrs. Steele's wild-gooseberry pies, the foreman had gotten over wanting him to. If he was disgraced and out of a job, so were Miguel and Blackfoot Collins, and they were staking themselves to a rip-roaring social evening anyhow. Blackfoot performed roping tricks from his misspent youth. The sheriff recited a lot of Mrs. Felicia Hemans' poetry, from his. Miguel brought out a guitar with the two upper strings broken, and sang "*El Borrachito*" and "*El Cabotin-tin-tin*," in the middle of which he stopped, listening.

"I hear a locomotive," he announced.

Nobody else heard it. They sat silent, listening, until the rails began to hum plainly. Then the headlight cut the dark, and the brakes clinched down. It was the work-train, all right. The foreman didn't get up.

"Let them come up here, if they want me," he said. "Go ahead with the song, Miguel."

Old Cummings came up, with a brakeman carrying a lantern. He nodded to the foreman, and addressed Tom Steele.

"We got back your cattle easy enough," he announced. "But it give us a heck of a time gittin' 'em on the train, and we can't make the darn' brutes git off at all. Can you come down and show us what to do to 'em? These trainmen is yellin' their heads off to git out of here."

The sheriff was the first to get his feelings in hand. "How many cattle have you got?" he inquired. "Where did you pick 'em up?"

"An Indian had 'em herded into the brush at Camas Corrals," explained old Cummings. "He took me for the boss of the outfit, and come over to sell 'em to me for beef. I looked him in the eye, and accused him of stealin' 'em, and he broke down and run. We went over in the brush and brung 'em out. There's about thirty-odd, I guess. They jumped around too fast for me to count 'em. Are you goin' to help unload 'em or do you aim to set there?"

"I'll help unload 'em," said Blackfoot, and got up.

"You can't unload 'em here," said Tom Steele. "They ain't mine, and I'm not going to have 'em!"

"That's no way to get ahead in this country," said the sheriff. "If an Indian had 'em, he probably stole unbranded stock out of the mountains. I'll go down and look 'em over. If they're all right, I'll help you with the unloading."

Old Cummings sat down wearily. The cook offered him a plate, and he looked at it and pushed it aside. "I'll never touch beef again," he said. "If you'd been runnin' after them calves, and draggin' 'em aboard by the tail all afternoon, you'd feel the same way."

"You had your trouble for nothing," said Tom Steele stubbornly. "They don't belong to me, and I won't have 'em. Not that I don't feel obliged to you. If it hadn't been for you men, the Lord knows how we'd have managed here. But—"

They heard the car-door slide back, and the cattle-chute come grinding into place. Calves bawled sleepily, men yelled, and there was a sudden scuffle of hoofs on planking. The sheriff had found no brands, and he was proceeding to help Tom Steele's cattle business get ahead.

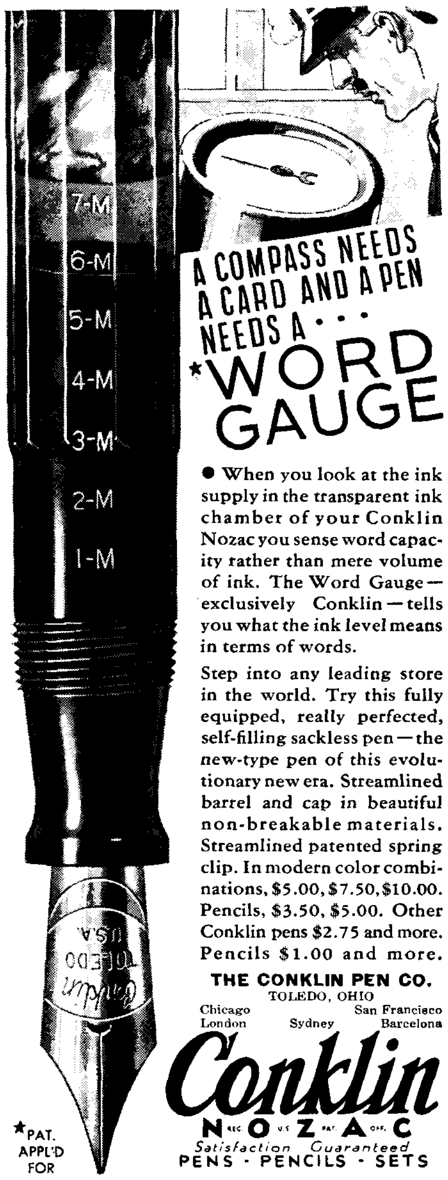
"Give 'em to the kid, then," said old Cummings. "Where is that kid? What made you run out on that work-train, Bub, and why ain't you wearin' them clothes I picked out for you? Do you want people around here to take you for a hobo? Go put 'em on!"

BUCK stood, overalled and barefooted, looking at his father.

"Go put 'em on," said Tom Steele, meekly, and felt of the thousand-dollar bank roll in his pocket. That would buy considerable hay. Enough to fatten his stock instead of letting it starve, and sell off his steers in the fall instead of having to winter them. Enough so he would be able to keep ahead of his business, instead of one jump behind it. And he had blamed this railroad gang for bringing him bad luck.

"I had a row with one section boss," old Cummings told the foreman. "He claimed more ties on his section than we put off. He's a liar, because I got the count on 'em. So, if there's any dispute about it—"

"Keep your count till morning," said the foreman. "You know as much about handling it as I do. We're having a party. Go ahead with the song, Miguel."



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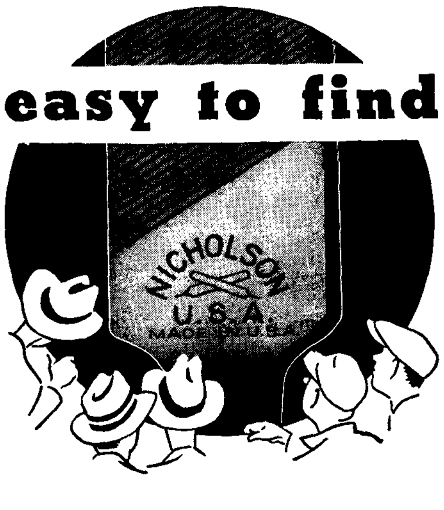

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The Sign of the Twins

Continued from page 13

gun save Lyman Varick's own. Nobody had seen the marauder come or go. The police decided, reasonably, that the deed was the work of a professional burglar; with a confederate, almost certainly, on the inside.

Don Quarls and Cass Macrink were asked, politely but unequivocally, to talk of themselves. The backgrounds of the servants were scrutinized.

It was discovered that the bank from which the money had been drawn had no separate record of the numbers of the bills. It was one of New York's great banks, had been under a heavy run, and had paid out millions of dollars that day. Thousand-dollar bills cannot be spent at the first street corner, but there are channels, as in gambling syndicates, through which hot money can be slipped back into circulation. And it was peculiarly the time when the possession of large bills would not invite inquiry: during the bank holiday.

The case was in this preliminary stage when Jane Varick visited Tarat the astrologer in his New York office, two days after the funeral.

"AND what, Miss Varick," asked the astrologer, his black eyes luminous with sympathy as he gazed on the forlorn girl, "are your immediate plans? I know you are here because I was your father's friend."

"I feel numb," she said in a small and muted voice. "It was so—I just can't think it's true. I can't think yet."

"Possibly, Miss Varick," he said, "it would be well for you to travel for a time. Change of scene and people. Have you money? You may draw on me. In the matter of the money, there was a circumstance within my private knowledge which I have communicated to the police and which alters that aspect of this awful affair."

"I—don't care for the money. I—don't care if they never get it back; or—if they never catch the man who did it. Let him go. All I care about is—Daddy. Oh, no, no; it's not true!"

"Your father," said Tarat, gazing at the twelve-parted wheel before him that was Jane Varick's horoscope, and making talk until she raised her head from the desk, "consulted me frequently about you. He sat often in that chair while we discussed this horoscope of your birth.

"You should go away for a time; and do so at once. You should be with your own people now. You have an aunt in California; and a cousin in Quebec. Go to one of them."

"They have both asked me to come."

"About the money—"

"Oh, I don't want to hear about the money. That's—what did it. Everybody has been lovely. I couldn't have borne it if Don weren't with me."

"Don Quarls?" Tarat looked at her with veiled keenness. "I have some acquaintance with Don Quarls. Your father consulted me last fall before employing him. He was a stranger in New York, but had good references, which were substantially confirmed by my reading of his horoscope.

"There was another man in the house that night with whom I am not so well acquainted. Do you chance to know with any certainty the birth time of Mr. Cass Macrink? Ah, you do not. I have only the statement given to the police. According to that, he was a customers' man in a financial house, until his firm failed. He has been living at the hotel in Greenchester to keep in touch with former clients and prepare to secure new ones. His firm, I am told, was of doubtful reputation, and the securities sold by it were not the best."

"I wonder did Daddy know that of Cass Macrink," said Jane, frowning. "But about the money, Tarat; I mustn't be so silly. You have something to tell me."

"Later, Miss Varick," said the astrologer. On learning of her kindness for Don Quarls, he had decided to withhold from her for the present the circumstance to which he had referred. A test of the young men was already shaping in his mind. "But about your going away."

He bent over the horoscope.

"YOU were born on June 12th, making you a native of the Twins. The Twins is the third sign of the zodiac, and the mundane ruler of the third house of the horoscope, which is the house of Short Journeys and Relations, as also of Letters. Great events of your life should be connected with journeys that may be completed in a day.

"I note gladly that your sun is beneficently aspected by Uranus, at this time. This is most important to you. And unusual!

"Uranus, Miss Varick, is the erratic planet, the planet of the unexpected. When afflicted, it brings roseate opportunities which, when trusted, prove most disastrous. When of friendly aspect, it brings equally unexpected chances, frequently from strangers and out of a clear sky. During this time, you should be greatly benefited by an utter stranger. A letter, greatly profiting you, may come out of the blue, if you are attuned to receive these friendly vibrations.

"As between your aunt in California and cousin in Quebec, I urge you to go to Quebec. The third house rules journeys to the north-northeast—which is Quebec, and journeys to be completed in a day."

"In any event," groped Jane, more dazzled than enlightened, "I should go to Quebec?"

"Decidedly, Miss Varick. But not alone. Take Mr. Don Quarls as your escort to your cousin's. But, as a final injunction, do not tell him—tell no one!—that you consulted me about this journey."

He rose and bowed, taking her hand.

"Uranus will not fail you, Miss Varick—nor shall your father's friend. Let me say again that what money you require is at your command."

"Thank you," she said whisperingly; her throat ached. She clung to his hand for a moment and then departed—a tall and slender girl of twenty, with hazel eyes, dark-haired and pale. She was a clever and versatile girl, but nervous and irresolute, and welcomed Tarat's explicit commands and clear-cut decisions, however mystically phrased.

WHEN she was gone, he called the New York Police Department, to which he had divulged the peculiar circumstance affecting the money and which was coöperating with the Greenchester authorities.

"There's news in that case, Tarat," said the police official at the other end. "You know young Quarls, the secretary? Well, he went to the Greenchester police an hour ago and told them that he had just had a telephone call. We know that the call was made, as we've traced it to a station in New York. The party talking on the wire to Quarls offered to work back the

(*Continued on page 57*)

TAKE THE GUESS-WORK OUT OF YOUR COCKTAIL SHAKER

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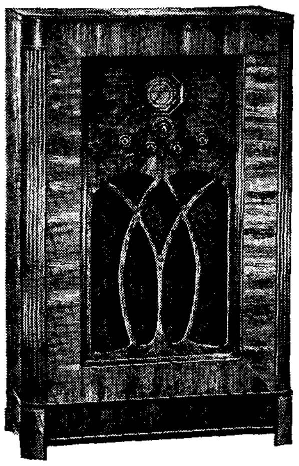
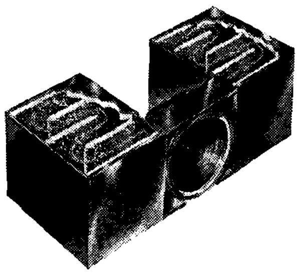


NO. 62 HIGH FIDELITY, METAL TUBES, TRIPLE RANGE. Selectorlite Dial. Dual Ratio Tuning Knob. Stromberg-Carlson High Fidelity Speaker with edge suspension of Carpinchoe leather. Height, 38¼ inches. Price $132.50



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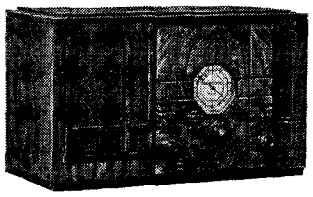

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The Sign of the Twins

Continued from page 55

stolen money for twenty thousand dollars in small bills. A bargain at that, eh?"

"Quite. But we may improve it. Now for my bit of news: Mr. Don Quarls is going to Quebec within the next few days."

"He may think so! I'll have him taken off at the border and held as a material witness. Neither he nor Macrink is leaving this country until we get further along with this case. You tell him that from me."

"My dear inspector, I am telling him nothing; and decidedly not that. But would it not be worth while to search Quarls, and Macrink, if possible, at a time when they thought they were leaving the country of their own volition? They, or either of them, might be too wary to fall into the trap, but it is a worthy chance. The Canadian customs inspection can be made drastic. Because of the friendly aspect of Uranus—"

"You mean the Canadian inspector? Never mind him. I'll get them an inspection drastic enough. But how do you come to know, Tarat, of this trip you say Quarls is planning?"

"From the stars in their courses, sir. When I have completed my calculations I shall notify you of the precise train. There are more clues in the heavens than are dreamed of in Center Street!"

ON THE following morning Tarat called Jane Varick at Greenchester and learned that she and Don Quarls were leaving for Quebec on the noon train from the Grand Central Station. A call to the railroad discovered to him that there was on the train, which was routed over the Delaware & Hudson, only one Pullman for Quebec. He retained a drawing-room.

He penciled a telegram.

"Send this, please," he directed one of his clerks, "from the nearest station in the street. Go then to my apartment and have a bag packed for several days; deliver it to the train. The tickets are at the station."

This was the telegram to Cass Macrink:

PULLMAN QUEBEC TRAIN NOON TODAY
GRAND CENTRAL THE OTHER HALF

Tarat believed with the police that someone had found the Varick job for the burglar, had fingered it, in the underworld term. Don Quarls and Cass Macrink were the likeliest objects of suspicion. He was arranging to have Quarls on the train. Would Cass Macrink understand and be attracted by the oddly signed telegram? . . .

The train, made up of day coaches on cheap excursions to Montreal or Quebec and of three sleepers, only one of which was routed through to Quebec, drew out of the Grand Central at noon.

Jane Varick, already exchanging with Cass Macrink surprised comments on their meeting, saw a black-clad figure, tall and imposing, behind a table in the private drawing-room. "Tarat!"

The astrologer looked up from his papers and came forth.

"An unexpected pleasure, Miss Varick! You are going to Quebec?"

"Why, yes," said Jane, taking the cue. "Let me present Mr. Quarls. And this is Mr. ——"

"Macrink," said that person, putting out a large hand and attentively regarding the astrologer.

"A pleasure, sir. Miss Varick, may I offer you and your friends my accommodation? We shall be more comfortable here about the table."

"Very kind of you," said Macrink, entering the drawing-room.

"What a coincidence!" said Don Quarls. "Mr. Macrink didn't know we were going—and here we all are!"

"What luck!" smiled Macrink. "In fact, I had expected to travel this evening in another direction. But this morning I had a wire from an important client that decided me to go to Quebec. Well, the liquor will be better; and the company, too, I see. So here we are."

"A strange chance," murmured Jane, looking at Macrink.

"The vibrations of Uranus, Miss Varick," said Tarat blandly. "Uranus the erratic, the unpredictable, the planet of the unforeseen."

"I thought, Tarat," said Macrink with a touch of patronage, "that you astrologers could always predict what was to happen."

"We point out tendencies, sir," said Tarat gravely. "The stars incline but do not constrain. The poet said it, Mr. Macrink, in speaking of the native who 'grasps the skirts of happy chance, and breasts the blows of circumstance, and grapples with his evil star.'"

"Chance is right," said Macrink baldly. "Luck is the hole card! We're lucky to be here; Lyman Varick was unlucky to be there. Oh, pardon me, Jane."

"I don't mind, really," said Jane, her eyelids fluttering. "Will you excuse me? I was up early; I'll rest a while in the chair."

She went to her own seat outside.

Tarat held the door for her and left it open, saying that the room was overwarm. He had recognized one of Center Street's detectives, sitting across the car from them with back turned, and wished to let him listen in.

"I wouldn't hurt that girl's feelings for the world," said Macrink, grimacing apologetically. "But I keep thinking of that Varick case. Poor old Varick! You knew him, I gather. My theory is that he tried to collar that burglar, and the fellow grabbed the gun. Now, about the money: if they expect to see it again, they'll have to make some deal like Quarls here was talking of. He tells me that he got a call to the house yesterday from some party who claimed to have the money. The fellow is probably afraid to pass those big bills; but he'll try it if he has to. I advise Jane to make the best deal she can; it's a lot of money."

He stared alternately at Tarat and at Don Quarls.

"Don't pay him a cent!" said Don bitterly.

"You might feel different if it were your money," said Macrink, puffing a cigarette. "The way I see it, Varick is dead, and the business thing to do is to save what they can."

"WAS there a confederate in the household, in your opinion, Mr. Macrink?" asked Tarat, looking fully at the big man.

"Bosh," said Macrink bluffly. "The police always cry 'inside job.' The fellow may have been a peddler, let in by a careless maid and given his chance to look about. He may have been a cleaner or mechanic. I'll gamble that fifty strangers have been inside that house in a year. Just a sneak, probably, and I shouldn't wonder but that he found the safe open. You remember, Quarls, that I saw some prowler around the house that night."

"Yes, you said something to that effect," confirmed Don. "But what I can't understand is why the burglar should offer to return one hundred and twenty thousand dollars in cash for a payment of only twenty thousand."

"Is it a good deal?" argued Macrink practically. "Then don't lose it by trying to make it better. That's my advice." . . .

The discussion dropped, only to rise again to this topic of chief interest in the men's minds, while the train rolled through the afternoon and early evening toward the Canadian border. Tarat listened, watched their faces, interposed an occasional query.

THE Canadian customs officers appeared on the train at Plattsburg inside the American border—a customs convention, to save time. They made only the usual courteous pretense at search of car and passengers, glancing at the travelers, glancing at baggage. They were through the car in a minute and going back into the train. The New York City detective put down his newspaper and followed them.

It was different at Rouse's Point on the border, where the train made an unscheduled stop.

Two huge New York State troopers filled the door to the drawing-room with their shoulders. "Mr. Don Quarls?"

"Yes?"

"Mr. Cass Macrink? You gentlemen are to get off here, with your baggage. We have an order of arrest."

"Arrest!" blustered Don angrily. "Why—"

"Don't argue with the boys, Quarls," advised Macrink, rising. "This way out, when they say so. Let's go."

A trooper went forward and searched the seats called for by the tickets of Macrink and Quarls; his companion explored the drawing-room. They found nothing.

The entire party, including the observant Tarat and the distressed Jane, left the train with their baggage. They were conducted to the state troopers' depot near by while the train rolled on into Canada.

THE closest search of the persons and baggage of Don Quarls and Cass Macrink discovered nothing bearing on the Varick case, except the telegram signed The Other Half, sent by Tarat to Macrink that morning.

There was found on Macrink, too, a ticket for that night's boat from New York to Boston; this fixed the "other direction" in which he had expected to travel. He had planned to go to Boston that night, on business as yet undisclosed, but, lured by the telegram, he had abandoned his Boston trip and had taken the noon train for Quebec instead.

Tarat had said to Jane that there was a peculiar circumstance in regard to the money; he knew now that Macrink was acquainted with that circumstance, else he could not have understood the telegram.

But Tarat's likely experiment had failed, at least in part. Here were the men who had knowledge of the presence of the money in the Varick house. They were about to leave the country; it was reasonable to suppose, at least in Quarls' case, that they would take the money with them, if they had it. But the money remained unfound.

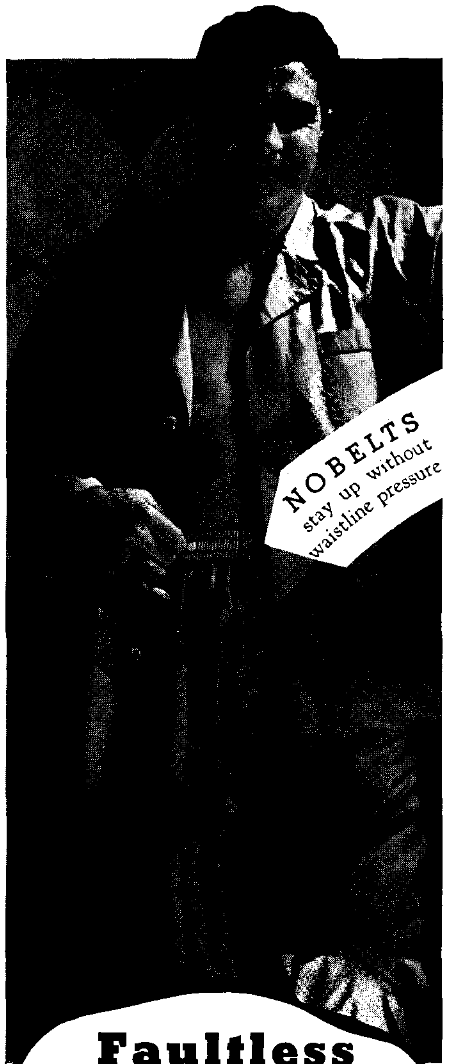
It had been a plausible appeal to chance, but the unpredictable Uranus, the lord of chance, the leisurely one, the far one, had refused to be hurried or inveigled.

Don Quarls' indignation was ex-

(Continued on page 58)

Jack Manders gets rid of the "rope" that ruins sleep..

Jack Manders . . place-kicking star of the Chicago Bears . . wearing Faultless Nobelt Pajamas



Faultless
NOBELT
Pajamas

. . . more comfortable than ever before . . . now tailored from new Lusterette

You'll sleep better in Faultless Nobelt Pajamas . . . because Nobelt's flat, wide, stre-t-c-h-able waistband never pinches, never binds and now we've made Nobelts even more comfortable . . . by tailoring them from a soft new fabric . . . Lusterette . . . developed especially for us. In white and colors, only $2.50 a pair.

Also in fine broadcloths, sateens and silks . . from $2 to $10 . . sold by leading men's wear stores everywhere.

Guaranteed

This special patented waistband in Faultless Nobelt Pajamas doesn't lose its lively stretch. It's guaranteed to give satisfactory service for the life of the garment.

Tailored exclusively by
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NOW-QUICKER RELIEF FROM CONSTIPATION

Science finds DRY yeast far more abundant source of tonic element that stimulates intestinal action—and it's easier to eat

FOR YEARS doctors have recommended yeast for combating constipation without harsh drugs.

Now science finds that this tonic food is far richer in vitamin B content if eaten *dry!*

Tests by impartial scientists reveal that from *dry* yeast the body receives almost twice as much of the precious element that tones and strengthens the intestinal tract!

Dry yeast, experiments indicate, is more readily assimilated by the system. The digestive juices can more easily break down dry yeast cells and extract their rich stores of vitamin B—the tonic substance which makes yeast such a valuable health food.

83% get Quick Relief from Constipation

No wonder thousands have found Yeast Foam Tablets so helpful—so rapid—in correcting constipation. These pleasant tablets bring you the kind of yeast science has found richest as a source of vitamin B.

At a leading clinic, 83% of the patients with constipation, who were given Yeast Foam Tablets, reported improvement within two weeks! Before starting to eat this *dry* yeast, some of the patients had used laxatives almost continuously!

You will enjoy eating Yeast Foam Tablets with their rich, appetizing, nut-like taste. Scientists in leading American universities and in various laboratories of the U. S. Government now use this pleasant pasteurized yeast in their nutrition experiments.

Let Yeast Foam Tablets restore your eliminative system to healthy function. Then you will no longer need to take harsh laxatives. You will have more energy. Headaches should no longer trouble you. Your skin will be clearer and fresher.

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YEAST

You can get Yeast Foam Tablets at any drug store. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one now!

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1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets. C. 10-19-35

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________________ State ____________

(*Continued from page 57*)

hausted. Cass Macrink had been cool and unfretted throughout.

"This is a job, Quarls, and I think I know to whom we are indebted for it." His enlightened glance went to Tarat and dwelt coldly and jeeringly on him. "So we're going back now to be held as material witnesses! We can take that in our stride; we'll be out on bail tomorrow."

The door to the depot opened and the Center Street detective entered. "Nothing? Cheer up—I found it elsewhere on the train!"

He slapped down on a table a thick sheaf of mutilated banknotes. Don Quarls picked up the sheaf to examine it.

"Why, they've been cut in half! They're thousand-dollar notes, and probably the Varick money, but only half of each is here!"

"IT IS the Varick money," said Tarat, glancing at Jane. "Mr. Varick visited me that afternoon. He was exceedingly nervous about carrying so much cash; neither would he entrust it to a safe-deposit box, fearing a scramble for cash among his creditors.

"I called the bank and was told that if a thousand-dollar bill were cut in half, the United States Treasury would redeem each half for five hundred dollars. More than a half would be redeemed for a thousand dollars; less than half would not be redeemed at all. A thief then would have to present the cut bills at the treasury; and he could not disguise them by a further mutilation. We cut the bills into halves, lessening their value not at all. The one half went into my safe, and the other half into Mr. Varick's satchel. He could have told the world what was in that satchel; unfortunately, he did not."

"How I came to find this half of the money," said the detective, "I took a stroll through the train this afternoon, and I met an old friend of mine—Floyd Norton, a burglar. We know him in Center Street. Well, I had nothing on friend Floyd, but I thought I would like to give him a reefing if he was going over the border. So, as we weren't going to use the customs people on these parties, I asked them to go through Floyd; and we found this. Want to talk to him?"

A state trooper brought in a heavily built young man with the inexpressive eyes that are prison-trained. He lounged to the table and leaned against it.

"I told you, O'Hara," he said flatly, "that I found that stuff. But now I see there's somebody here can alibi for me on the night of the Varick job! He'd better open up and do it quick."

His head came up, his face convulsed, a rigid finger shot out, and he was staring at Cass Macrink.

"There's a man knows me! Come through, Macrink!"

"I?" Cass Macrink's large face was still placid of line but had gone livid. "I never saw you before, sir."

"Is that so? Don't know me, hey? Don't want to know me. Framed me, did you? O'Hara, where's that letter? You sent me this, didn't you?"

THE group swayed to see the letter thrust at Cass Macrink.

It was a sheet of paper free from marks except a message printed in pencil: "I'll be aboard; have it with you." With it, separate from it, was a clipping from a New York Sunday paper, a display advertisement of a cheap excursion to Montreal on the train that had just pulled out.

"Sent me that, didn't you, Macrink?" snarled the burglar.

"Told me to take that train, didn't you? Turned me up for O'Hara, didn't you? I'll turn you up. There he is, O'Hara—my finder, my fingerman. Found me the Varick job—and it wasn't the first. Got me the keys and combination. A swell rat with swell friends that he's been fingering to have their houses knocked off. I'll finger him! You made this bed, Macrink; get in here with me!"

"Then you," said Don Quarls, "caused me to go with Jane?"

Macrink and his confederate had been put into the state troopers' lockup to await a south-bound train. The mutilated bills and the newspaper advertisement were still on the table.

"It helped to establish your innocence, Mr. Quarls. I did not doubt you, but the police did. I kept faith with them."

"Tarat's right, Don," said Jane, pressing his arm. "You were innocent and had nothing to fear. That telegram brought Macrink; and if he knew what The Other Half meant, he knew what was in the safe. He told that man to bring the money, didn't he, Tarat?"

"It would seem so, Miss Varick," frowned the astrologer. "Norton could take no other meaning from that note, 'I'll be aboard; have it with you,' sent with the advertisement of the train. And yet it is inexplicable! He did not tell Norton to bring the money because he had received my telegram. When he sent the letter he had not—"

"Oh, yes, Tarat! Why—"

"See the date on the envelope," said the astrologer. "The letter was mailed yesterday; and Macrink had my wire only this morning."

"TRUE," said Don perplexedly. "Look, Jane—Macrink made the appointment with Norton before he got the telegram! I can't see that."

"And it is unlikely, Miss Varick, that Macrink would have the stolen money with him on the train or near him. He might answer that telegram, as he did, to be ready for any offer, any message, but would he not suspect a snare? He was a cunning fellow.

"He seemed, I thought, surprised to see Norton; in his secret mind he was confounded at sight of his accomplice. No, Miss Varick, despite the proof to the contrary there before us, he did not summon Norton to this train."

His black eyes dwelt evocatively on the clipping.

"We may well assume that his purpose in summoning Norton at all was to confer, to plan. A more hazardous place for a thieves' conference than that train he could not have chosen. He did not choose it. When he sent the letter to arrange the meeting, he did not know that he was to be on the train. He was planning to go to Boston by boat; he had bought his ticket. There would be the ideal rendezvous; on a ship at sea, and in the night. And yet—"

With sudden understanding he started forward, snatched up the advertisement, and turned it over.

"Uranus! By the bright lord of the ascendant, look you!"

They pressed forward to see.

And, surely enough—to take Tarat's reading of the event—the erratic Uranus, the arbiter of chance, had come through for the lady of his fickle favor, but in his own lordly way and with nobody's hook in his mouth.

On the other side of the newspaper advertisement of the rail excursion to Montreal was the matter that Cass Macrink had undoubtedly meant to call to his confederate's notice. There was the rendezvous, the place of safe conference. The ill-starred Floyd Norton had looked at the wrong side, the advertisement of the train to Montreal.

On the other side of the clipping from the Sunday newspaper was a display advertisement of the night boat to Boston.

"WHEN SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES!"

IF the sour notes of that stewy old pipe make you gasp and gag, remind the smoker that pipes—like pianos—have got to be kept tuned. Let him scrape out the bowl, ream out the stem, fill up with Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco, and the pleasant aroma of clean Kentucky Burleys will fill the air. By hard work (and a little luck) we've found a blend that is noticeably milder to the tongue and sweet music to the nose. It's kept fresh in heavy gold foil. Try a tin and sing for joy.

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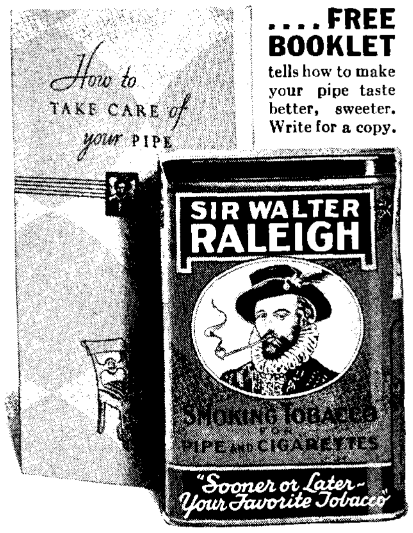
tells how to make your pipe taste better, sweeter. Write for a copy.


How to TAKE CARE of your PIPE
SIR WALTER RALEIGH
SMOKING TOBACCO
FOR
PIPE AND CIGARETTES
"Sooner or Later—Your Favorite Tobacco"

It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER

Great Scout

Continued from page 16

At dawn he found his men; but instead of the whole main party, with its Maxim guns, there were only twenty-two troopers. The column commander had decided against coming in force. It was plain that the exultant impis had deliberately opened up to let these additional victims through. The American scout knew at once that here was the Major Reno affair, the Custer's Last Stand, of Africa.

A Choice of Deaths

The two little handfuls of whites closed into a fist and with the ferocity of the doomed punched straight for the heart of the enemy—the king's stockade. Every tree and bush had its rifle and spear trained on them, awaiting the spark that would begin the slaughter. A howling induna leaped out in front of the American scout, fired at him—and missed. The American charged and fired—and did not miss. Now the whole jungle blazed, as the whites were driven from one meager shelter after another—first a great ant heap, next a thicket of trees, then anything that offered temporary protection.

After a while Major Wilson asked the American if he would try to break through to Forbes with a final plea. The scout reckoned it didn't make any difference whether he died in this spot or that—and said he would try, although he knew that the biggest of the Matabele impis barred his way. He took two comrades, and galloped ahead; only to see a living wall of warriors rise from the ground fifty yards in front of him and charge.

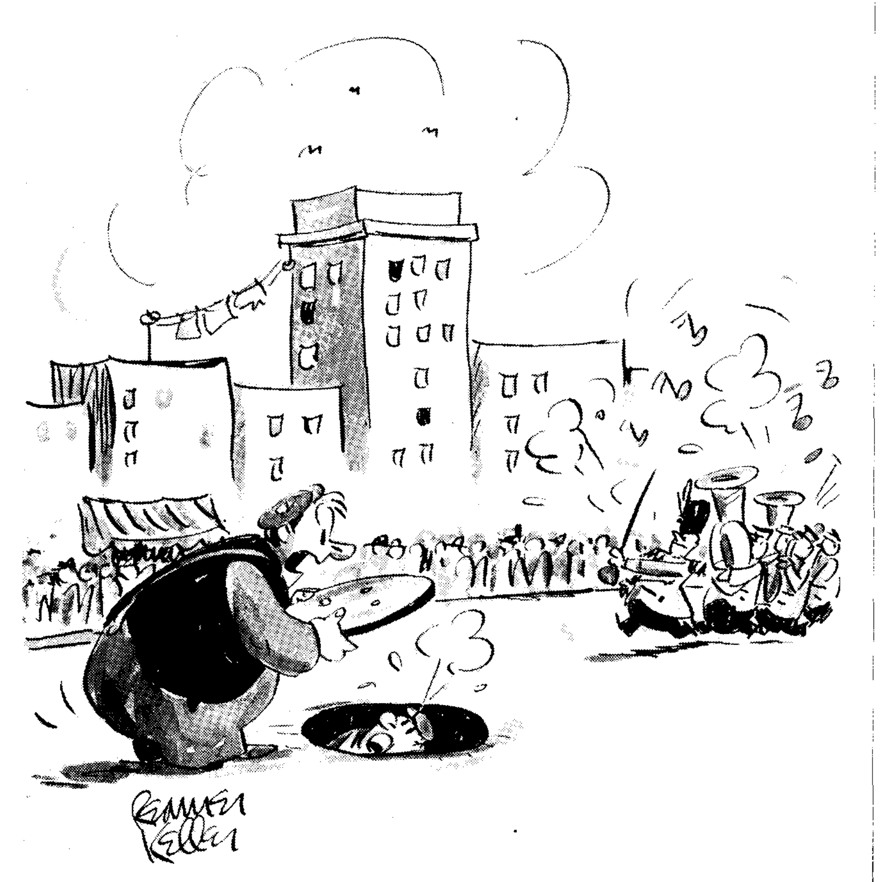
The scout paused. Ahead was quick death; behind, a slower one. On his right was clear forest. On his left, a young thicket, seemingly impassable. The obvious thing was to dash into the forest to try to fight through the enemy flank. But some deep and uncanny instinct of the scout whispered to him to scorn the obvious and attempt the impossible. He dug his spurs into his horse so deeply, and crashed into the thicket so desperately, that one bound carried him into the heart of it, and partially cleared a way for his comrades, who barely escaped the assagais, or spears, of the chagrined blacks. Bullets and assagais spat and flashed through the thicket all around them. The three men slipped their feet from the stirrups and kicked their horses savagely under their jaws. The frenzied animals pawed and reared and broke forward, until presently the brush thinned out and they were able to move with greater ease and dispatch.

In that one split-second choice of the thicket—the most difficult way in sight—as the easiest way out, the American scout's subconscious powers had reminded him that the Matabele impis form into a crescent when charging, after the shape of a bull's head and horns, with the older warriors the solid head and the fastest and youngest fighters the tips of the horn; that this thicket was at one tip of the impi; and that the less experienced young warriors, calculating it was too heavy for their prey to penetrate anyway, had extended their line past but not through it. This was the case exactly.

When Minutes Counted

The struggling men and horses broke from the brush at last, into open forest, and set away at a gallop from the hundreds of maddened young warriors of the pierced impi horn. The Matabele did not give up hope of their prey. They knew that the white men's horses, fagged anyway from long days of forced marching, were reduced to trembling exhaustion by the frantic plunge through the thicket; they felt that they, young, strong and fast of foot, could easily overtake the spent horses.

(Continued on page 60)



"I'm gonna have to put the lid on, Harry. There's a parade comin' this way"

REAMER KELLER

CARTER'S INK
Midnight Blue-Black
For Fountain Pens
CARTER'S INK
For Fountain Pens
WASHABLE BLUE
CARTER'S INK
For Fountain Pens
SUNSET GREEN

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NOW 3 SIZES 9 COLORS

The famous Carter Cube comes in Permanent Midnight Blue, Blue-Black and Black. Washable Blue and Black. Gay Sunset colors—Red, Green, Violet, Brown.

INK *that belongs on the well-appointed Desk*

INK... *that has proved itself finest for Fountain Pens*

Deep-toned and free-flowing, Carter's Ink feeds instantly and evenly in any fountain pen. You'll appreciate the pleasing uniformity of tone it gives your writing, and how it improves the appearance of your letters.

You will like the smart "Cube," too, and find it as practical as it is good-looking. It won't upset easily—the low center of gravity takes care of that—and the square, compact shape makes it fit handily into corners.

No More Soiled Fingers

The Carter Cube has a wide mouth for easy dipping and filling. The colorful enamel caps are leak-proof.

CARTER'S INK

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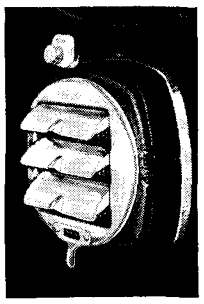
GEE DAD! WE'LL BE WARM DRIVING TO THE GAMES NOW
RIGHT YOU ARE, SON, THAT ARVIN'S A REALLY GOOD HEATER

In cool "football weather" or the bitterest cold of winter—an Arvin Heater will give you exactly the *right degree of heat* to keep you warm and comfortable in your car. Arvin isn't just a heater . . . it's THE heater! Your dealer will gladly demonstrate Arvin efficiency, and will supply you with a splendid model for as little as $12.95. No use putting it off. Get your Arvin now.



NOBLITT-SPARKS INDUSTRIES, *Inc.* Columbus, Indiana . . . *also makers of the Arvin Radios for your car and for your home*

ARVIN
HOT WATER AND STEAM
Car Heaters

YOUR BEST BUY BECAUSE:
- Larger radiator cores of copper and brass give amazing heating capacity.
- Hug-the-Dash mounting puts the heater out of the way and gives more leg room.
- Noiseless motor-fan unit provides complete circulation of heat in car.
- New variable speed switch controls the degree of heat in any car for any weather.
- Famous full-turn circular deflector front directs heat where you want it.

PRICED LOW AS $12.95

(*Continued from page* 59)

They might well have done so, too, but for the resourcefulness of the American scout, who summoned a trick of the Indians of his native land. He flailed his horse, and bade his comrades do likewise, until they reached a clearing, out of sight of their pursuers. Here they spread out and rode in circles, filling the whole open ground with a confusing trail. Then they backtracked in single file, dismounted and led their jaded horses into hiding in the brush on the edge of the clearing. The blacks were bewildered and delayed many precious minutes; when at last they untangled the ruse, and charged upon the hiding place, the scout and his mates were carried to safety by the refreshed strength of their horses.

The trio gained Forbes and his column, but found that they, also, were closely beset by the Matabele. The chance for a junction with the advance detachment under cover of darkness had been allowed to slip by, and it was now too late. Major Wilson and all his men were dead; the Matabele warriors related with awe, later, how they shot the white induna with six rifles, and still he fought; how when the last of the English were too wounded to draw triggers, they crept into a little group around their leader, back to back, and smiled and sang God Save the King while the assagais were run into them.

That American scout was Frederick Russell Burnham, of Minnesota; that fight was forty-five years ago. But you can sit opposite Major Burnham today, in Los Angeles, and listen to the story from his own lips; and many other tales of a lifetime of peril and adventure, of fighting and wandering and prospecting, in the far corners of the earth.

Before his twenties had ended he had become one of the few really great scouts of the world—taking his place with Crockett and Boone and Carson, and the rest who are so familiar to Americans, and with Colenbrander of the Boers, Selous of the English, and other foremost exponents of an outdoor art which vanished from the earth with its last important frontiers.

Alaska to Africa

You don't have to take my word for Major Burnham's eminence as a scout; and you'll never get his own because he isn't the sort who will verify his own gifts. There have been a great many witnesses; John Hays Hammond, Sir Rider Haggard, Theodore Roosevelt, Earl Grey of England—all these and many other great men in their time have attested Burnham's skill.

When Cecil Rhodes dreamed of the Cape-to-Cairo railroad, which would carry light through the length of the Dark Continent and raise it from barbarism to modernity, it was the young American, Burnham, whom he selected to scout the possibility of the route. When Lord Roberts was sent to South Africa to lift England and the Queen's soldiers out of the bog in which the military and political bungling of the Boer War had mired them, one of his first acts was to cable a plea to Burnham, then in the Klondike, to come to Africa as his chief of scouts.

At seventy-five, he has the complexion of seven, the glow of seventeen, and the strength and vigor of twenty-seven. He has a hewn aspect, a square dash to his shoulders, and a graceful sweep to his hands, which deceive you when he stands or sits behind his desk. You have to move your head to realize that he is nearer to five feet than to six. His eyes are of an amazing blue, and they fasten upon you when you come into his presence and never leave you, nor miss a shadow of your expression. They make you feel terribly naked. You would have to be a consummate actor to lie to this man. His eyes were at once a weapon and a source of danger to him in his scouting days. He could see beyond the keenest of his comrades, and read a trail upon a rock so faint that even an Apache might pass it by; but he could never disguise his eyes, which marked him to his enemies.

Frederick Russell Burnham was born on an Indian reservation in Minnesota in 1860, at a time when war parties of Sioux were terrorizing the countryside. In his middle name he commemorates the family of his pioneer mother, who hid him in a shock of green corn when he was only two years old and Indians had come to burn their cabin. She warned him to be motionless and silent while she fled for help. He must have obeyed, for when she returned next morning he was unmolested where she had hidden him, while near by the ashes of their home still were smoking. On his father's side, the major's ancestry is rooted still deeper in American pioneering—the Connecticut colony, of the Charter Oak days.

A runaway lad, he was picked up as a likely pupil in Arizona by an old scout named Holmes, who had trailed with Kit Carson and Frémont, among others, and was looking for a worthy heir to his fund of outdoor knowledge. In the mountains of Sonora, on the frigid plateaus of New Mexico, and over the parched sands of Arizona he took young Fred as his sole companion—and talked, and taught.

In his day Burnham has mingled with every Indian tribe, from Alaska to the Rio Grande, and with the most savage blacks of Africa. Yet he will tell you without one instant's hesitation that the craftiest, cruelest and bravest of the lot is the Apache.

One day when he had crawled beneath a bush beside a boulder on a vantage ridge to get some sleep, he was awakened by a vague sense of trouble. He heard a faint sound of a crawling body on the far side of the boulder. His ears told him at once that it was not the clothed body of a white man, and that its movements were too studied to be those of an animal. Apache! The slight tinkle of metal told him more—the unseen man had a canteen, and was therefore a reservation Apache and would have an army rifle. Instinct told him to make a leap and run for life; but scout training held him motionless and deathly quiet. He reasoned that the Apache was spying on the valley below, and was working gradually around the boulder so as to keep within its shadow and out of the heat of the sun.

So he squirmed in the opposite direction, graduating his slightest movements to those of the Indian. Presently their positions around the base of the boulder were reversed; the white man was on top of the ridge, the redskin below. Then Burnham rose and leaped down the far slope—smack into a hive of Apaches, for whom the one atop the ridge was a sentinel. Burnham killed the first who confronted him, and outran the others, leading them into a cactus thicket where it was impossible for them to outflank him.

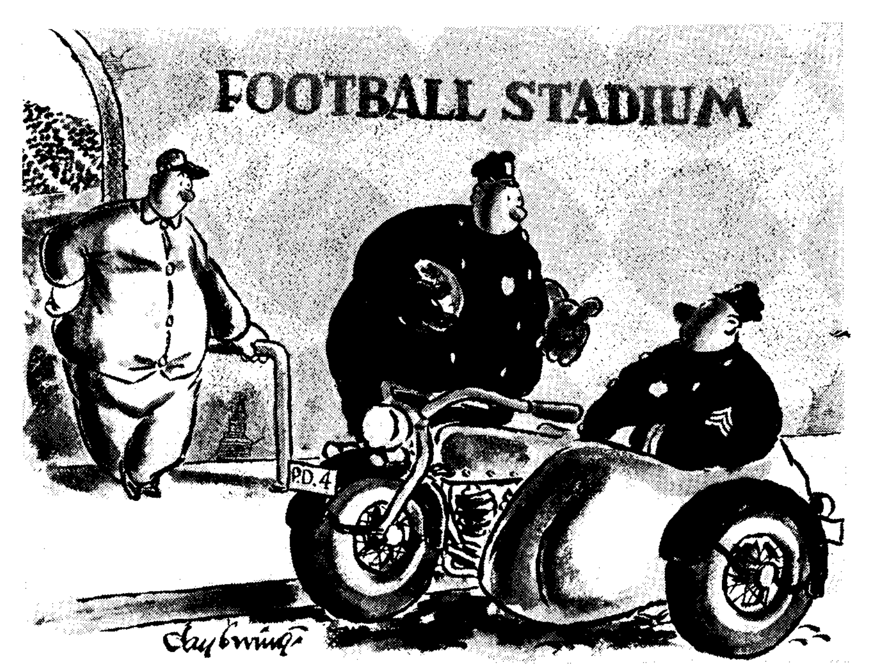
Into the Jungle

In 1893, captured by the magic and romantic tales of Cecil Rhodes which were coming from Africa, he sailed with his wife to tread new trails. Landing at Durban, on the southeast coast, they trekked four months and hundreds of miles north to Victoria, the newest and farthermost outpost of the British Empire in Mashonaland—a rich and beautiful country, now called Rhodesia, in memory of the man whose vision opened it to progress.

Major Burnham is fond of pointing out the curious parallels in the local histories of South Africa and of our own great West. The trip he took with Mrs. Burnham and their infant son through virgin wildernesses of veldt and mountain, was similar to the covered-wagon treks of our prairies. The Boers, who were numerous among the pioneers in Mashonaland, had been in South Africa two hundred years—almost as long as white men had been in America. Here were the same hazards of desert—thirst, mountain cold and native savage. It was soon after his arrival in the little post of Victoria that Fred Burnham left his wife and son in the flimsy safety of the stockade, and went off to scout for the British column, under Forbes and the ill-fated Wilson.

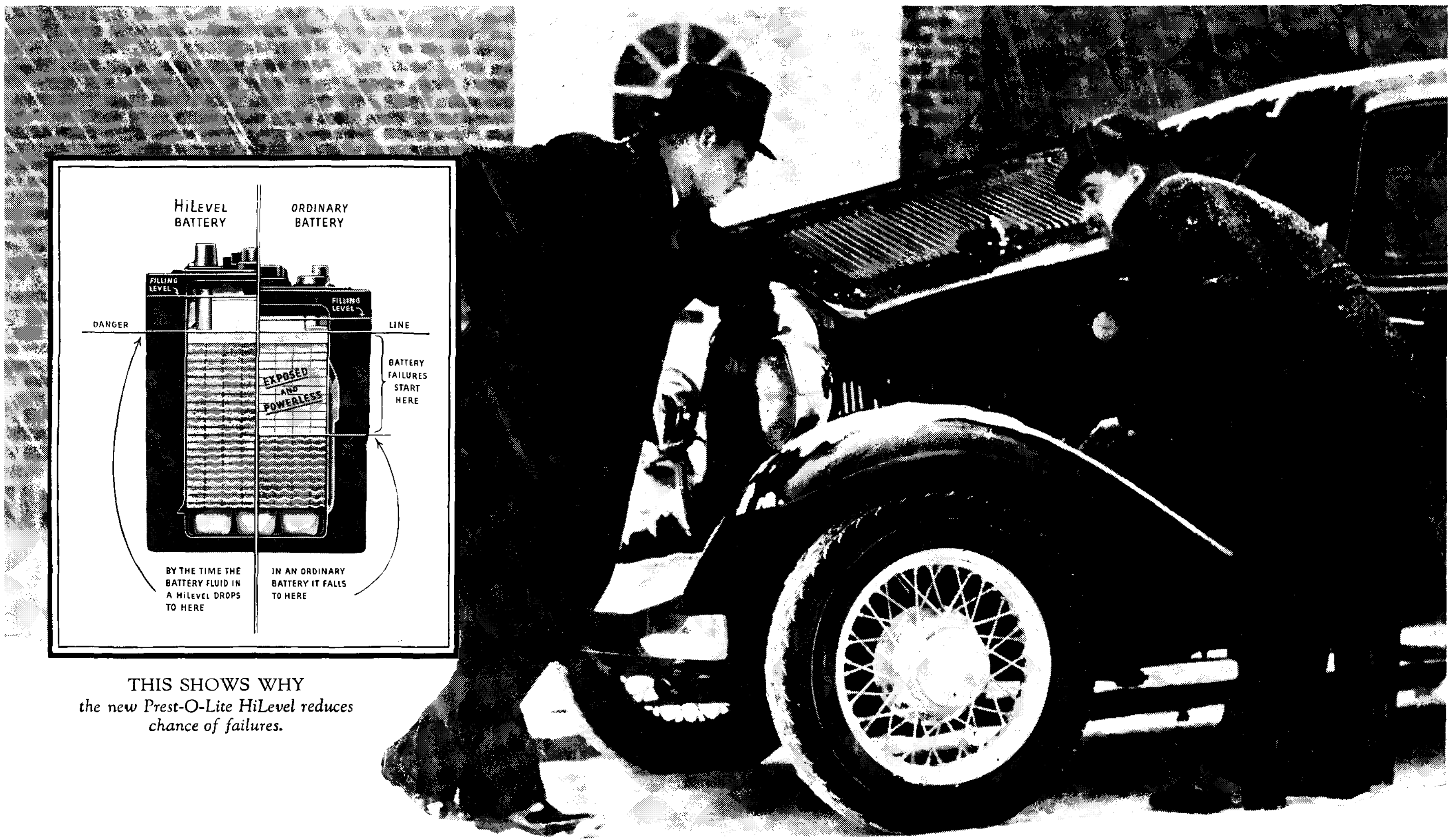
After Wilson's death and Forbes' retreat, the fortunes of war turned against the blacks. Rhodes came up with reinforcements, Lobengula died, and the Matabele made peace. This lasted for several years; then came the fiercer and bloodier Second Matabele War—in which Fred Burnham, the young American scout, performed his greatest feat in Africa. At least it was the single blow which held in its fist the outcome of the war and the fate of the white colonies in Mashonaland.

(*Continued on page* 62)



"He says returning a ball only entitles us to one admission. . . ."

JAY IRVING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with this amazing new-type battery

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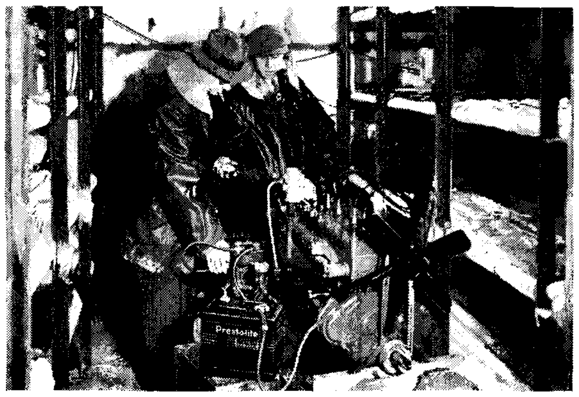

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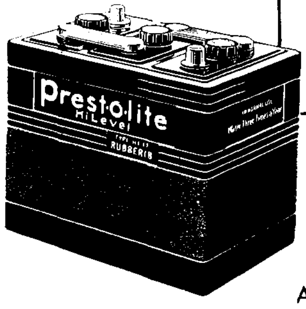
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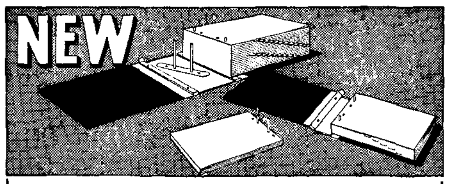

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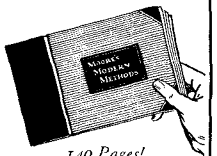

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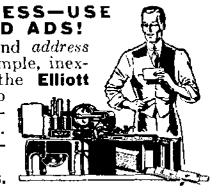

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Great Scout

Continued from page 60

The Matabele were of the Zulu race, and the Zulus were the Sioux and the Apaches of Africa, lacking the refined cruelty and skill of either but combining the evilness of both into a vicious brutality. Lobengula was dead, but a more satanic genius had risen in his stead—the M'Limo, or "Mouthpiece of God," a great medicine man. Hundreds of whites were massacred, the survivors were trapped in Bulawayo and Victoria by the thousands of victory-crazed blacks, plague struck down the cattle and horses of the whites, and the little three-year-old daughter of the Burnhams, Nada, died within beleaguered Bulawayo from the hardships of the siege.

You may understand, therefore, with what eager joy he listened to a young Englishman, Armstrong by name, who broke out of the jungle and made his way to Burnham to whisper that he could lead the American scout to the hiding place of the M'Limo himself. It would be a dangerous adventure—how dangerous, no one knew better than Fred Burnham. Through trackless jungle to the heart of Africa's mysticism and black magic, ringed by a hundred thousand frenzied spearmen and countless impis of riflemen. But—Nada had died.

Bad Medicine for White Men

That very night the scout slipped away into the jungle, accompanied by Armstrong, on the mission from which his wife, waiting in the little home in Bulawayo, could scarcely have much faith he would ever return to her alive.

The M'Limo, Burnham gathered from the tale brought by Armstrong, had a flaw in his armor—an enemy. Armstrong, a native commissioner, had made friends with this enemy, a Zulu whose family had been bewitched by the Mouthpiece. The Zulu had given Armstrong a clue to the location of the M'Limo's cave in the fastness of the Matoppo Mountains. The information was meager and the way it indicated lay over thorny plateaus and granite-strewn slopes. By day Burnham hid carefully, and taught his companions how to efface themselves with handfuls of tall grass when in the meadows, and with clumps of brush when in the forest edge. By night he scoured the Matoppos, which are honeycombed with caves.

This strategic advantage of their country may be the origin of the name Matabele, which means "hidden people," and testifies to their elusiveness in warfare. Mashonaland is the country of King Solomon's gold mines; and with its ancient and unexplained ruins it is a treasure house for modern archeologists.

Halfway up the shoulder of an immense granite dome rock, which rose a thousand feet above the surrounding Matoppo Mountains, the Yankee scout found the sacred cave in which the M'Limo brewed his bad medicine for the white men. It was a shrine held in awe by the superstitious blacks, and unprofaned by any feet except those of the Great Mouthpiece of God himself. At its base was a clearing which had been pounded to the hardness of rock by the ceremonial dances of the impis. A zigzag trail mounted from the clearing to the cave mouth like an altar stairway. A hundred guard huts, and a hundred trails which were alive with warriors at all hours, surrounded the mountain.

Burnham concealed his horse and Armstrong's in a clump of tall grass which bordered a brook at the edge of the clearing. He tied their heads high, so that they could not graze or toss, and he left no metal to clink or to reflect sunlight. Then, with infinite patience, a yard in five minutes, waiting always for the breeze to rustle the grass tops, the American and his companion squirmed through to the mountain and up its side into the cave.

A Father's Revenge

Now they had a wait which in its length and uncertainty was as arduous as their whole trip. Finally they were rewarded by sights of activity in the clearing below. An impi in full war paint and panoply filed out of the jungle in dance formation. The watchers' hearts almost stood still as the ceremonial ranks parted to let through a tall and vigorous man, chiefly distinguished for the bestial cruelty of his face. The M'Limo! He came up the path to the cave with stately tread, pausing frequently to make mystic signs and to utter loud prayers, a performance obviously designed to impress the savages below. Spellbound, devout, the blacks watched the visible ascension of a god into his heaven.

There could be no thought of capturing the M'Limo and escaping with him through this horde of ecstatic savages. The M'Limo approached the mouth of the cave, and Burnham took aim. The eye of a scout was on that bead, but the finger of a bereaved father pulled the trigger. The M'Limo fell dead with a bullet through his heart. A marksmanship and a coolness bred in America thus changed the fate of a colony in Africa.

Burnham and Armstrong leaped out of the cave and dashed down the rock toward their hidden mounts. The warriors, frozen by the terrifying suddenness of the event, stood transfixed. Noting this, the audacious scout and his comrade actually paused to set fire to the guard huts; then vaulted upon their horses and escaped. The forcing of peace upon the Matabele was easy for Cecil Rhodes after that.

End of the Trail

Though his feats, as chief of scouts of the British Army in the Boer War, were many and famous, Major Burnham recalls with most satisfaction his adventure with the M'Limo. A personal grudge was settled in that, whereas many of the Boers were his friends and had split hazards with him in more than one desperate fight. Nevertheless, with his Yankee frontier tricks and his American fashion in scouting, Major Burnham, as Lord Roberts' Chief of Scouts, was as great a plague to the Boers as he had been to the blacks. At the end of the war he was called to London and in St. James' Palace was personally invested by King Edward with the Distinguished Service Order of the British Empire.

You walk lightly and catch yourself dreaming the old dreams you gave up years ago, when you come away from the major. You are refreshed, and a little envious, for here is a man who lived the life he wanted to live—and that you wanted to live but did not dare. Somehow, too, you find yourself picturing the old scout as he stands at the windows of his beautiful home of evenings, looking up to see that there is only peace in the Southern California moon.

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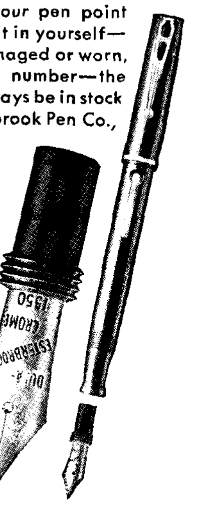

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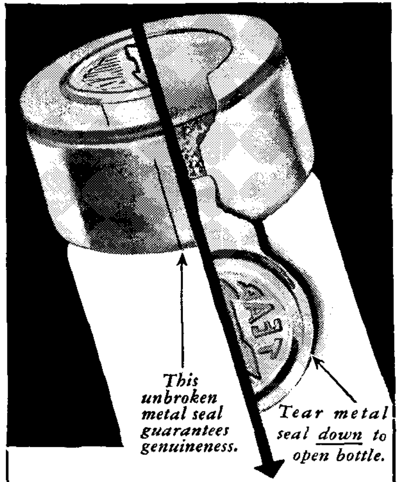

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See advertisement Inside Back Cover

HAS AN ALSECO ANTI-COUNTERFEIT SEAL ON EVERY BOTTLE *for your protection*

ALUMINUM SEAL CO. NEW KENSINGTON, PA.

The Policeman's Hat

Continued from page 11

had dinner at their expense. Wally looked fine—clear eyes, skin rosy and he shot a brisk 73; excellent, considering that Foxborough is a murderous layout. At dinner he delighted me by drinking tea.

I prepared the way for his visit, for I had previously spoken of him to Joan and she had said: "Bring him with you any time, Jerry. Any friend of yours is a friend of mine." I now telephoned her and the sweet girl was enthusiastic about it.

"Where did you meet this dame?" he demanded, as we drove over in the soft cool of eventide.

"She's not a dame. I don't like that word. I've known her a long time and she's entirely different."

"Never mentioned her to me."

"Why should I?"

"Well, you mentioned that other little red-headed mutt that you were crazy about last year. And wasn't she heaven's gift to the white race?"

He referred to an excitable hussy who had threatened to sue me for some vague reason, but was happily dissuaded. Her name was Hazel and even mention of the incident was shocking, now that I knew Joan.

"There is no need for making comparisons," I said coldly. "Miss Fielding is merely a friend. There is no sentiment involved and I am sure you will like her."

We arrived at the rambling home of Judge Fielding, and Joan came out to meet us. She wore a white dress and a blue band around her hair and her friendly manner with Wally won the big brute over in forty seconds. Never have I seen her looking more adorable. We chatted of this and that, had coffee and ice cream and I kept a sharp eye out to see if they were going to get on. It looked promising and when the visit was over, Joan asked Wally to call again, an invitation, I may say, that he leaped to accept. I could see he admired her. Any man, not a complete idiot, would be bound to.

AMONG my friends, I am now and always have been noted for carrying a level head, and again I demonstrated the old Broderick shrewdness. The plan worked and it worked amazingly well. Unobtrusively, I moved myself out of the picture, stepped aside, and presently was delighted to see the result. From the start, I could notice a subtle change in my golfing mate, a sort of mellowing. He became a nicer fellow to know. His manner with people was more kindly. He stopped swearing. He ceased using uncouth language in the locker-room, and refrained from telling those vulgar stories that cause so much ribald and unjustified laughter. On the night of the monthly banquet at our club, he sat beside me and drank bowl after bowl of weak tea, much to my joy.

Joan and he attended lectures on improving topics and he even escorted her to a concert where nothing was played but classical music. They strolled together often. They prowled in the woods and she told him of birds and bees, all surprising news to Wally, as the only bird he is sure of is the owl. He went to church with her one Sunday evening and little by little the old habits vanished, and he became definitely a changed fellow. Naturally, I missed him and was occasionally a trifle lonely; and at other times I felt the need of talking things over with Joan. Never once did she give advice to Wally, or ask him to mend his ways. He did it all by himself, just as the moana rose opens its petals to the caress of the morning sun.

When he actually gave over drinking liquor and became a total abstainer like myself, my joy passed all bounds and I was proud. The thing was accomplished. It was a miracle, but there it was for any inquiring eye to see, the wondrous effect of a good woman upon a heedless man. I naturally expected the next step would be their marriage and a handsome brick house in Greenbrook.

Did we triumph in our golf matches from then on? I hope to say we did. Once again we began to mow down the best two-men teams for miles around, and always Wally was on hand, fresh as a daisy. The old firm of Joyner and Broderick was back in the pink and the winnings rolled in. Wally was consistently in the 70's. His drive, always a darb, was better than ever. His putter became a wizard's wand. His mashie shots were worthy of slow-motion photography and a place in the rotogravure records, and this jolly state of affairs went on day after day, week after week, until there appeared a disturbing change, slow but remorseless. It was me. Not "it was I," as I did not deserve a capital letter. My golf game, solid as the rock, began to unravel, and instead of supporting and helping my partner I commenced notably to fail him, and much to his distress.

"WHAT has come over you?" he asked one afternoon, when he had been soundly thrashed by Woolcott and Baynes of Deerfield Meadows. "Do you realize you shot an 86 today? And yesterday you were putrid, too. What's wrong?"

"I don't know what's wrong," I replied honestly. "I'm trying as hard as ever, but I feel sort of sick. I've noticed it lately."

"Sick?"

"Yes, ill. I don't feel good."

"You have any pains?"

"No pains. Only, when I arise in the morning, I feel bad. I see little spots. Then all day long, when I should begin to feel better, I don't feel any better. I get lower. Sometimes my head feels funny."

"It always looked funny to me," he remarked. "Maybe you'd better see a doctor. You talk to Doctor Laubensheimer. He'll fix you up."

The doctor referred to is a member of our club, a hearty convivialist himself and one of those who admires Wally's stories. But I had no intention of going to him. I could see nothing much wrong, beyond the constant state of ill-being and soggy spirits. Some days I actually didn't care to go on living.

Then we dropped another match to Henry and Davidson of Rockhaven and Wally lost eighty-five on the afternoon. He sat glaring at me in the clubhouse, both of us sipping iced tea. I'd turned in an 89.

"You look pale," he said firmly. "There's a queer gleam in your eye. You'll have to see Doctor Laubensheimer at once."

"You think I should?"

"Absolutely. You don't imagine I'm going on losing money at this rate? We're out two hundred on the last two matches."

"Very well," I said. "I shall call on the doctor at once, as I feel pretty sleazy. I feel like a man who might be going to die."

And I did feel perfectly horrible next day when I strolled into the handsome offices of Doctor Laubensheimer, who is

(Continued on page 64)

"A Headache almost cost me my job!"

1 "I woke up with a dull, thick head, upset stomach. Got word from the boss he expected a job done by noon, or else! The way I was feeling, I couldn't make the grade even if he stood me up before a firing squad! But a friend saved my life . . .

2 "He took me down to the drugstore for Bromo-Seltzer. Boy, what a relief! In a jiffy, my head cleared up, that seasick feeling was gone, I felt refreshed! I snapped into the job, finished it on time.

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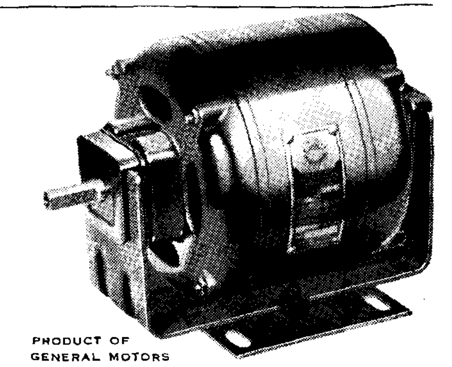
makes you feel fit faster



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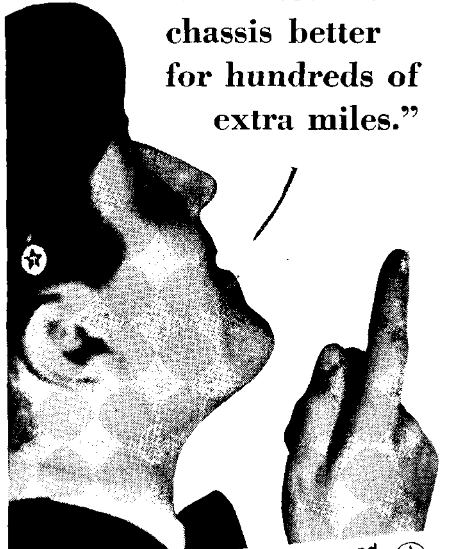

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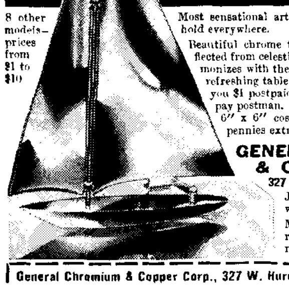

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(Continued from page 63)

a notably excellent physician, though a bit forthright in his speech.

"Hello, Jerry," he said. "What's up?"

"I'm sick. I can't play golf."

"I wish I couldn't play golf like you can't," he grumbled, he being a chap accustomed to 95's. "Is that all?"

"That is not all. I'm a sick man. I feel bad all the while."

"Any aches?"

"No, just feel terrible."

"Take off some of those clothes," he ordered and in a minute he was going over me with the gleaming gadgets doctors love to toy with. He peered into my mouth, pulled up my eyelids, struck me here and there, poked an extremely rigid thumb into my midriff and presently laid his tools aside and glared at me.

"Nothing wrong with you," he said belligerently. "You're a softie."

"If there's nothing the matter, why am I ill all the time?"

"You're not sick. You're just yellow. Are you in love?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, then, what you need most is to step out and get good and stiff."

"Stiff?"

"Yes; plastered, blotto. You drink too much weak tea. Go and fill your hide full of red-eye, act like a man for one night, and you'll probably be your old sweet self in the morning. Now hop along, as I have serious business to attend to."

"You really think it might help if I imbibed alcoholic drinks for an evening?"

"Sure. And imbibe a lot of them. Get to where you think you're Lady Godiva on a blue horse. Talk back to a cop. You're too introspective, my lad. You need a large, hairy binge. You need to be hauled out of yourself and get a good headache. That is—unless you're lying to me."

I met Wally two hours later and informed him of the extraordinary prescription.

"Might be the very thing," he said thoughtfully. "Anyhow, no harm in trying it once. I'll go along, because I know the best places to collect a bun."

"But you are not to drink anything," I said in alarm. "You understand that. This is an experiment on doctor's orders."

"Don't worry about me. I am old water boy himself."

THE evening found us in strange occupations, and it turned out to be a rather remarkable adventure. Wally advised an early start, to be sure of going good later on, and we commenced operations in a stuffy taproom known as Sloppy Joe's, where Wally ordered milk for himself, and for me a liquid concoction, slightly reddish in hue and described as a Policeman's Hat. He stared at me narrowly while I drank the hat, knowing my unfamiliarity with strong drink, and almost immediately I was aware of certain changes.

I felt suddenly like a monster airplane that has been running on one motor and all three motors pop on full blast. I was aware of a rise in power. I felt like a sea gull shooting through the higher stratosphere and also like a wolf howling across the Arctic wastes.

"I feel better now," I informed him. "Let us have another Officer's Helmet."

After that I remember nothing whatever. My life became a pleasant blank for twelve hours and I have only Wally's word that I spent part of the evening on a roller-coaster, or shoot-the-chutes, an instrument that previously played only a small part in my affairs. I likewise tried to step off the ferryboat and swim alongside, but was restrained by the crew. Wally directed me to my rooms and forced me to stop singing as we approached, and thus the good doctor's orders were carried out to the last jot and tittle.

I had my hairy binge. In the morning I awakened in my own bed, gazed at myself in the mirror and observed certain changes. I looked like something that has been dug up in a swamp and hastily put back. Later I saw Wally at Greenbrook.

"How do you feel?" he asked anxiously.

"I still feel sick. If anything, I am sicker than before, for now I have definite pains all over me."

"We're playing Moore and Odell today," he said briskly. "I do hope you click."

"I may click, and I may also fall over dead on the third tee."

We went through the match, I shot another shameful 88 and we lost seventy-five dollars apiece. Wally said nothing to me, as he is a sterling character and generous to a fault.

THAT night I wandered about town alone and lonely. Wally was somewhere with Joan and it was quite apparent to me that Doctor Laubensheimer's prescription had failed. I was no better. The further thought crept into my mind that perhaps I had not given the doctor's theory a fair chance. Perhaps I required more than one hairy binge. Thinking thus, I walked into Sloppy Joe's, ordered a double Policeman's Hat, and in two hours I was back on the shoot-the-chutes, yipping like a Comanche and causing the management great uneasiness. A friendly taxi driver steered me home at three in the morning, and when I came to, there was Wally at the foot of the bed. He looked stern.

"What now, little man?" he inquired, when I opened one eye fearfully. "You were out, helling around again, weren't you? Doctor Laubensheimer said one binge."

"It didn't work," I answered feebly. "I thought if I gave it a second trial—"

"You can't stand this," he snapped. "Nothing in your past life prepared you for night-spotting. You cut it out, will you?"

"It is only a medical experiment," I said defensively, and thereupon I arose, feeling low and unhappy. Fortunately, we had no match.

Whatever psychological adjustments were at work on my disturbed cosmos, I shall never be able to explain, but from that moment my conduct was reprehensible.

Wally was worried. I continued to feel low day after day and, to overcome it, drank any and all kinds of potent alcoholic drinks, red, white and blue. I was the town scandal.

The good doctor was having a run for his advice, and there came to be seen in Greenbrook a steady imbiber, once a total abstainer, and the folks were shocked. I ambled about town beaming upon one and all and Wally's dismay was pathetic, as he blamed himself for starting me on my career. He further called Laubensheimer some rather harsh names.

I PLAYED in several golf matches, wherein I recall nothing, shot atrocious golf and almost drove my partner frantic. His face wore a look of pained amazement, mingled with sadness. At the end of the week we faced an engagement with McDermott and Wilderming of Sequonda Valley and Friday night Wally remained close to me.

"You're going to be in shape tomorrow," he said bitterly, "if I have to kill you."

"If you will remember," I said with dignity, "that I am usually in shape for a golf match."

(Continued on page 65)

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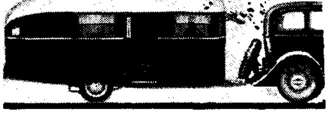

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He went home with me, saw me peacefully to bed, left me and I slept soundly. Next day we mangled McDermott and Wilderming, and after the contest Wally sprang a bit of news.

"We shall have our dinner here at the club," he announced, "a quiet meal, and following dinner we have a social engagement."

"Which would be?"

"Calling on Joan," he said, giving me an intent look. "She will be glad to see you again."

"How do you know?"

"She said so."

"Oh, so you've told her about bringing me, eh? Have you likewise informed her of the Laubensheimer treatment?"

"Certainly."

"Couldn't even omit that. Nice old pal."

The moment he said we were about to call on Joan, I began to feel queer again, although I had not felt queer all afternoon. I was joyous and sad in equal mixtures.

"Another thing," he said, scowling at me, "you are not to have any drinks tonight."

"That suits me," I replied and at the moment I meant it, but the thought of seeing Joan again must have upset me slightly. When we sat down to dine, I excused myself to wash my hands and started for the locker-room.

BY STROLLING into the washroom at Sequonda Valley you can detour around to the bar, unseen by those in the dining-room, where Wally awaited. I was a trifle weak and had two quick ones, returning instantly to dinner. After the soup, I excused myself again for further washing up, snagged two more fast ones and Wally's surprise increased, for when dinner ended I was beaming again, the fog was coming in and I was ready for anything.

"How did you collect it?" he asked indignantly.

"You can get around to the bar if you walk through the washroom. They keep a guide out there, an Indian bar guide. They go by notches on the trees."

"I don't know whether to take you up or not," he grumbled. "You look like an idiot."

"Yes, but a healthy idiot. I now feel quite well. Let us go forth and call upon the beauteous lady, for she is a lovely soul and you are not worthy of her."

"Correct," he said. "Get your hat."

It was a pleasant summer's night, and I yodeled all the way to Joan's home. When we came into the grounds, we could see her standing in the dusk, the figure of an angel. I was out first, and immediately stumbled over a rosebush, losing my hat, fountain pen and glasses.

"Good evening, Joan," I said heartily. "I am happy to see you again and I may add you never looked better. Let us all sit down in the comfortable chairs and have a mug of ale."

SHE shook hands gravely and smiled, but I noticed she had little to say. I mean, her silence was notable. This time she was dressed in blue, with dashes of pink and white, lovelier than ever and I could feel my heart thumping—possibly the gin. Nothing further was said about my having a mug of ale and I was about to protest when I observed there was no Wally Joyner in sight. I looked for him.

"Where is he?"

"Wally? He's gone."

"I thought we came up to pay you a formal call. What is the idea of hopping off, leaving me here alone?"

"You're not alone. I'm here."

"Has a queer look to me. Certainly odd. Wally doesn't often do that."

I hung my hat on a hook and it instantly fell on the veranda, as there was no hook there.

"Put your hat on your head," she suggested quietly. "I believe I would like to walk."

I did so and we went walking and, by great effort, I avoided the millions of rosebushes. Joan talked and, when I manifested a desire to talk steadily she made me cease, which I thought peculiar.

Presently we came upon a lunch bazaar, a purple street car, glorified into a restaurant, and as she expressed a desire for coffee, we entered and ordered steaming mugs. We then strolled again. In half an hour Joan wanted more coffee and I drank another mug to keep her company. Thus we walked and drank coffee and the first thing I knew, the fog was clearing. My mind became as clear as crystal. In the final coffee place she gazed at me a long time and said in a serious voice:

"Jerry, I don't know if I ever mentioned it before, but I could never marry a man who drinks."

"And what could be better? Wally Joyner doesn't drink a drop, total abstainer, marvelous golfer. You are a lucky girl. And he is a lucky pup. Modestly, I come in for a dab of the credit."

We walked all the way back to the Fielding grounds, passed through the shrubbery, up to the veranda and stood there a while, staring at the moon. I began to feel low in my mind again. We talked of nothing personal, although she was close to my elbow, and finally she said:

"It's getting late. I'd better go in."

"Yes, it's late. I've had a perfectly grand evening."

She started slowly for the door, which is a large door, with a knocker, and I leaned against a pillar at the top step.

"Good night, Jerry," she called and opened the door.

"Good night," I answered, feeling steadily worse.

In the doorway, she spoke further: "I wish to repeat what I said in the coffee shop. I am quite certain I shall never marry a man who drinks. And for your special information, I may say to you that I shall never marry Wally Joyner, as I love someone else."

SHE closed the door with a gentle slam and I started for my rooms. I proceeded across the grounds, now bathed in the moonlight, and thought vaguely of hunting a taxicab, and while I walked onward I pondered over her parting remark. I stopped, looked at the moon and said it aloud. Then a couple of tons of brick suddenly fell on me. A great light burst. I turned and began trotting and in five minutes I was ringing the Fielding bell and would have torn down the side of the house. She opened the door herself.

"I was halfway home when it suddenly came to me that if you were going to marry a man who doesn't drink, and if you were not going to marry Wally, then perhaps you meant—well, you see, Joan, I am a man who doesn't drink."

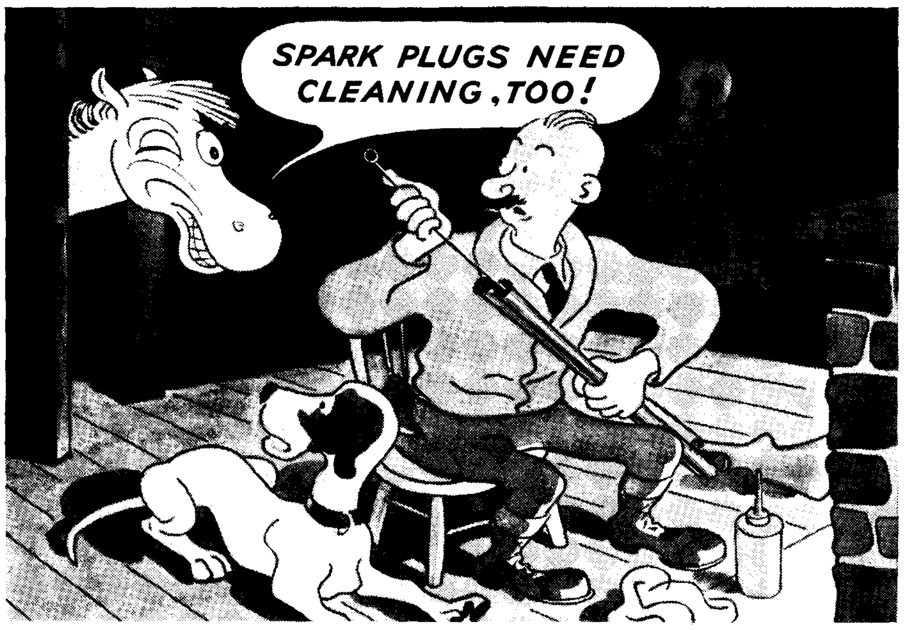
"Since when?"

"Since now—this instant. It is true that in these last weeks I have felt ill, and I am commencing to see why. I thought you and Wally had it fixed—but now I am myself again and will never require a Policeman's Hat."

The faint trace of a smile became a real one and I had a sudden burst of courage. I stepped forward and boldly took her in my arms, and started to say something, but not a word would come out.

She stood there silently, with her head nestled against my shoulder and I hoped she would never move again.

"As in the story books," she said gravely, "in spite of your age."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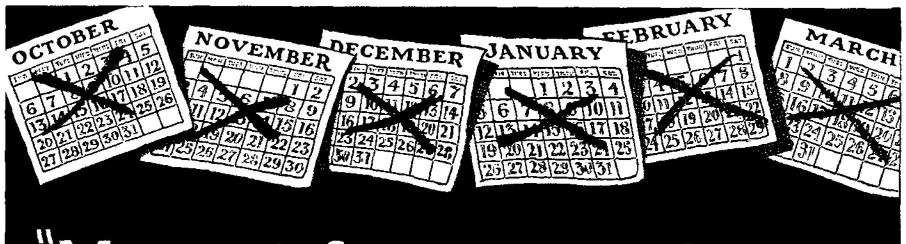

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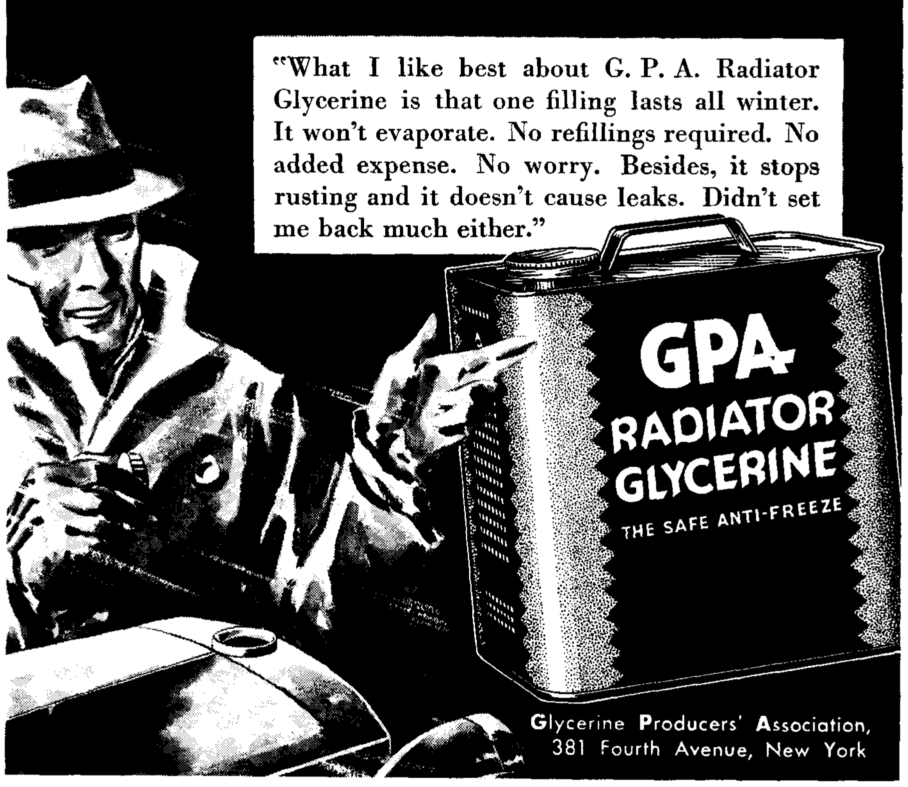

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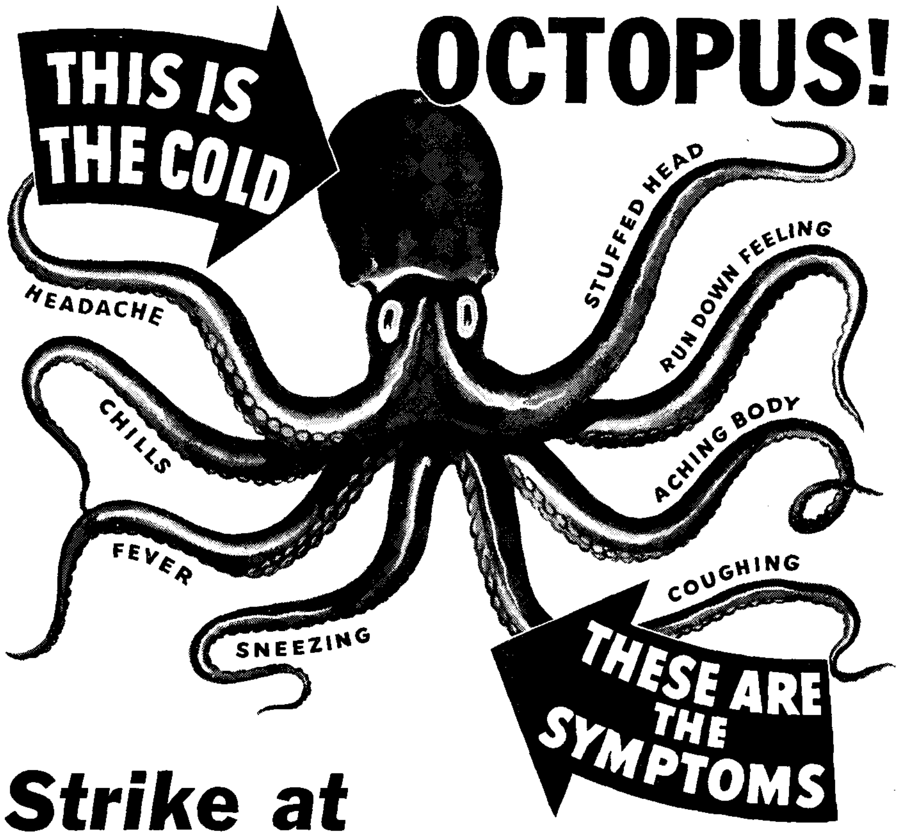

Strike at the Cold Itself—Not Merely at the Symptoms!

YOU'VE read about that dread sea creature—the Octopus!

If you should ever be so unlucky as to meet up with one, you wouldn't get very far by hacking off his arms. You'd have to strike at the creature itself—at that evil-looking, rubber ball-like body.

The same holds true for COLDS!

You won't get very far in your treatment of a cold, if you concern yourself merely with the symptoms. You must attack the *cold itself*, which is an infection in the system.

Internal Infection

Obviously, this calls for an internal treatment. Surface applications may allay the symptoms temporarily, but they won't reach the seat of the trouble. And, as long as any of the cold remains in the system there is danger of complications.

To put it in a nutshell, a cold calls, first of all, for a *cold* treatment and not a preparation only incidentally good for a cold. Secondly, it calls for internal medication.

The requirements are met in Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine tablets.

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First, they open the bowels, an admittedly advisable step in the treatment of a cold.

Second, they check the infection in the system, a particularly vital step.

Third, they relieve the headache and fever.

Fourth, they tone the system and help fortify against further attack.

These are the four effects you want in the treatment of a cold and, in Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine, you get them all in the form of a single tablet.

The proof of the pudding, so far as Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is concerned, is that these are the largest selling cold tablets in the world and for more than 40 years have been the stand-by of thousands in the treatment of colds.

Let No Cold Get Started

Let no cold "put the finger" on you. According to recently published newspaper reports, there is a death every four minutes from pneumonia traceable to the "common cold."

At the first sign of a cold go right to your druggist and get a package of Grove's Bromo Quinine tablets. Begin taking the tablets immediately, two every four hours until relieved. Prompt recourse to Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine will often stop a cold in 24 hours.

Ask your druggist firmly for Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine tablets and accept no substitute. The few pennies' cost may save you a lot in worry, suspense and expense.

The White Peril

Continued from page 9

That is what bothers the Japanese government—a government true to ancient tradition, suspicious of democracy, jealous of its dictatorial power over its people. Besides its two million young radicals, it casts a wary eye on the sixty thousand Japanese-Americans in the United States.

Most Americans do not realize how far the Americanization of Japan has gone. Tourists, in for a week or two, note the electric trains, airplanes, telephones, department stores, but these are superficialities. Americanism has gone deeper than these—right down into the Japanese mind and soul. Yet fewer than 2,500 Americans live in Japan.

For centuries, Japan was a man's country. Women were simply chattels. If a man tired of his wife, he sent her back to her people, in disgrace—it was her fault. She never ate with him. If he permitted her to appear with him on the street, she walked a pace behind.

A Peril Solving Itself

But today young Japan walks arm in arm along Tokyo pavements. It sits side by side, fingers intertwined, in movies, while American talkies—with the Japanese translation in red ideographs running down the side—unreels on the screen. Those ideographs are for the old folks; the younger generation understands American. The speech of young Japan is shot through with American words and slang.

There are more than a thousand American words in common use in Japan today. Street signs everywhere are ideographic renderings of American words and phrases. But the younger generation is just as much at home with the English-language editions of the Tokyo Nichi-Nichi and the Osaka Mainichi, with magazines printed in English and with signs that frankly ignore Japanese and call their wares in the American tongue.

Translation of American words into Japanese ideographs is not easy. Here is how it is done: Restaurants in the cities carry signs advertising ham sandwiches, for instance. That can't be spelled out in Japanese, so the ideographs read: "Ha-mu-sa-en-do-ee-chi." Say that over once or twice—and you know what a Japanese calls a ham sandwich. Similarly, beer is "bii-ru." Whisky is "u-i-su-ki."

Our Miss Miyazaki, writing an order to a department store—which by the way is a "de-par-to," would squiggle ideographs for a "ska-toh," "do-ress," "browse," "ri-bon," and "ban-do"—and get a skirt, dress, blouse, ribbon and belt in the next delivery.

No American need go hungry in Japan through inability to speak the language. The restaurant girls speak his language. All the visitor has to do is order "ha-mu-e-gu, to-su-to, ko-hi, ku-ri-mu and ba-ta"—and get ham and eggs, toast, coffee, cream and butter. If he wants bread he orders "pan"—which is one of the few words the French left in the Japanese language, the original being "pain."

If the tourist wants a drink there is "sa-i-da"—which is easily recognizable as cider—and "bu-ra-n-de-i" and a "ko-ku-te-ru" which are brandy and a cocktail. Where an "l" occurs in American, the Japanese substitute an "r."

All this invasion of Japanese speech and thought and custom, which the older generation doesn't like, is the penalty Japan pays for the introduction of such American things as baseball, handball, tennis, locomotives, electric trains, the radio, billboards, street cars, taxicabs and Martini cocktails. Its rulers would like to have the American things without the American ideas—but do not seem to realize yet that they can't have one without the other.

In 1933 a secret tready was signed between Japan and her Chinese foes at Tangku. This treaty gave Japan the right to establish in China—not the Japanese code of ethics, or the Japanese language, or Japanese ways of life—but civil aviation, radio, railroads and telegraphs. And so we have the curious spectacle of the Japanese government engaged in the Americanization of China! American speech and American ideas will follow airplanes and locomotives into China as surely as they did into the island empire itself.

But, while the White Peril, as most government officials regard it, spreads over the Far East, the Yellow Peril in the American West is rapidly solving itself. And there is a great diminution of the anti-Japanese agitation of ten years ago. Several anti-Japanese bills in the recent California legislative session got nowhere. In Seattle, an American Legion post has just presented a flag to a group of Second Generationists—instead of passing a resolution about the Peril. President Roosevelt has signed a bill conferring citizenship on Japanese veterans who fought with American forces in the World War. A decade ago, when Second-Generation boys and girls took up honors in high school classes, there were uproar and feverish questionings about white supremacy. Today, the boys and girls walk off with their share of the prizes and it's regarded as normal.

The economic pressure of the Japanese against the whites is steadily lessening. The Second Generation demands the same living standards, the same wages, as its white counterpart. It is ceasing to be competition in the old sense, and its competition for white jobs is very small. Japanese work mainly for Japanese; rarely does a Second-Generation boy or girl contest with a white boy or girl for a position.

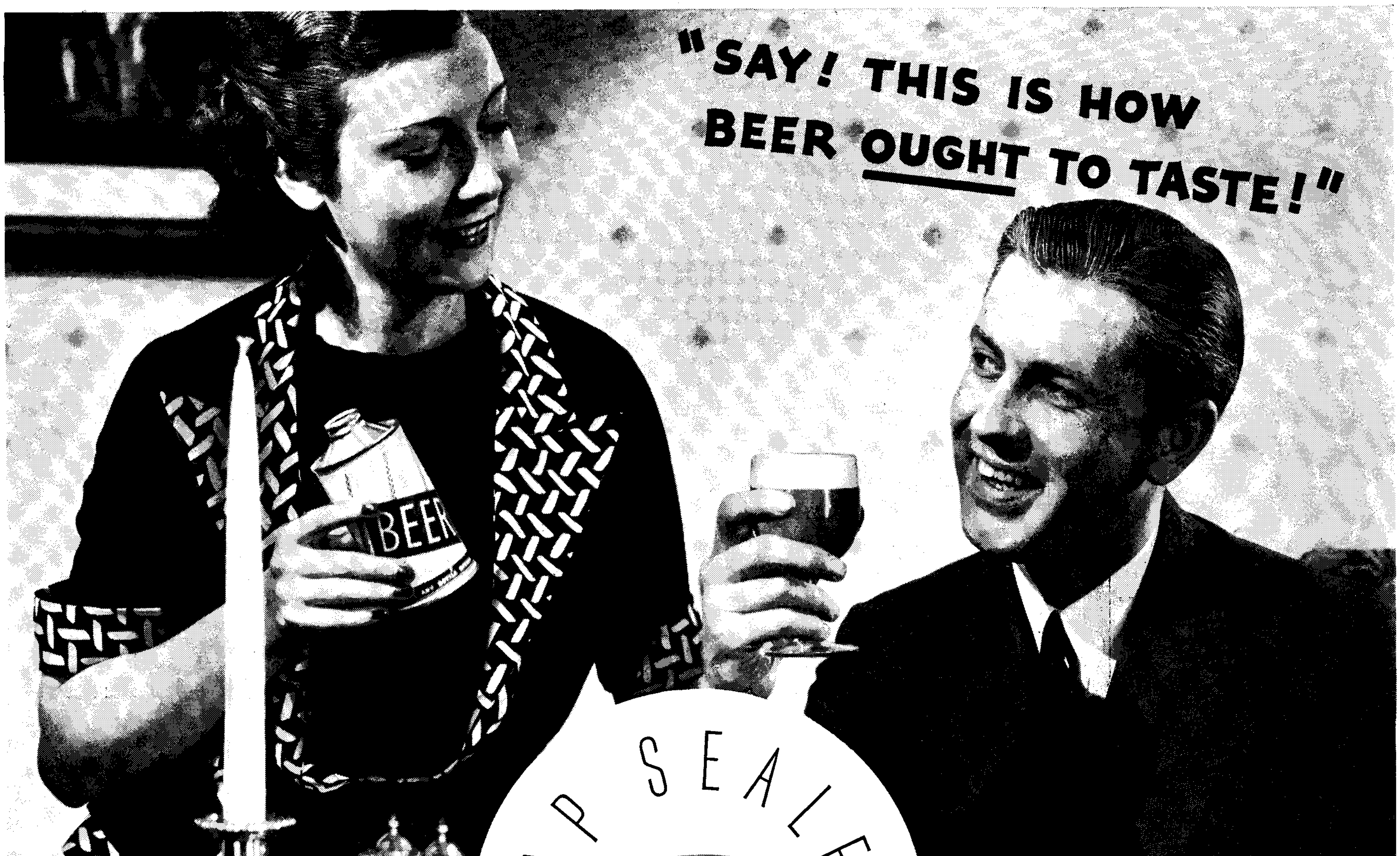
The Second Generation Rebels

Once, the whites exploited the Japanese. Of late years, the Japanese farmers and truck-growers in the West have been exploiting the Filipinos, working them at low wages. But these farmers now have a labor shortage to face—because about 30,000 Filipinos, under the terms of the Johnson-Welsh bill, are to be repatriated. Japanese-American newspapers are full of worries about a scarcity of farm labor.

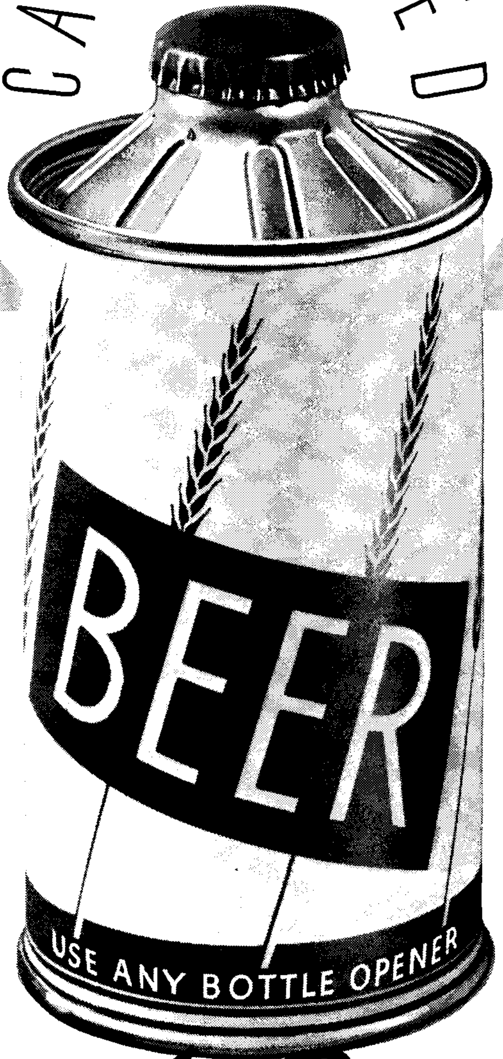
If Filipino labor on Japanese farms goes home to the Islands, a great many of the farms will revert to white ownership and operation. Technically, of course, they are white-owned now, because western land laws won't allow Japanese to own land. But nothing can prevent a Second-Generation Japanese-American owning land and leasing it to the First Generation. Without cheap Filipino workers, the farms cannot be operated in many cases. And the Second Generation doesn't want to work on the farm any more than the present generation of white Americans wants to.

Japanese-American newspapers and Japanese consuls in the West continually urge the Second Generation to "stabilize the community welfare by holding a permanent outlook." What that means is that the Japanese government is urging the Second Generation

(Continued on page 68)


"SAY! THIS IS HOW BEER OUGHT TO TASTE!"
BEER

BEER in CAP SEALED CANS



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No deposit ● No empties to return

Cools quicker ● Takes up less space

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Holds 12 fluid ounces, same as bottle

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Drink right from can if you wish

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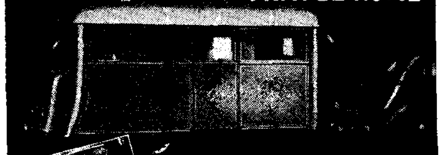

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The White Peril

Continued from page 66

to stay in America and not come traipsing to Nippon with a lot of ideas about democracy and woman suffrage and a Japanese rendition of the Bill of Rights.

James Y. Sakamoto, blind editor of the Japanese-American Courier, a leading west-coast spokesman for the Second Generation, believes thoroughly that his generation and those to come should stay here and become—as far as they may—a definite part of American life.

"The Second Generation," he says, "must be given every opportunity to develop and establish itself in the life of the community as a group of useful citizens. We realize that there will be almost no mingling of the bloodstreams by intermarriage, and that, to the average white American, the Japanese-American of the third, fourth and so on generations will still be a Japanese because he will look like a Japanese.

"But in time Japanese facial characteristics, even without intermarriage, will tend to fade out. Appearance is determined by climate, food, living habits and customs. Japanese-Americans in several generations probably will resemble Americans of Caucasian origin. In Hawaii, the change already is discernible, but of course there has been some intermarriage there.

"The average Second-Generation boy or girl is no more eager for marriage outside his race than the average American of white blood. There have been only a very few marriages between Japanese-American men and white girls; practically none between white men and Japanese-American girls. It is a safe prediction that the two races will never mingle their blood to any great extent."

The "community welfare" theme upon which Japanese-American leaders continually play is evidence enough that they are reconciled to the fact that their people never will be diffused into American society, as the Second Generation, springing from European immigrants, has been diffused. They will remain a cohesive little blob of humanity in the melting pot.

Breaking Down Parental Discipline

These brown-skinned Americans of Japanese descent are not very happy. Much of the social life of the whites is closed to them. They are regarded as Japanese by almost everyone; by their own older generation, born in Japan, they are reproved for being so American.

For example: In Japan's social economy the family is the unit—sisters, brothers, uncles, cousins and aunts. Those who work support those who do not. There is no such thing as "relief" in the empire. Each family operates its own relief system, under direction of its head-man. What the head-man says goes.

The older generation of Japanese in America brought this system with them—together with the custom of regarding women as inferior beings. This system, of course, clashes with the Americanism of the younger generation.

During the depression it was hard for the old folks to keep families intact; to retain the old grouping against the American idea of every man for himself. And the girls! Why, they thought they were as good as the boys—and were. Parental discipline broke down and today there is a distinct cleavage between the generations.

This Second Generation, of course, is a powerful factor for peace between the two nations. It realizes its impossible position in the event of war. For that matter, most of the younger generation in Japan itself believes in peace between the two nations. So do the Mitsui and Mitsubishi companies and the other great Japanese commercial concerns. The last thing they want is a war that would destroy the profitable trade between the empire and the republic.

Most of the war talk in Japan comes from a small clique of imperialists; for them, it is a defense mechanism, a desperate grip on their threatened power. They control the newspapers with an iron hand and only one—the Japan Chronicle—ever dares speak its mind. The Chronicle is British-controlled—but even so, it occasionally appears with a blank space, in the center of which appears a terse, nose-thumbing sentence: "You know what happened to *this* story!"

The Real Menace

Every imperialist must have a menace. An unthreatened people becomes soft. So the Japanese imperialists use America as their No. 1 Peril. When the Japanese spirit needs arousing, after its wallowings in the lush pastures of American movies and American jazz and other soul-destroying luxuries, America is dragged out and the horrifying picture of the U. S. S. Pennsylvania lying in Tokyo Bay shelling the Ginza is painted in full color.

That's the sort of invasion the Japanese ruling class talks about. But the real invasion it is afraid of is that of the Second Generation in the American West—and of the ideas this army will bring with it if it ever emigrates to the homeland of its forefathers.

That invasion, coupled with the growing democratic spirit among Japanese youth, is what really menaces the old order in the Land of the Rising Sun. How fast that spirit is growing is illustrated by an incident that took place in a Pacific Coast Japanese consulate a few weeks ago.

A party of Japanese students had arrived on a tour of America. The consul, Japanese to his toes, prepared a buffet luncheon for them, and memorized a little speech in which he bade them welcome, exhorted them not to stand on ceremony, and to partake freely of the luncheon. When he left Japan, children had to be encouraged like that, in the presence of authority.

But it wasn't necessary with these youngsters. They fell to, with glad cries reminiscent of an American Sunday-school picnic, almost bowling over the consul . . . He watched for a few minutes, and then singled out one pretty schoolgirl, in trim American clothes. Would she, as a favor, wear Japanese clothes—just to please the Americans?

"Sure!" she said, in perfect American. "But somebody will have to help me put them on. I've only worn Japanese clothes four times in my life!"

Pretty little Miss Marika—call me Mary!—Miyazaki, picking up American ideas sixty to the minute, shooting American slang with the best of 'em, playing a wicked game of "te-ni-su" and tinkling American "ja-zu" on her "gi-ta," swapping a "u-i-n-ku" and maybe a "ki-su" for a wink and a kiss from her "mo-bo" friend—she's the real problem for Japan today . . . She and Jimmy Saito and Willy Koyasu and Charlie Yamahoshi and their 60,000 brothers and sisters of the Second Generation in whose youthful breasts surges the ancient impulse to go West and grow up—with a new edition of America across the blue Pacific.

EAST O' THE SUN
WEST O' THE MOON

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Peanut Vender

Continued from page 17

he took a look around his native London and decided that it was too crowded with old men. A young man had to wait until an old man died before he could get a chance to show his wares and, even at twenty-one, Harry felt that he had something. If nothing else he had a questioning mind—but he couldn't find the answers in London. So he married and brought his bride to that land called America for her honeymoon. He landed in New York with five dollars and a high heart. The five dollars didn't last long, but the high heart did.

Evolution of a Super-Salesman

He worked at odd jobs around New York for a while, but they were hard dollars he was making. Someone told him about a steel mill at a place called Niles where there were plenty of jobs—steady jobs too, at good salaries. He didn't quite know where Niles was, but that didn't matter. He and his bride saved and scrimped and soon had raised the necessary get-away money. When he went to the ticket office to ask for two tickets to Niles the ticket seller asked, "What Niles? Niles, Michigan, or Niles, Ohio?"

"It's the place that has a steel mill," Harry suggested helpfully.

"Well," the ticket agent said doubtfully, "I never heard of no steel mills at Niles, Michigan, so maybe it's Niles, Ohio, you're looking for."

His guess was right, and lucky it was for both Harry and for Niles, Ohio, for many years afterwards Niles became the recipient of some of his charities. For a few years Harry worked in Niles as a steel puddler. It was good, steady work and if occasionally Harry saw visions and had restless dreams which told him that he was capable of conquering greater worlds he brushed such aside, for he had children now, and responsibilities, and he couldn't afford to fool around with those wildcat schemes that sometimes took possession of his mind.

One day Harry found himself with an idle afternoon, and destiny led his footsteps into the Columbus baseball park. It must have been destiny because Harry had never seen a baseball game and had no interest in seeing one. Something just led his steps into that ball park. He bought a score-card, hoping to be enlightened as to just what this rather silly-looking performance was all about, but the score-card was only a printed slip of paper with the names of the players on it. There were no advertisements and it developed that the line-up as printed was hopelessly inaccurate.

Stevens sat there looking at the score-card and something began to stir in his consciousness. Perhaps you'd call it the instinct of the born salesman, or of the born showman, for Harry was always both.

"This score-card is ridiculous," Harry told himself. "It could be improved. It could be made to make money. It could . . ."

He arose and went to the office of the owner of the club. He said he'd like to handle the score-card concession for the Columbus ball park on a fifty-fifty basis. The owner said he'd sell the concession for the season outright for five hundred dollars. Stevens airily agreed to the terms (he didn't have three dollars in his pocket) and left the office.

He found a printer who would work, for a short time, on credit. He went to every merchant in Columbus, soliciting advertisements, and the next day he turned up at the ball park with seven hundred dollars, the proceeds of this super-salesmanship. He gave the owner of the club his five hundred dollars and proceeded to print and sell the score-cards.

Stevens was one of the greatest practical psychologists of his time. I suppose any great salesman is a great psychologist. Stevens was right so often and wrong so seldom that he must have had an instinct for salesmanship, and for understanding the wants of crowds, that transcended mere brilliancy. Until he began selling his score-cards no one really thought it necessary to have one. He educated the fans to the point where they felt that they couldn't enjoy the game without one of his cards. And he did it with a sentence.

"You can't tell the players without a score-card," he'd cry as he stood before the entrance of the ball park while the crowd poured in. They couldn't miss him. He wore a bright red coat, a tall, battered hat and his voice was booming Jovian thunder that couldn't be ignored.

Harry was on his way now, but he didn't make enough to do much for his family, which had been increased by another son. He branched out and got the score-card concession at Toledo and Milwaukee and he exhibited a fine stroke of genius by printing the Milwaukee score-cards in German.

Then he took a great stride forward. He tackled the big-league parks. First it was Pittsburgh, then Boston and then Washington, and he was known as the Score-Card King. There wasn't much profit in score-cards, though, and a couple of rained-out games would set him back two or three weeks' profit.

He still maintained his method of personal salesmanship. At Washington, for instance, he'd *announce* important personages as they entered the park.

"Here's Senator Smith coming in now," his voice would boom. "Of course the senator is going to buy a program. He knows you can't tell the players without a program. And here's Senator Jones. Here's your box, Senator. Let me brush off that chair. And of course you want a program; you can't . . ."

Harry Stevens became a character with his red coat and his battered hat. People would point at him as he went up and down the aisles and they'd say, "That's Harry Stevens." They'd enjoy his patter whether they bought or not.

Out-shouting New York

Vaguely Stevens realized that there were great possibilities which he hadn't as yet touched in this business of being a concessionaire. Where would he find the biggest opportunities? New York, of course. At that time—this was in the early 1890's—New York was the goal of every young man. Harry decided that he'd have to conquer New York next.

He met John Montgomery Ward at the Pittsburgh ball park one day. Ward was then manager of the New York Giants.

"I'd like to sell score-cards in your ball park," he told Ward.

"Sure—why not?" Ward replied. "I like to hear you sell 'em."

Stevens liquidated his assets, found that the results would pay his fare to New York and allow him to live for a week or two, and then he headed for Bagdad-on-the-Hudson. The New York of the nineties—loud, blustering, rowdy, vital—was just suited to Stevens. He could speak the language of New York. And he could out-shout New York.

He became a fixture at the entrance

(Continued on page 70)

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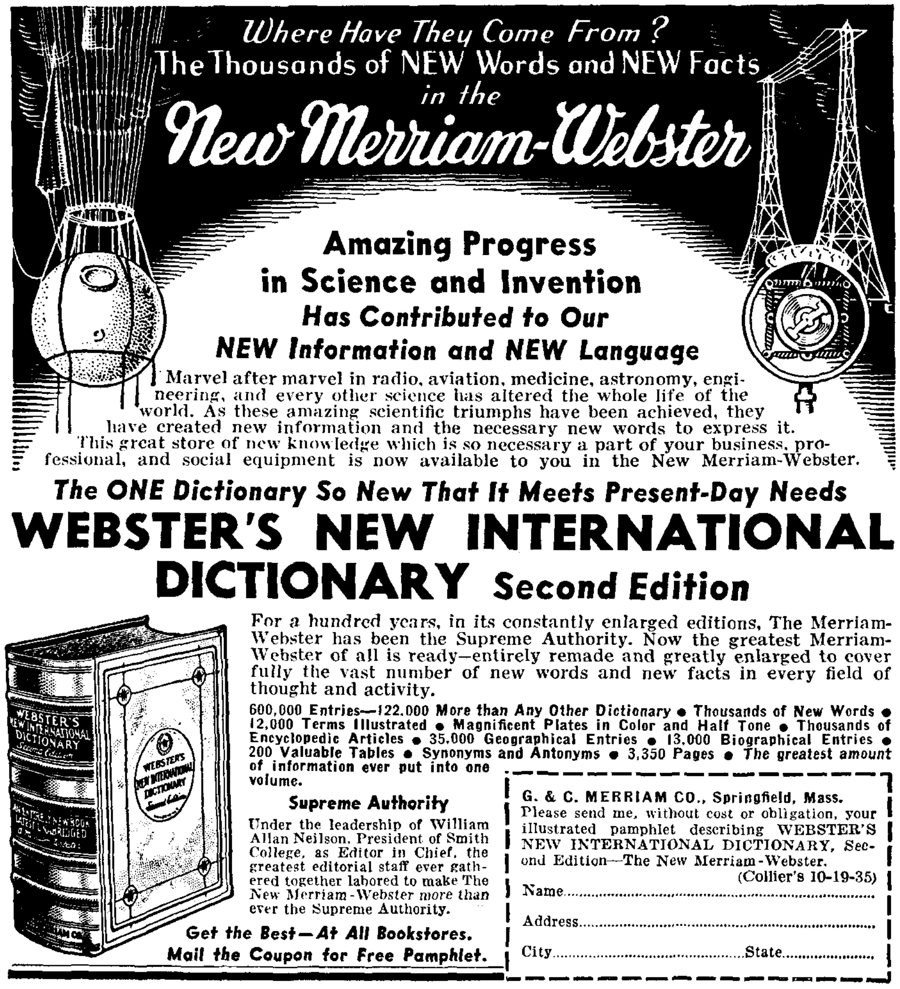

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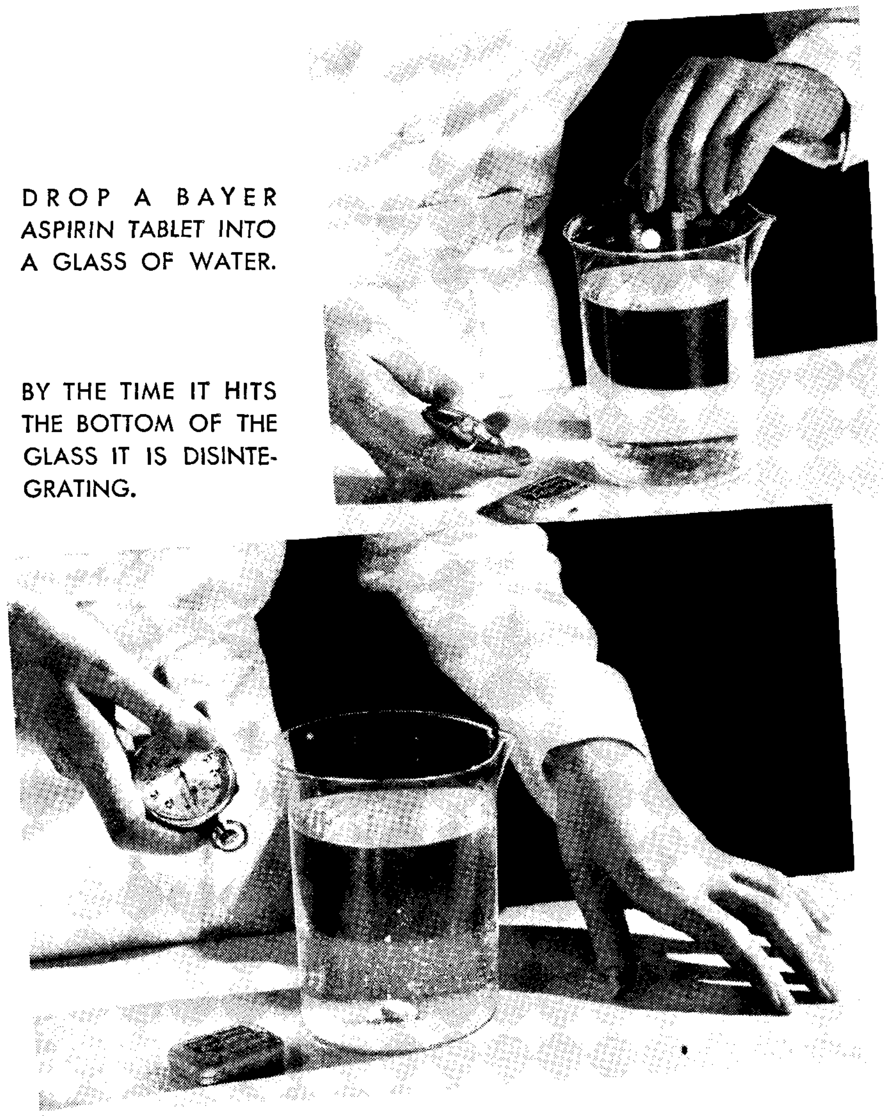
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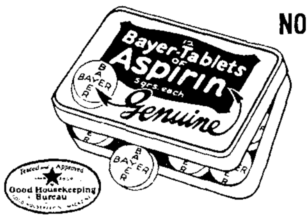

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Genuine Bayer Aspirin

(*Continued from page* 69)

to the Polo Grounds. He introduced a new bit of patter. The Giants would be playing Pittsburgh. Late-comers, hurrying into the park, would be stopped by Harry.

"Pittsburgh is leading 3 to 2," he'd cry. "George Gore is at bat and Danny Richardson on first . . . Here you are . . . you can't tell the players without a program."

He was doing all right but only all right, for these were lean years for the Giants. In 1901 the Giants finished last in the then twelve-team league. Then in the middle of the 1902 season there came a scrappy little man named John McGraw to manage the club. In 1903 he got the team up to a point where it finished in second place. New York began to take an interest in the team—and come to the games. This all helped Stevens and he put in a sideline of ice cream and soda pop. In 1904 McGraw won the pennant—and the Giants became a New York institution. Fans stormed the ball park and there was Harry in his red coat waiting for them. He had to hire assistants but he kept on hawking score-cards himself. Why, he sold twice as many as the best man he ever hired.

He added peanuts to his stock and a few years later he was to be known as the man who parlayed a peanut into a million dollars. One thing worried him a bit these days. He wasn't selling much soda pop. He reasoned that the peanuts should make the customers thirsty—but still he didn't sell much pop. Then he realized why.

Baseball fans are like no other fans on earth. They come to a game and, by golly, they want to see the game; they want to see every moment of it. They can't take their eyes off that diamond. Not long enough even to tilt a bottle of soda up to their lips. When you drink soda out of a bottle you have to bend your head back, and thus, for a second, take your eyes from the diamond. Stevens reasoned that out—and found the answer.

He discovered the straw. He put two straws into each bottle and the fans could drink all they wanted without missing anything. There weren't many angles that Stevens didn't know—very few corners he couldn't turn.

Definition of a Fan

About this time Harry fell in love. He fell in love with the Giants. He became the greatest fan the Giants ever had. Perhaps he knew that he was on his way to a fortune and in the beginning felt that McGraw's success with the Giants had brought in the crowds that were making him rich. But finally he became just a dyed-in-the-wool, eighteen-karat Giant fan. Once after the Giants lost a tough one a friend saw Harry looking very sad.

"A tough one to blow, Harry," he said.

Stevens turned to Addison for solace:

> " 'Tis not in mortals to command success,
> But we'll do more, Sempronius. We'll deserve it."

Often there were rumors that he was about to buy the Giants. He'd snort angrily when this was mentioned to him.

"What?" he'd storm. "Me buy a ball club? Say, I'm a fan, a real fan. To me baseball is a sport, a hobby. I couldn't turn a hobby into a business."

Now he was reaching out, grabbing the concession at this ball park, at that one; at this race track and that. Six-day bike races were popular then and he got the concession at the old Madison Square Garden. He opened the roof there, too. One night he was talking to one of the diners at the roof, an architect named Stanford White. Near by a man was pacing nervously up and down waiting for Harry to finish talking to White. Harry finally said good night and turned his back. The nervous man came up and put a bullet through White. The nervous man was Harry Thaw.

Stevens grew in stature and became the friend of millionaires, of sportsmen—of New Yorkers. He got the concession at the Saratoga race track through the good offices of William C. Whitney, former Secretary of State, the father of Harry Payne Whitney and the founder of the Whitney financial dynasty. One day at Saratoga he met Whitney.

"How much money can you raise immediately?" Whitney asked him gruffly.

"I don't know, maybe thirty or thirty-five thousand dollars," Stevens answered, perplexed.

"Get it and give it to me," Whitney said—and Stevens for once stilled his questioning mind and handed the money over to Whitney.

An Impressive Monument

Not long afterwards Whitney handed him a check for $215,000—the profits of a stock-market transaction he had put Harry in. Now Harry was wealthy and his sons were grown and they took part of the burden off his shoulders. But wealth to him was only a means of expanding. He took on the Juarez race track and adopted the slogan, "From the Hudson to the Rio Grande." It's still on the letterhead of the firm. August Belmont built his beautiful Belmont Park on Long Island. He came to Stevens and said, "Name your terms, Harry, you've got to set this table."

He was older now and if you didn't know him you might have thought he was a cranky sort of person but, as Damon Runyon once said of him, "He's a great guy to have in your corner when you're fighting Old Man Trouble."

He never lost interest in the active management of the business. You'd see him there at the Polo Grounds watching the conduct of his venders. Westbrook Pegler, that writer of acid paragraphs, tells a story of the rage shown by the old man when he'd catch a kid who was supposed to be selling peanuts taking time out to watch the ball game.

"Harry's eye would light on some kid who was sitting down in the aisle," Pegler says, "and Harry would roar, 'Hey! Hey! Hey!' scaring the kid half to death. But if one of those kids didn't show up for work and the old man found out that it was because the kid was sick, why, he'd send his car around with a basket of food and a fifty-dollar bill. Then you'd never hear him yell, 'Hey! Hey! Hey!' at all. Instead, he'd be so quiet no one but the kid and he ever knew about it."

Two years ago, Stevens, having lived a full life, died. But he left an impressive monument. He left a business which is just as successful today as it was when he died. And his sons, Hal and Joe and Frank (and Frank's son, Harry, second) will tell you that they head the most successful catering concern in the world because they run it exactly as their father ran it and they'll continue to run it that way.

Go behind the scenes at a ball park and you'll see the printing presses which print the score-cards and the hot bins for the peanuts and the cold storage for the ice cream and the huge sterilized cans where the hot dogs are kept—you'll see them but they are only the physical manifestations of a business which sometimes caters to as many as 300,000 people a day. You won't see the spirit of Harry Stevens, the man who made an American citizen out of the frankfurter, who made the peanut an institution, and who died without having ever had any man say of him, "He cheated me."

The Silver Desert

Continued from page 22

along her faintly flushed cheeks. She heard the murmur of talk in the living-room and the subsequent sound of the car starting. Going to the bedroom window, she watched Sebastian drive around the house and point for Tumpah, and then her calm manner turned shaded and fearful. Wheeling about, she went to the door and opened it and started out. But she stopped on the threshold, drew back and closed the door again. Lily Tennant was coming up the stairs.

She stood with one hand on the knob, her lips faintly parted, her breathing quickened. Happiness was a thing that swelled through her and filled her with a kind of glory. There was a feeling in her of richness, of fullness. To her eyes the room was beautiful and every object in it touched by grace and a kind of melody, nameless and tuneless, was in her mind. But because she was so overflowing with this happiness, because it sharpened her imagination and made her so responsive to the emotions of life, a sudden and sharp sadness came to her at the thought of what this meant for Lily Tennant. From the wild heights of her own mood she saw the darkness of loving and not being loved. Her lips trembled and came tightly together. She opened the door in dread, just as Lily reached the balcony.

"Might I see you a moment?"

Lily said, "Certainly," with a small show of surprise.

Charm didn't close the door; she held her hand on its knob and studied the other girl's unusual soberness. She had envied Lily Tennant, but that was gone now. She dropped her eyes, speaking almost humbly.

"Has Tom spoken to you?"

"No," said Lily. "About what?"

Charm's words were sad and a little puzzled. "He was in such a hurry I thought he hadn't. It is strange to me that men can be strong sometimes and at other times run from their strength. This is a cruel thing and maybe you will hate me. There have been days when I hated you, and I'm ashamed of that meanness now. But I don't want you to hate me."

"If it is something you two have discussed," suggested Lily gently, "perhaps you may tell me."

CHARM straightened her slim body. A native dignity composed her face. She said: "We are to be married."

There was a wonder in her then that a woman could be so stoical, so resolute in pain. Lily Tennant's mouth reshaped itself slowly. Her lips scarcely moved. "You are getting a very fine gentleman, Charm. I congratulate you."

"Yes," said Charm. "I know that." Lily Tennant's pride left in this girl a deeper humbleness. But her happiness kept thrusting itself forward and she could not help saying what she did. "Why shouldn't I know it? I have lived beside him many years. I know what makes him happy and I know what makes him sad. You see, I have trained myself for him. I will not be a burden, I will never be silly or bold."

Lily lifted a hand faintly. Her tone remained rigidly even. "Is there another auto on the ranch? I should like to get back to Reno rather soon."

Charm said, with a simplicity that mirrored the fatalism of long-gone ancestors: "It is best. Gath will bring a car around, and drive you to town." . . .

Sebastian reached Tumpah an hour after leaving the ranch, having used up most of this time in a detour of the desert that carried him back and forth several times across the trail between Tumpah and the Moonstones. When he passed Madame Gilson's place he saw no ponies standing outside. He didn't stop there; nor at the garage, though the garage hand waved at him. Beyond town he took the small road climbing past the graveyard, passed into the thin pines and ran the machine straight abreast the porch of Buffalo Galt's shanty.

He cut the engine. He called out, "Buffalo," and raked the empty yard and the adjacent barn with one rapid glance. After a little silence he called again, got out of the machine and walked across the porch. This was asking for trouble. Yet the impulse in him was so strong that he turned the knob, kicked the door open with his foot and swayed aside from the opening. He waited a moment, hand on the butt of his gun, then stepped fully into the doorway. The room was quite empty.

HE WENT back to the kitchen, explored it visually, and crossed to the bedroom; and he stood there awhile with his back indifferently to the porch and speculated on the suit of neat black laid out on the bed. A drawer of a bureau was pulled open, but it hadn't been emptied. A suitcase lay on a chair, partially filled. Presently he swung into the front room, sat down in a chair and soberly packed his pipe. He was facing the porch, with his ears cocked to any sound traveling by the near-by road.

His guess, he told himself, was working out right. Galt had returned to Tumpah because nothing on earth could keep the man away from his headquarters. But Galt had returned alone. A scrutiny of the desert trail between Tumpah and the Moonstones had revealed a broad tide of tracks leading into the hills—which was Galt's outfit heading for Huggins Point. There was no such definite print of riders returning. It was as his father had long ago told him: Outlaws would follow a leader as long as the leader was lucky. But there was no loyalty among crooks.

Sebastian looked at his watch, and went back to the car, scanning the surrounding yard with a long, sharp glance; he drove back into the town and stopped at the garage pump. He got out and waited till the garage hand came from the back of the shop.

"Fill the tank, Lee." He bent his body against the machine indolently and watched Lee. He didn't want to ask the man any questions; he tried to get his information without. Lee stood with his hand on the pump, not making any effort to lift down the hose suspended by the pump. He stared at Sebastian.

"Tom," he said, "don't drive past that shed down there at the street-end." He unhooked the hose and walked to the rear of the car. He added another word that Sebastian didn't hear. Sebastian put his palms flat on the car's hot hood, thinking of the warning. He stared at his fingers and mentally surrounded the shed Lee had mentioned.

It stood halfway between Madame Gilson's and the last building on the right side of the street. There were a front door, a single front window and a back door. Once upon a time it had been a saddle shop. But it was a silly place for a man to use for an ambush because it had two blind sides. The thing to do was to cross the street to the north walk, go down the walk to the last building, cut away from the walk and approach the shed by one of its blind sides. He

(Continued on page 72)

We'd just as soon go back to the

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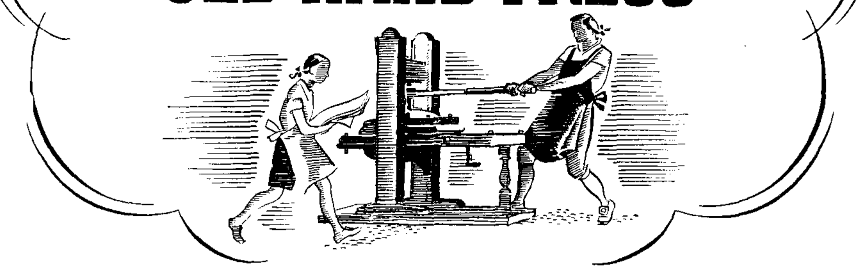

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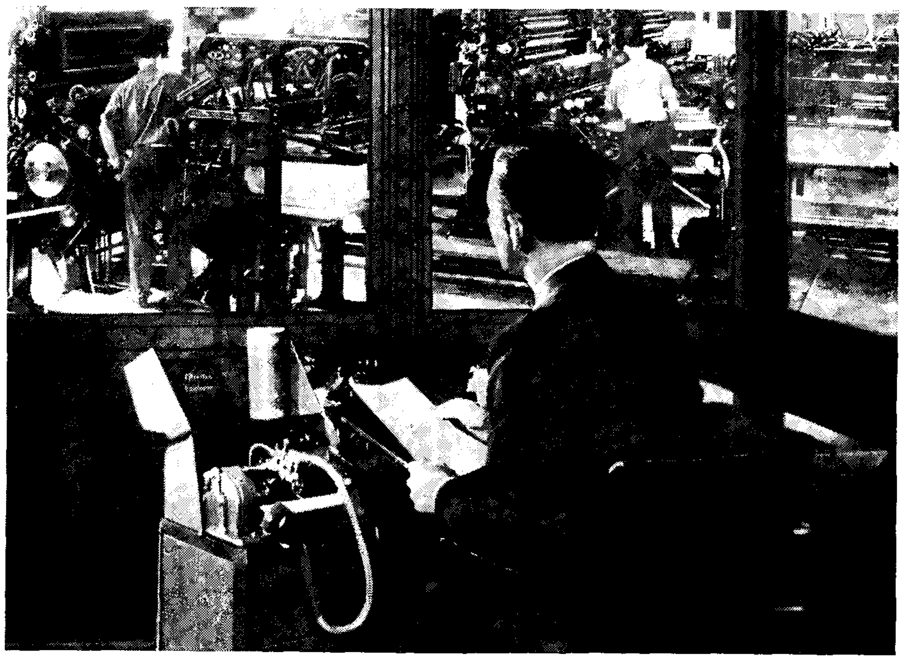

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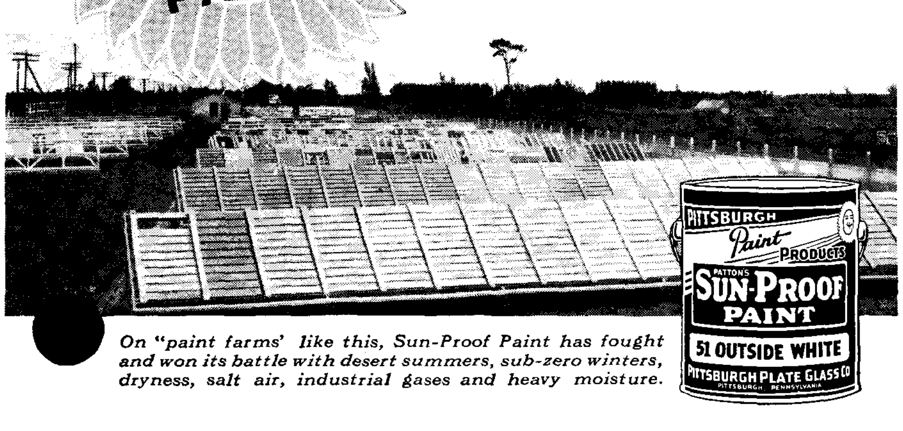

On "paint farms" like this, Sun-Proof Paint has fought and won its battle with desert summers, sub-zero winters, dryness, salt air, industrial gases and heavy moisture.

SPECIFY Sun-Proof and be *sure* of lower painting costs. The great resources of the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company eliminate the guess—by *pre-testing* Sun-Proof on proving grounds where destructive conditions are most severe. That's how we know Sun-Proof resists extreme climate, lasts 1 to 3 years longer, covers about 25% more surface than poor paint. Your Pittsburgh Paint dealer will recommend a competent painter. Look under "Paints" in the classified telephone directory for his name.

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PITTSBURGH
PLATE GLASS COMPANY
Paint Division
PITTSBURGH, PA.

(Continued from page 71)

knew what would happen if Buffalo was inside. Buffalo would come swarming out, because Buffalo couldn't stand a waiting game. But it didn't sound right to Sebastian. Buffalo had too much guts and too much pride to hide and shoot a man driving past. There was something haywire—

He pushed himself back from the hood casually and made a slow turn, intending to cross the street to the northern walk. He took three slow steps in that direction and then stopped. Buffalo Galt walked out the yonder shed as though bent on no business of particular importance, reached the exact middle of the street and turned and came marching on.

DRAWING all his senses inward, Sebastian watched Galt advance in that exact measured stride with a cold flash of admiration. Buffalo had reasoned out his attack and he was putting pure will into it, suppressing that unreasoning anger which so often jerked him around. There was a gaunt nakedness of purpose here—a strict obedience to a lifelong obsession. It was a gamble that Buffalo didn't need to make. He could be retreating to the hills like the rest of the party. But here he was, out in the middle of the street, under the hot sunlight, playing his stack down to the last white chip, trying to make that last white chip good. His confidence in his own luck was unshakable.

One part of Sebastian's mind was engaged in this remote thinking; the rest of his head registered every detail of the street and of the oncoming man. The distance between the shed and his position by the car was approximately four hundred feet, far beyond the limits of accurate revolver play. Buffalo knew it as well, for he made no attempt to draw. He came unerrantly on, a broad and chunky figure swaying a little from side to side as he marched, but cleaving a straight line out of the dust. He was in his shirt sleeves and the yellow hair of his hatless head picked up the sunlight and heightened the ruddy color of his face. And he wore a gun strapped on either thigh—the first time Sebastian had ever seen such double armament on the range.

Sebastian's attention centered on those two guns and tried to fathom the reason for them. A man moved along the right side of his vision, sidling from one building door to another; on that same side of the town another man put his head and shoulders through a second-story window and remained there. Sebastian heard Lee drop the gas hose and say "Good God" in a swift, shocked way, and retreat for shelter.

Sebastian spoke into the utter stillness. "Buffalo," he called out, "stop right there." But he quit talking, understanding the uselessness of it. Buffalo had covered half the distance without a sound, nor did he bother to speak afterwards. Sebastian's straight-hanging right arm swung gently back and touched the gun butt held in the holster there; but he didn't draw and he wasn't worried about that. It wasn't a question of speed. It was a question of nerves.

At a hundred and fifty feet—or with better than half the distance covered—Buffalo reached down, pulled his left gun, transferred it to his right hand and began firing. At the same time his stride lengthened out and he broke into a run.

Sebastian swung and put his left shoulder point toward Buffalo, decreasing the target he made for the man; and remained so, without drawing. All the echoes of the town came crashing down on his head. The first shot smashed through the windshield of his car and pieces went clanking and jangling across the hood. The second shot laced the dust at his feet; of the other four from that gun he had no record. The breath of them touched him and died—that was all he knew. He kept his eyes pinned to Buffalo's changing face. Stone-cold, he watched a red blood congest it. The man's will was inflexibly bent to the chore but his aim wasn't true enough and the knowledge of it seemed to create a fiercer insanity in him.

He had covered another fifty feet at the end of the sixth shot. When that sixth shot tore through the undulating noise of this street, Sebastian's mind changed. The report was still rushing through the town when he moved into the fight. His eyes registered Buffalo's subsequent actions. Buffalo flung the empty gun aside and dropped his right hand to the remaining weapon lying at his right thigh. At the same time he came to a full stop.

Sebastian's bullet caught him thus poised in his tracks, with his fresh gun lifting for a more deliberate aim. Sebastian fired once, and then a second time, and slowly lowered his gun.

That second shot struck Buffalo in the pit of the stomach and knocked a long, hollow grunt out of him. He broke at the knees, at the hips and at the neck and he fell in an awkward wheeling motion, with his arms feebly seeking to break the shock of his collapse. He rolled once and tried to support himself on his elbows, but strength poured fast out of him and he fell again, face deep in the dust. One final effort turned him over on a shoulder. There he rested.

Sebastian's voice tonelessly crossed the thick, descending silence: "Are you through, Buffalo?"

Buffalo didn't answer, and Sebastian walked forward, the squeal of his boots quite loud in his own ears. He circled Buffalo and looked down. Buffalo's eyes rolled up to him, and it startled Sebastian inexpressibly to see the gray calmness of death settling across that face which one moment before had been so crowded with life and passion.

"Are you through?" he repeated.

THERE was a disturbance on the farther edge of Sebastian's vision and he looked up to see Madame Gilson running out of her saloon. The loud bawling of her voice shattered the stillness. "Buffalo—Buffalo!" People were standing on the walks, staring out upon this scene; but they weren't coming forward. Sebastian lowered his head.

"Buffalo—what was all the extra shooting for?"

Buffalo's tone was controlled by that same remote, fatal calm which lay in his eyes. He said, articulating his words distinctly: "I was trying to break your nerve, friend Tom. To break your nerve before I got within good range."

"I waited you out, Buffalo."

"Yes," said Buffalo. And then some last flash of the old rage warmed his veins: "You always bragged about that. It's a bitter thing to see you standin' there sound and hearty on your feet, with me here. I spent my life fightin' Barrier and I've broke my heart against it, friend Tom, and I've found out you can't whip a Sebastian. Damn you, I've found that out!"

Sebastian heard his name gasped out, and lifted his head. Madame Belle Gilson was running up, the loose flesh of her shoulders jouncing at each step, the gray hair streaming its frowzy way across her beet-red cheeks. She had thrown her head far back from exertion and her mouth was a wide, unlovely smear out of which came a weird lowing cry. She dropped on her knees and crawled toward Buffalo; and she lifted him up and cradled his head into her capacious bosom.

"Buffalo—my boy!"

Buffalo's face was faintly ironical.

He said weakly: "This is a late date to remember it, Madame."

"My boy," she repeated, voice high and strangling.

"Madame, I'm cashing in. It's been a rotten game all along. But I hold nothing against anybody for that."

Madame's red eyes peered through the screen of disheveled hair to Sebastian. She didn't seem to see him. She looked down again at Galt.

"Who was my father?" muttered Buffalo. "Be quick about it, Madame. I've got one foot across the line right now."

"Louis, my son—" said Madame.

"What's that?" asked Buffalo, very drowsy.

"Louis is your name. But I'm the only one that ever called you that."

"I'd forgotten," murmured Buffalo. "It's been such a long while ago. Madame, your shoulder's comfortable and I don't mind dyin' on it. It's straight that Lot McGinnis was my father?"

"Lot McGinnis."

Galt let out a long, low groan. "What a hell of a joke." He tried to rise and fell back, head rolling across the Madame's lap. Sebastian abruptly removed his hat and walked away.

He put his hands on the car door. He said to the garage hand, "Fill the tank, Lee," and bent his head downward until it rested on his knuckles. He was incredibly tired. Lee said presently, "It's full, Tom." Sebastian crawled behind the wheel and kicked on the engine. He explored his pockets for his pipe and couldn't find it; and then he turned the car wide around Madame Gilson, who sat there in the dusty street and held the dead Buffalo's shoulders in her arm and slowly rocked him. He left Tumpah immediately.

TOM SEBASTIAN left Barrier for Tumpah at eight o'clock. The Hollywood people pulled away fifteen minutes later in the extra ranch machine piloted by Gath. Standing on the porch, Matt Strang watched them go and couldn't understand why. They had all been kind enough to say goodby to him, but they had explained nothing and he was too taciturn a man to ask. Charm had not appeared. Reflecting on this, Matt turned into the living-room and found the girl halfway down the stairs, waiting, listening.

"What'd they go for, Charm?"

She didn't answer. But Matt saw the unhappiness of her face and drove another question at her.

"You never cared much for those folks. Did you say somethin' disagreeable that made 'em leave?"

She said very quietly: "It is terrible not to be loved, Matt. My heart aches for her."

He didn't understand; he stared at her. "What's that?"

"It was best," she said.

He said roughly: "Come down here, Charm." And he waited, darkly scowling at the girl, until she had descended the last steps and stopped in front of him. "What was it you told her, Charm?"

"That Tom was marrying me."

He said loudly: "You lied."

Her eyes widened. "No. Matt, it is true. This morning he asked me."

He took off his hat and threw it into a chair. He plunged his fists deep into his pockets and held them stiffly there. He was a harassed and bitter-looking man, then, with his feelings scoured brutally by what he had to say. "Kid," he said, "I love you—I can't help it. It doesn't do me any good to have to tell you this. But I guess it's my chore."

Some of the light faded out of her eyes. They became startled and fearing. Her breath quickened.

"What, Matt?" she asked him in a weak voice.

There was a clear misery in this man. He didn't look at her directly. "Charm, the daddy of your boy was Duke DePard. And how in God's name did you ever get mixed up with him? I don't understand."

"How do you know?" she whispered.

"I know."

Her shoulders were slack. She said dispiritedly: "I'm sorry you know."

He repeated his question more gently: "How'd you ever mix with Duke, Charm?"

She made a slow, tired gesture with her arms. "I was very silly four years ago, Matt. I met him a few times at the dances—I believed the things he told me. Afterwards"—and the words came out in a long downsweep of tone—"afterwards I knew better. For he never met me again. He forgot about me. Go ahead, Matt. Go ahead and hate me."

"No," said Matt, "it was a mistake anybody could make. I don't hold it against you."

"Tom told me that once."

"LOOK," he said, "we've got to straighten out this mess. Sit down, Charm. This is tough, but I got to tell you."

She made no effort to sit down until he pushed her gently back to the divan. He turned away from her, scowling at the room, his raw and homely cheeks thinly drawn. She said in a rapid, fearing voice, "Matt—what—?" That whipped him about and he drew a long breath. He said:

"Duke DePard's dead. We collided out on the desert last night and there wasn't any other way. Just before he cashed in he said he wanted you to know he regretted what he'd done. He was sorry he hadn't gone through with the bargain. And he was sorry he'd never seen his boy."

Still and slack, her eyes showed no forgiveness. She remembered, but not with pity. "I have no sympathy for him."

"Well, when Tom came here this morning and proposed to you, he knew DePard was dead and that Tommy had no father. As long as DePard was alive there was just a chance that something might happen to make the situation straight. That chance is gone, DePard bein' dead. So Tom did what he felt was the thing he had to do. I read that man like a book. He wouldn't let you and the kid down. He wouldn't dodge a chore. Not ever. But to fix things straight he had to say so long to whatever hopes he had with the Tennant girl. Charm . . . couldn't you see how he looked at her?"

She said, brokenly: "No! He asked me—and he meant it!"

Matt pointed his long finger at her. "Listen," he said. "Listen to me."

But she was crying—and didn't hear.

SEBASTIAN drove into the Barrier plaza at ten o'clock and got out so weary that he didn't see Matt Strang sitting on the steps until his boot struck Matt's boot. He stepped back and scrubbed his big hand across his eyes, and found Matt looking curiously at him. Matt didn't get up. He said in an indolent, summery voice:

"A little trouble, Mr. Sebastian? You look like hell."

"Matt, I'm going to sleep the clock around."

"It would be swell if you could. Your eyes are fit to burn holes in something. But you ain't sleepin' yet. You're about to drive into Reno. And I wouldn't delay it much."

"What?"

"Sit down," suggested Matt, "before you fall down. I got to make a speech. I don't like it, so don't interrupt. But sit down."

(Continued on page 74)

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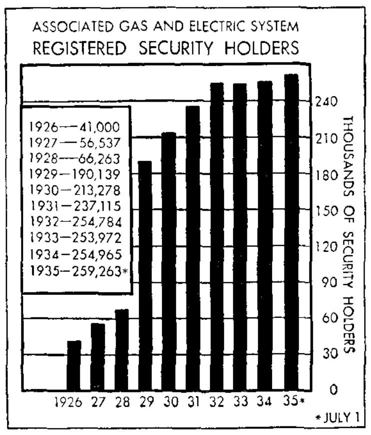

4,298 MORE INVESTORS in ASSOCIATED SYSTEM

During the first six months of 1935 the number of owners of registered securities of the Associated System grew from 254,965 to 259,263, *a gain of* 4,298.

Associated security holders are found in every State, in seven United States possessions, and in 37 foreign countries and their dependencies. There are 90,962 in New York State alone.

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Banks and trust companies	916
Investment trusts	335
Investment funds	1,580
Schools and colleges	116
Churches	170
Fraternal and benevolent organizations	486
Insurance companies	142
Fiduciaries	
Individuals	5,641
Institutions	954

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35 E. WACKER DR.
CHICAGO

(Continued from page 73)

Sebastian obeyed. He propped his elbows on his knees and cradled his head in his broad palms. He said irritably: "I'll listen to it."

"Sure you will, Mr. Sebastian," said Matt Strang, dry and humorless. "It was a large gesture you made, but it won't work. If there is any marryin' to be done, I'll do it. That's been decided between Charm and me already. It's a date."

Sebastian reared back. "Matt—" he said.

"Don't interrupt. This is tough enough as is. I come out of the bunkhouse and I see your guests driving for Reno. I don't know why, so I ask Charm, who tells me she's informed the Tennant girl you've decided to marry her. Charm, I mean. I don't get that, for I've got eyes enough to see where your appetite is as regards the two women. Well, your guests leave after that."

"MATT," said Sebastian, heavy and displeased, "why did you interfere?"

Matt Strang narrowed his eyes against the sunlight. He looked far out into the desert. His lips came thinly together. He said: "Don't be noble, kid. This mess is bad enough. I got it straight and straight it stays. Everybody can't get what they want, but that's no reason for cheating somebody else out of a break. Like I said, Charm and I are going to be the first and second parties to this particular marriage. Get to Reno and see what you can do about the rest of it."

"Where's Charm?"

"In her room. Let her alone."

But Sebastian got up and went inside. He climbed the stairs and went to Charm's door and tapped his knuckles against it. He said, "Charm, I want to see you," and tried the knob. It didn't give; it was locked. Standing there, lips making a solemn, tough line across his sun-darkened face, he listened carefully and heard nothing. The silence inside was stubborn and absolute. He said more persuasively, "Charm," and knocked again. The skin on his forehead wrinkled up, the smokiness deepened in his eyes. She was in there, but she wouldn't speak. And at once he knew what the whole answer was. He turned back down the stairs and crossed to the porch. Matt Strang still sat on the steps, staring narrowly at the far horizon.

"She's hurt, Matt," muttered Sebastian.

"Wouldn't you be if you'd had the bottom of things knocked out from under your feet?"

"You fool—"

STRANG got up abruptly. "No, it wouldn't work the other way. She thought you liked her best when you proposed. She believed it all right—until I stepped in with the truth. But even if I hadn't said anything, she'd found out soon enough. A man can't keep his heart hid from a woman very long. She'd discover the truth and you'd keep rememberin' Lily and both of you'd end up miserable. This is the best way out. She knows it now. As for me, I'm happy for what luck I've got. Go on, get in the car."

Sebastian put his arm on Strang's shoulder and stared somberly at the man's taciturn cheeks. "Kid," he said. "Kid—"

Matt Strang's laconic manner was only a forgery. It fell apart now and some of the emotion he hated to show got into his talk. "You're the only man in the world I'd play second fiddle to, Tom. But I'm satisfied. We got to take the breaks we get and make 'em do. No use cryin' for somethin' that can't be had—or all of us would be cryin' till the world turned to water." He stopped talking and dragged out his handkerchief, and he blew his nose soundly. He cleared his throat. "There's one thing I wish you'd do for Charm and me. We can't live in the ranch house—"

"You'll never leave Barrier," broke in Sebastian.

"No, Barrier's all we've got. Anyhow, Tommy's your kid as well as mine. So we want to build a house up at Camp Four, on the edge of that meadow—"

"Yes," said Sebastian.

Matt suddenly thought of something. "I never asked you how you came out in Tumpah."

"I met Buffalo on the street."

"So that's over?"

"That's over."

"Tough," muttered Matt. "But it's the end of scrappin'."

Sebastian looked carefully at his partner. "Matt, you've changed."

"Yeah," said Matt, "I guess I have. Watchin' DePard die last night got me. He wasn't any good, but he died with nothing but regret for his mistakes and it didn't make sense—and nothing made sense. It's tough. It's—" He tried to catch some solid word for the intangible emotions in him. But there were no proper words. "It's a hell of a thing to have the disposition of a man's life on your conscience. I can't be sorry for what's happened. But I don't feel so eager to lift a gun again."

"I have felt that way since the day my dad died, Matt."

"Just so. Therefore get in that buggy and bust for Reno. I don't know if you can fix it up or not. It's a pretty bad mess. But go after it, kid."

Sebastian crawled under the wheel. Matt slammed the car door and swung away, embarrassed over all that he had had to say. Sebastian drove out of the plaza and straightened for Reno, one hundred and forty miles away. The brassy glare of another hot day lay across the land.

A LITTLE past one o'clock Sebastian entered Reno, cruised down Center Street and slid into the curb. Haste had driven him recklessly all the way from the ranch, and a fear of finding Lily gone was very real in him. But there was one prior chore that he had to get done—one logical step to take that wound up all his difficulties. Leaving the car, he walked around a corner, went up a flight of steps and entered a plain office anteroom. The sign on the door said, "Ed Brean—Land and Mining Investments." A young man stood at a window, reading a paper. He looked over the top of the paper carelessly. When he saw Sebastian he lowered it at once.

"Brean in?"

"I'll see," said the young man.

"Never mind," countered Sebastian. He went to an inner door and pushed it before him. The young man said, "Just a minute," but Sebastian, entering Brean's private office, closed the door behind him, definitely keeping the young man out. Brean turned suddenly in his swivel chair.

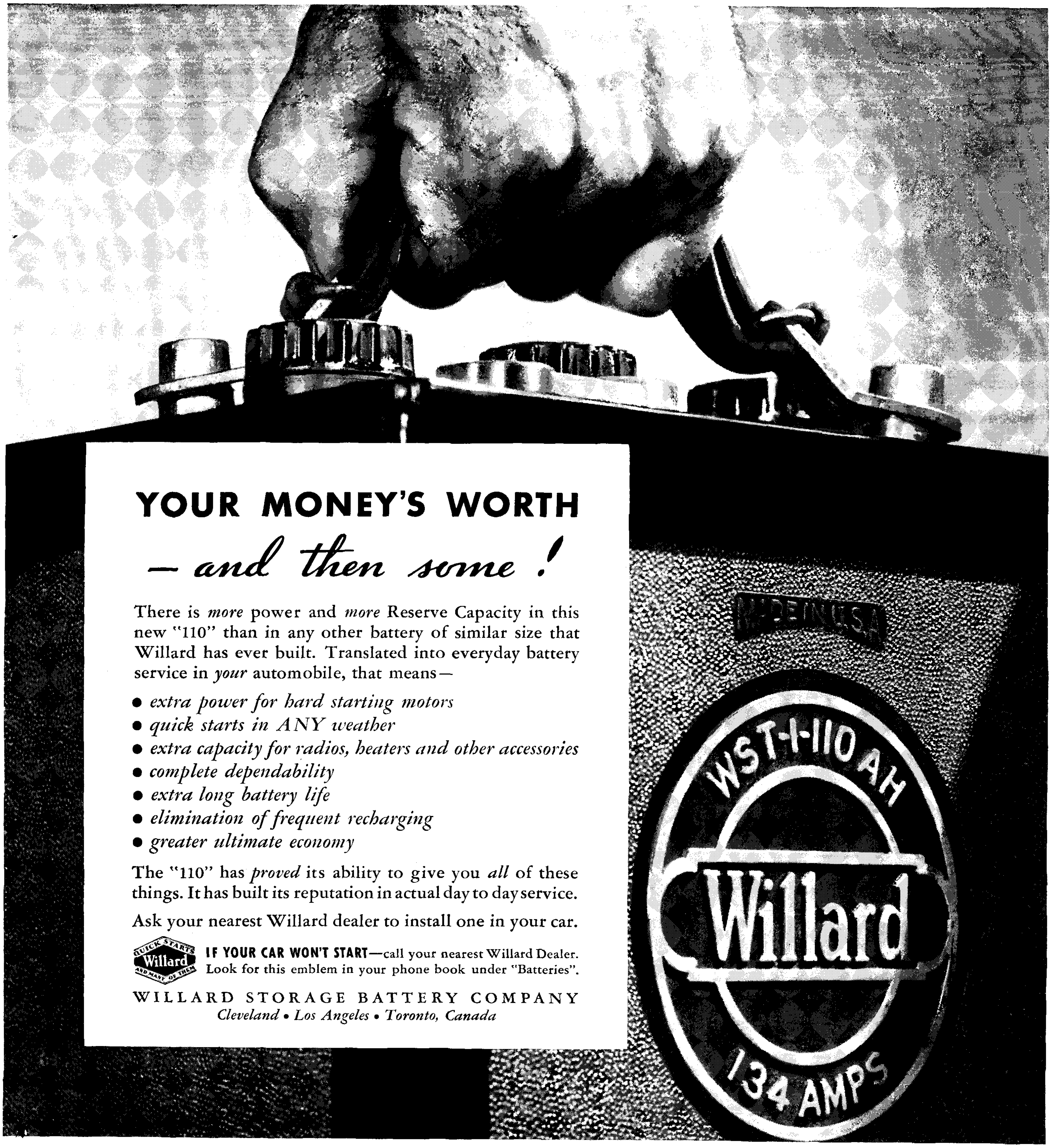
"Ed," said Sebastian, inexpressibly cool with his words, "you're a very cagey man and you never leave any tracks behind you. I have nothing to prove against you. But it doesn't matter."

Brean's bland face tightened perceptibly. His eyes revealed a wary interest; they clung to Sebastian. "All Sebastians," he murmured, "run true to form."

"You're all through up my way," said Sebastian. "Maybe you already know it, but if you don't I'll supply you with some elementary information. Buffalo Galt is dead and Duke DePard is dead. This morning you haven't got a man left in that country who'll run errands for you."

"The news," murmured Brean, "has

(Continued on page 76)



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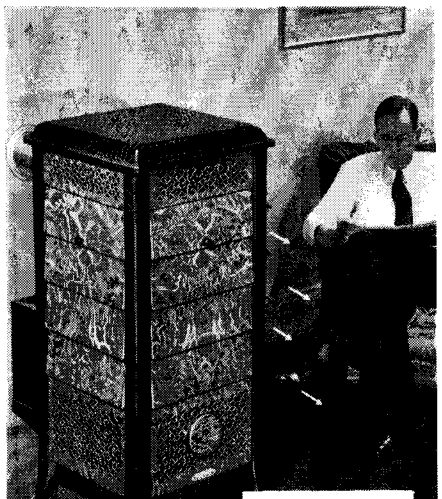

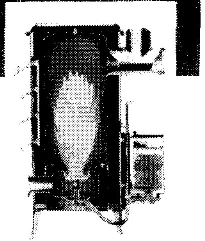

Diagram shows burner, patented shutters and removable fuel tank

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The Silver Desert

Continued from page 74

already reached me." He put his fat arms on the edges of his chair and adjusted his overflowing body in it. He took a cold cigar from the table and clamped it between his solid jaws. The gray, hard surface of his already inscrutable face became more pronounced. He was a poker player, looking on now at the uncertain fall of the cards. He had spent his life fighting Sebastians. But there was nothing to indicate his inward feelings. "All Sebastians are alike," he repeated.

"Just so," agreed Sebastian. He reached into his pocket and took out two empty cartridges. He laid them on the desk, in front of Brean. Brean's glance whipped down to them.

"There," indicated Sebastian, "is the sum and substance of my argument with Buffalo this morning. I can prove nothing against you. But it makes no difference. You're completely through with Barrier. I don't want you or any man working for you to cross my soil again or enter Tumpah again. Should you be inclined to question that, just look again at the shells. That's my answer, now or at any future time."

"I seem to hear Henry Sebastian talking," murmured Brean and raised his round fat countenance. Then he said: "Nothing changes much in this world. I wish I was thirty years younger. I would throw those shells back in your face and personally do what I can find no man to do for me. If I only had a son—"

"You're through," broke in Sebastian in a still, definite voice.

Brean only looked at him. A small reflection of the ancient hostility was working its way through the gross tissues of his cheeks and making some small disturbance around his heavy lips. But it died soon and left him as he was before, incommunicative and obscure. Sebastian turned on his heels without further talk and went down to his car. He backed out of the parking space, circled to Virginia Street, crossed the Truckee and drove to the little bungalow behind the locust trees. He stopped and sat still a moment, staring straight ahead of him, some anxiety and excitement pumping through him, and a sudden deep recklessness reached along all his muscles, to make him forgetful of his extraordinary wariness.

HE GOT out and walked up the bungalow steps. The door of the house was open. Looking through it he saw all the Hollywood people standing around. There were trunks and many handbags. When he went in they turned toward him and he could not tell just then whether they hated him or scorned him. In any event, they had no words for him. His attention swung to Lily, who had placed her hands on the center table as though to steady her body. The whiteness along her clear cheeks was distinct; and then he saw resentment appear on her lips and in the tilt of her head. The silence was very strong, very cold.

He said, "I'd like to say something on my own account, Lily." He wasn't asking the others to leave the room. He was really ordering them to go. He knew no other way to handle it; he had to be intolerant and arbitrary because the fear inside him was pretty real. He had to smash his way through opposition again. It was the only thing he had any faith in now.

Jay Stuart said inhospitably, "This is a little bit thick, Sebastian," and showed his anger. Kit had moved away to a wall; her back was placed against it and she stared at him with an aloofness and reserve that would not admit recognition. Even Timmy Akin seemed to have no sympathy for him. He was, Sebastian thought, in the enemy's camp. They would show him no mercy. They had Lily back in her old life and they wouldn't let her go.

But Lily said unexpectedly, "All right."

"Lily," protested Jay.

"Run along—all of you," Lily Tennant told them. Her manner was unbreakable. Timmy walked out to the porch immediately; Kit Christopher crossed to the more stubborn Jay and took his arm and they went down the kitchen hall, closing the door behind them.

"I don't know why I should hear you, Tom," said Lily Tennant. "The whole thing is over."

HE RUBBED one heavy palm across his hand and felt no hope. He was tired to the marrow, he was discouraged. Now that he was here he had nothing much to say for himself. That suddenly did his recklessness leave him—the sight of Lily had wrecked his nerve this soon. She stood behind the table, straight and supple and proud. She was actually a beautiful woman, with all the riches of the world waiting for her. He had no hope. The slender vigor of her body, the grace and fire of it, couldn't be for him. He hadn't luck enough to possess that; and never would.

"Well, Tom?"

He said: "Tommy's father was a man by the name of Duke DePard, who was killed last night in the fighting. He was a common crook in Buffalo's gang. I had known this all along. It is true, as Charm told you, that this morning I asked her to marry me. If it seems strange to you, Lily, I can't explain it. Only, I'd like you to remember that when we were in Bill Fell's cabin and I kissed you, I meant it. That's all."

He saw whiteness grow more pronounced on her cheeks; it deepened the shadows along her smooth brow. There wasn't any sureness in her voice. It fell, it lost strength and was colorless.

"You don't need to explain, Tom. You're marrying her because—" She checked the rest of it. "No, I won't say something unkind. You're just marrying her. That's all there is to it."

He said bluntly and badly—with no attempt to make it seem favorable: "Charm's marrying Matt Strang, not me. I was turned down."

There was an almost absolute stillness in the room. He could not understand the change he saw. The rose-tints ran swiftly across her face. Her expressive lips stirred, and at once she was openly angered.

"Why did you come here?"

"I don't know," he said wearily. "I don't know."

"Yes, you do!" She came around the table, walking toward him with that stirring grace that was like melody. She stopped in front of him and looked up at his blackened, fatigue-etched cheeks. Her darkly blue eyes were full of storm. "I can tell you, Tom Sebastian! And I have a right to say it. You proposed to Charm because you felt it was your duty to give her and Tommy a name. According to your own thinking that came first—to recognize your obligation—and everything else came afterwards."

"Lily—" he said.

"But she wouldn't have it that way—and so you have made your bow to your duty, and now you are here." The thought of it made her more intense, more openly scornful. "You know how I felt. I'd thrown myself at you. But you pushed me back because I didn't fit into the scheme of things. But you are quite free again and you want me. I am second choice. I am what is left after everything else has been fixed up and everybody else satisfied. You want me to throw away all my own hopes and wipe away whatever tears I've had and come smiling back—and feel happy to be second choice."

"Yes," he said drearily. "Yes, I suppose that's it."

She checked her talk and stared at him, and said more calmly: "I came to Reno with my mind made up, Tom. Do you think I'd change it again? I have my tickets bought for Hollywood. Do you think, after all that's happened, I'd throw them away? I said goodby to my career once. Do you think I would give it up again?"

"Lily—" he said, very humble, very sad.

But she lifted one small doubled fist and struck him full in the chest, and then she put both arms around his neck and dropped her face against his coat. He felt the releasing emotion race through her. He thought she was silently crying. He put his arms around her, hungrily, not understanding this strange moment. But when he felt the weight of her body against him he knew he would never let her again get outside of his possession. Then he heard her say:

"Of course I would! I always knew I'd come back—if you wanted it so! I can't help that, Tom. I can't help it! But don't hurt me so desperately again, Tom! Please!"

She lifted her head and he bent his solemn face downward; and all that he felt was in that long, crushing, hungry kiss. And it was strange that when she stepped back from him she was smiling.

"On that table are nine telegrams from Hollywood. It doesn't matter now, my dear. They never mattered since the night you walked into this room and scowled at me."

"Lily," he said gently, "you're doing most of the giving. Is it worth it?"

"Who knows? We can only do what we must do. And this is what I must do. I've never asked life to make me happy. All I want is to love—to be loved. That's what I told you in the beginning. You are a strange man and your will seldom bends. You're not gay and never will be. Maybe we shall have our regrets. But I think you love me—and if you do I know you'll never change, for you are like the rocky hills of your country. That is all I ask. It is enough."

TIMMY was in the doorway. He cleared his throat and spoke brusquely: "If this is a rehearsal it's very good. But there's a train leaving."

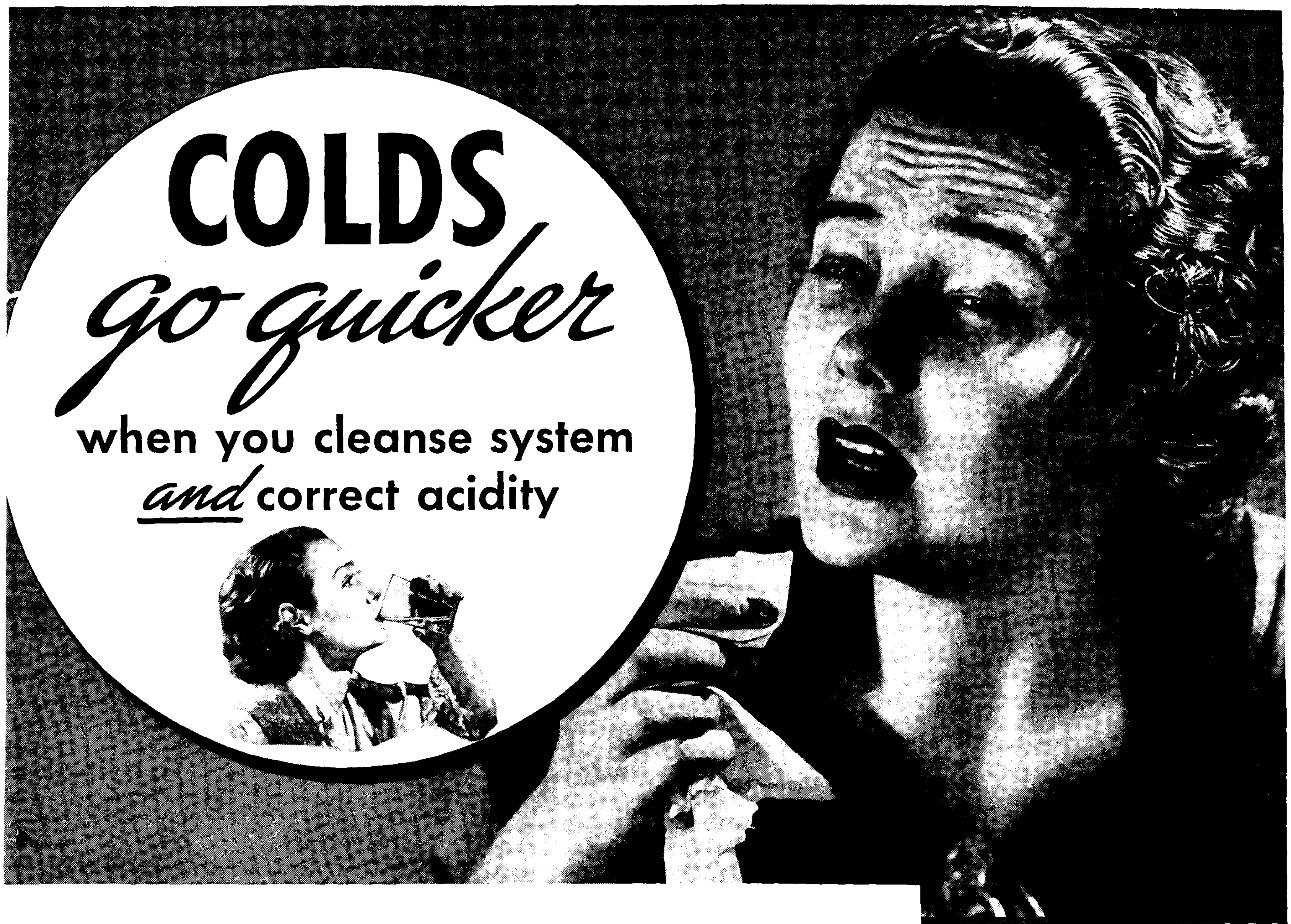
Lily said, soft and smiling and tender: "Here is my man, Timmy."

"I envy you," said Timmy very slowly. "For you are two full people and there won't be any dull days for either of you, as long as you live."

Sebastian pulled up his heavy head and he smiled his slow, rare smile. Faint recklessness returned to his glance and some of that sharp, keen sense of living came back to his features and erased the weariness of them. He put an arm around Lily. He said:

"That will be a long time, Timmy. Old soldiers never die. They merely fade away."

THE END



How SAL HEPATICA does both

... gives thorough laxative action and combats the acid condition that always aggravates colds

If you want to get rid of that nagging cold quickly ... if you want to stop many colds at the first sniffle ... you must, authorities agree, do these two things:

Cleanse your system thoroughly ... and correct the acidity that aggravates colds.

This, doctors agree, is the most effective method of treating colds. And Sal Hepatica is one laxative specially designed to do BOTH—to counteract acidity and to cleanse the intestinal tract.

Do This At Once

At the first sniffle take two teaspoons of Sal Hepatica in a large glass of water. Almost at once the alkaline reaction of this remarkably different laxative begins to counteract your acid condition ... to overcome your cold.

In addition, Sal Hepatica, by gently and thoroughly cleansing your intestinal tract of poisonous wastes, promotes the elimination necessary to the effective treatment of colds. These same results cannot, of course, be expected from ordinary laxatives. For while the usual laxative *does* produce laxation, it is not designed to correct your acid condition.

Way to Treat Colds Successfully

So, at the first sign of a cold, take Sal Hepatica to cleanse your system and to correct acidity—get plenty of rest and quiet (go to bed if your cold is severe)—watch your diet and drink plenty of liquids. That is the scientific way to treat colds successfully. Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today!

NOTE! Until your cold is completely under control, it is important to take Sal Hepatica as an alkalinizer several times a day. For this purpose many physicians recommend half a teaspoon in a glass of water.

TUNE IN! Fred Allen's "TOWN HALL TONIGHT". One full hour of music, drama, sparkling fun. Wednesday nights, NBC Coast-to-Coast Network.

RECOMMENDED BY DOCTORS FOR OVER 40 YEARS FOR ...

Sal Hepatica
Effervescent
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LAXATIVE & CATHARTIC

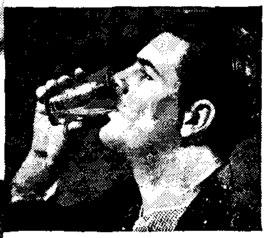
- COLDS
- HEADACHES
- INDIGESTION
- UPSET STOMACH
- NERVOUSNESS
- UNNATURAL FATIGUE

All these ailments are commonly associated with and aggravated by constipation and an acid condition.

FOR CONSTIPATION

← For real relief from effects of constipation, you must correct acidity and cleanse system.

So, take two teaspoonfuls Sal Hepatica in a large glass of water. →



← In 2 hours you'll get gentle, thorough action . . You'll feel bright, energetic again.

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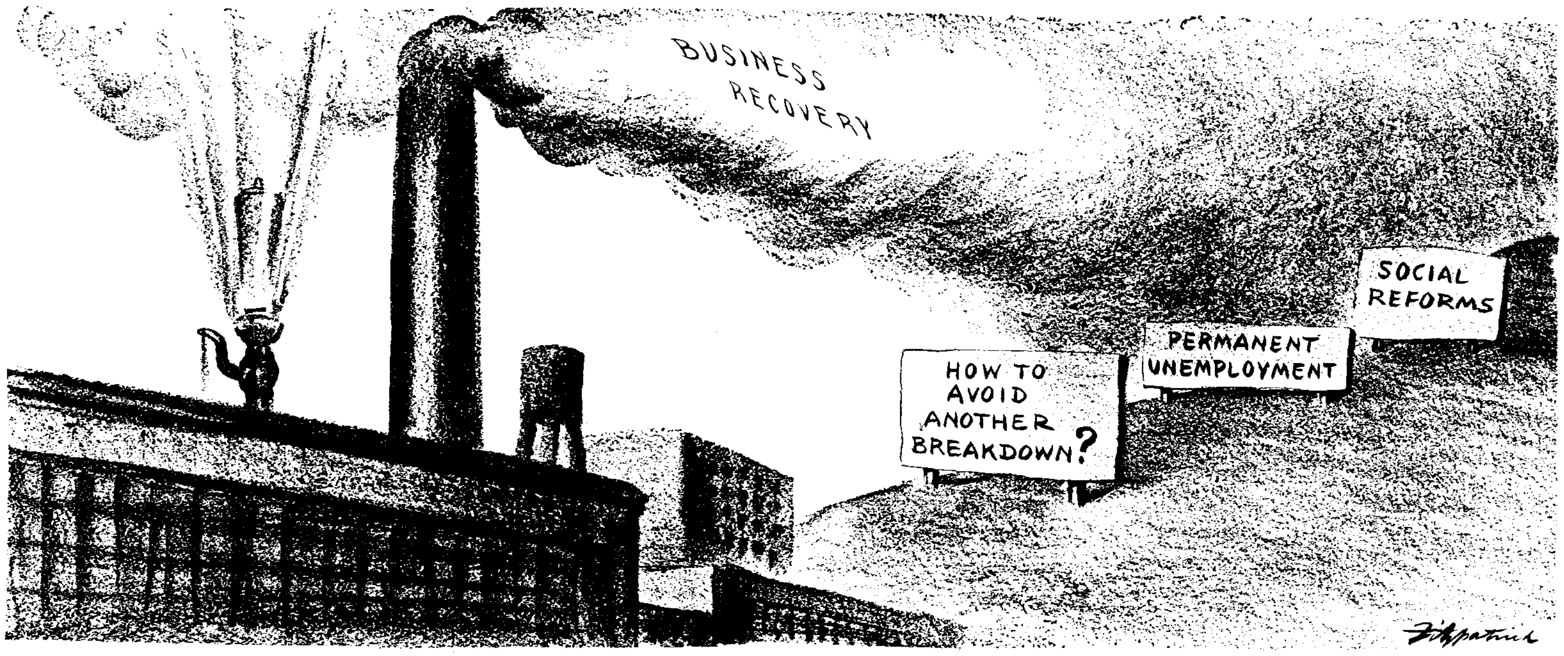

Tackle the Future!

THE continued improvement of business is the most important and at the same time the most reassuring fact which confronts us.

In many sections of the country business is better than it was a year or two years or three years ago. By unanimous consent prospects are excellent.

Already the strain of hard times has been relieved. Not everybody has a job. Not every business is prosperous. The necessity for public relief on a large scale continues. But everybody realizes that economic recovery is proceeding very rapidly and for tens of millions of people good times are even now here.

The possibility of the vague revolution which so many discussed in frightened, or hopeful, tones a year or two years ago has definitely passed. Congress and the legislatures may debate and enact silly laws or vindictive measures, but no Congress or no legislature is going to extremes while conditions are improving. Radical changes are attempted by desperate men and not by those who have hope. Throughout the nation the majority of Americans have confidence in their own future.

Every group reflects this change. A Collier's correspondent recently questioned small business people in Seattle concerning their outlook. Here is a sample of the report:

"Beauty-parlor operator: 'More women in for facials, and cosmetic sales up.' Coffee Shop: 'More people dropping in for tea or coffee during shopping hours.' Waitress: 'Table talk used to give me the jitters; it is more cheerful lately.' Notion counter: 'Selling more luxuries than necessities these days.' Department store: 'Customers don't ask prices so often; want better stuff.' "

These are not isolated conditions. Real estate markets are better. Shipping companies are doing more business. Farmers are vastly more prosperous. On the Pacific Coast the farmers who have had less governmental bounty than their Middle Western and Southern brothers are reported to be far ahead on the recovery road. From Minnesota comes the news that the twelve-year era of Northwestern bank failures is apparently at an end. Most of the weaker banks have been eliminated. Those which survive have been purged of the practices which led to insolvency.

Detroit, Chicago, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, the South and much of the East tell similar stories of progress. Iowans are buying new motorcars and putting fresh paint on their houses. New industries are springing up in Ohio and elsewhere. Old industries are expanding and making ready for a larger future.

Hope, energy and imagination are abroad in the land.

It has happened before. We have had hard times more than once in our history as a people and we have recovered to move on to greater and better days. Never before, however, have we undergone a greater test than that through which we have safely traveled.

No one, not even the wisest and most experienced, understands all of the many influences which together make for economic distress or business health. Many comprehend expertly some of the factors which for good or evil affect us but the entire picture at this moment, as Montagu Norman, Governor of the Bank of England, remarked some time ago, is still too complicated for one mind to master.

What we do know certainly is that abuses accumulate and are neglected during good times. Then, in emergency need, we seek to do quickly what might have been accomplished more thoughtfully in an easier day. When finally we recover we tend once more to put off for more suitable occasions any far-reaching changes.

We shall incline in this direction as business continues to improve. The goad of acute necessity will be less of a stimulus to action. Quick legislation to forestall the fantastic schemes of the wild men will seem less expedient as raucous voices lose their power to agitate.

The band of enthusiasts who advocated so many economic panaceas and nostrums will scatter. Just as the rampaging Greenbackers and Populists faded out of sight in the Nineties, so will the present day magicians of social credit and monetary inflation disappear from prominence.

We cannot as a people afford, however, to neglect now to deal with the real problems which bad times forced upon our attention. We don't know all the answers to all the riddles which plague us, but we have ways of arriving at right solutions to some.

We know, for example, that a great many energetic and willing people are now and, to a lesser degree, have at all times been unemployed in the United States and in every industrial country. We would be very foolish to neglect this condition now, merely because generally business is better.

We are fortunate as a nation to have endured what we went through from 1929 onward with so little disturbance and ill will.

Other countries experienced political revolution, and submitted to the domination of dictators. We retained freedom and democratic forms of government. In comparison with the plight of the people in Germany we have been blessed.

We cannot always lag and expect to avoid trouble. If we want domestic peace and security during a long future we must work and plan for it.

We have a marvelous opportunity during the months and years ahead. By every sign we are approaching an era of active and profitable business. We shall produce enough to pay our debts and to care for our responsibilities and obligations. With luck we shall enter a period of good feeling. The preachers of hate and the venders of folly will be less disturbing.

The time is ripe to find by thoughtful inquiry and dispassionate investigation the solutions of the great social problems which menaced us during recent years and which if neglected will again inevitably threaten our future.

THE SPIRIT OF OLD KENTUCKY
ONE PINT
90 PROOF
REG. IN U.S. PAT. OFF.
Tom Hardy
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
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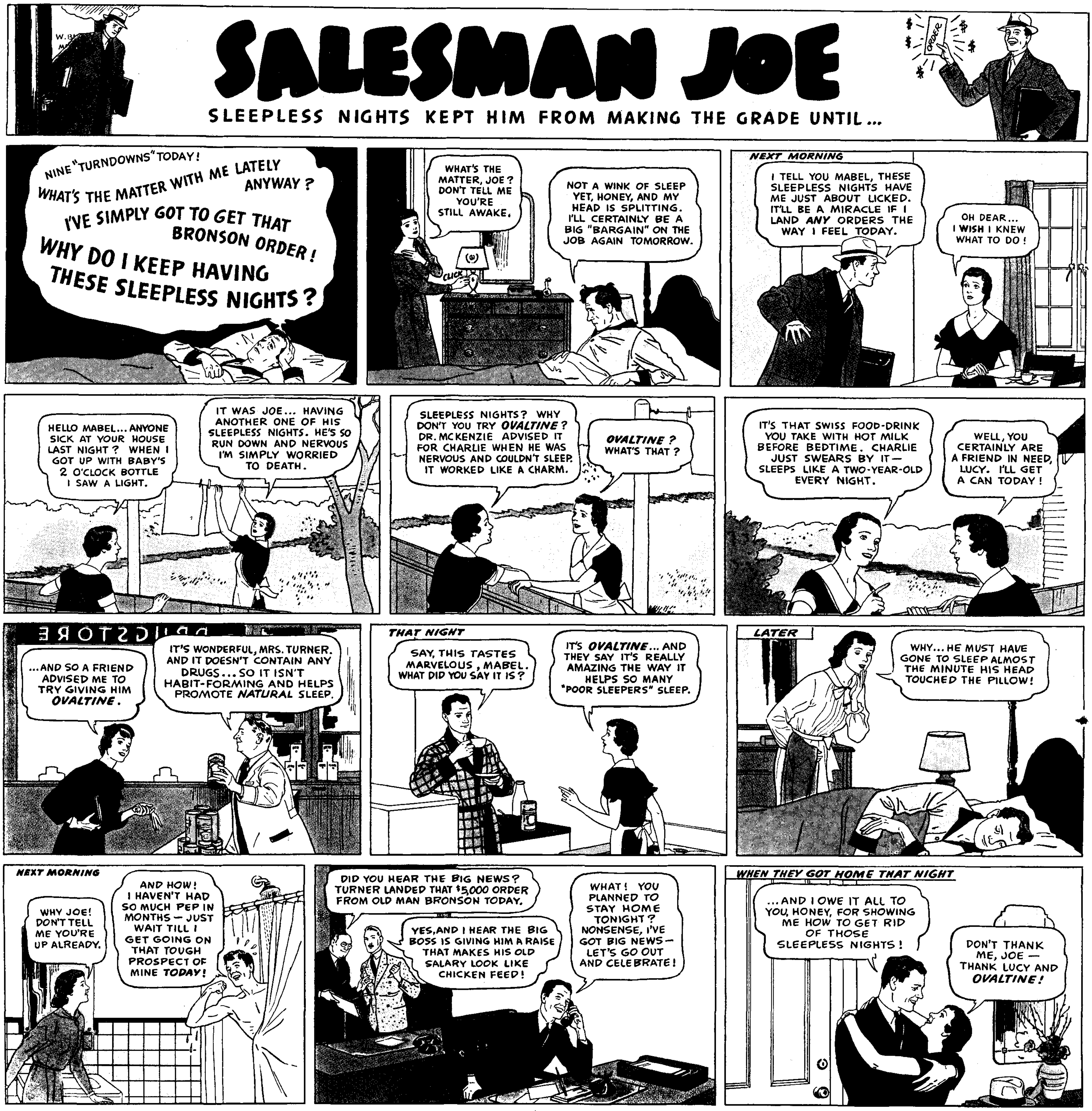
SALESMAN JOE
SLEEPLESS NIGHTS KEPT HIM FROM MAKING THE GRADE UNTIL...
ORDER
NINE "TURNDOWNS" TODAY! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME LATELY ANYWAY? I'VE SIMPLY GOT TO GET THAT BRONSON ORDER! WHY DO I KEEP HAVING THESE SLEEPLESS NIGHTS?
WHAT'S THE MATTER, JOE? DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE STILL AWAKE.
CLICK
NOT A WINK OF SLEEP YET, HONEY, AND MY HEAD IS SPLITTING. I'LL CERTAINLY BE A BIG "BARGAIN" ON THE JOB AGAIN TOMORROW.
NEXT MORNING
I TELL YOU MABEL, THESE SLEEPLESS NIGHTS HAVE ME JUST ABOUT LICKED. IT'LL BE A MIRACLE IF I LAND ANY ORDERS THE WAY I FEEL TODAY.
OH DEAR... I WISH I KNEW WHAT TO DO!
HELLO MABEL... ANYONE SICK AT YOUR HOUSE LAST NIGHT? WHEN I GOT UP WITH BABY'S 2 O'CLOCK BOTTLE I SAW A LIGHT.
IT WAS JOE... HAVING ANOTHER ONE OF HIS SLEEPLESS NIGHTS. HE'S SO RUN DOWN AND NERVOUS I'M SIMPLY WORRIED TO DEATH.
SLEEPLESS NIGHTS? WHY DON'T YOU TRY OVALTINE? DR. MCKENZIE ADVISED IT FOR CHARLIE WHEN HE WAS NERVOUS AND COULDN'T SLEEP. IT WORKED LIKE A CHARM.
OVALTINE? WHAT'S THAT?
IT'S THAT SWISS FOOD-DRINK YOU TAKE WITH HOT MILK BEFORE BEDTIME. CHARLIE JUST SWEARS BY IT—SLEEPS LIKE A TWO-YEAR-OLD EVERY NIGHT.
WELL, YOU CERTAINLY ARE A FRIEND IN NEED, LUCY. I'LL GET A CAN TODAY!
...AND SO A FRIEND ADVISED ME TO TRY GIVING HIM OVALTINE.
IT'S WONDERFUL, MRS. TURNER. AND IT DOESN'T CONTAIN ANY DRUGS... SO IT ISN'T HABIT-FORMING AND HELPS PROMOTE NATURAL SLEEP.
THAT NIGHT
SAY, THIS TASTES MARVELOUS, MABEL. WHAT DID YOU SAY IT IS?
IT'S OVALTINE... AND THEY SAY IT'S REALLY AMAZING THE WAY IT HELPS SO MANY "POOR SLEEPERS" SLEEP.
LATER
WHY... HE MUST HAVE GONE TO SLEEP ALMOST THE MINUTE HIS HEAD TOUCHED THE PILLOW!
NEXT MORNING
WHY JOE! DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE UP ALREADY.
AND HOW! I HAVEN'T HAD SO MUCH PEP IN MONTHS—JUST WAIT TILL I GET GOING ON THAT TOUGH PROSPECT OF MINE TODAY!
DID YOU HEAR THE BIG NEWS? TURNER LANDED THAT $5,000 ORDER FROM OLD MAN BRONSON TODAY.
YES, AND I HEAR THE BIG BOSS IS GIVING HIM A RAISE THAT MAKES HIS OLD SALARY LOOK LIKE CHICKEN FEED!
WHAT! YOU PLANNED TO STAY HOME TONIGHT? NONSENSE, I'VE GOT BIG NEWS—LET'S GO OUT AND CELEBRATE!
WHEN THEY GOT HOME THAT NIGHT
...AND I OWE IT ALL TO YOU, HONEY, FOR SHOWING ME HOW TO GET RID OF THOSE SLEEPLESS NIGHTS!
DON'T THANK ME, JOE—THANK LUCY AND OVALTINE!

What Ovaltine Is ...And How It Acts

OVALTINE is a delicious pure food concentrate—originally created in Switzerland as a strengthening food for invalids, convalescents, and the aged. Then physicians noted that, when taken as a hot drink at bedtime, it was also a remarkable aid to sound, restful sleep. And thousands of delighted users report that it has brought them new strength and energy as well as steadier nerves next day.

For example, Paul P. Baranski, 3170 E. Hancock Ave., Detroit, Mich., writes: *"It used to be hours before I went to sleep at night. Since using Ovaltine I fall asleep within 15 minutes and get sound, restful sleep all night long. As a result, I feel like a new man in pep and vigor."*

Another delighted user, F. G. Knefel, 22 Gough St., San Francisco, writes: *"For years I suffered with insomnia—never seemed to have a real, good night's rest. My wife came home with a tin of Ovaltine about 2 months ago. I laughed at her but she persuaded me to try it . . . Now I sleep like a child—am 42 years of age and feel 30."*

These letters cover, of course, only two individual experiences. Naturally, we do not claim that similar results will occur in *every case* where Ovaltine is used. But these statements are so typical of thousands received, that we believe a thorough trial of Ovaltine is justified by every intelligent person who suffers from sleepless nights.

See for yourself how remarkable Ovaltine is. Get a can of it at any drug or grocery store today. Or, if your need is not urgent, mail the coupon for a trial supply.

YOUR TURN NEXT! CLIP THIS OUT, MAIL IT IN AND SEE FOR YOURSELF HOW MARVELOUS OVALTINE IS!

MAIL FOR 3-DAY TEST

THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. C-10
180 N. Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Illinois

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your test package of Ovaltine. (*One package to a person. Offer good in U. S. A. Only.*)

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Address..

City...................................*State*...................

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